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Is Hazlitt a great essayist?

It may seem presumptuous to raise a discordant voice in the midst of the universal chorus of eulogy which has accompanied the celebration of the first centenary of William Hazlitt's death. But since the chief advantage of such commemorations lies in the adjustment of modern opinion to time-honoured views, it may interest some people to know what are the reasons, either good or bad, that have prevented a modern reader like myself from experiencing, while going through Mr. Geoffrey Keynes' *Selected Essays of William Hazlitt*¹), at least some measure of that enjoyment which no doubt never abandoned that industrious editor.

My undertaking may appear the more presumptuous, as, being a foreigner, I cannot be credited with an oversensitive ear to the merits of Hazlitt's prose style, which has been praised by no less an authority than Stevenson. Hazlitt has clearly stated himself what kind of perfection he was aiming at, in his essay *On familiar style* :

To write a genuine familiar or truly English style, is to write as any one would speak in common conversation who had a thorough command and choice of words, or who could discourse with ease, force and perspicuity, setting aside all pedantic and oratorical flourishes....

I conceive that words are like money, not the worse for being common, but that it is the stamp of custom alone that gives them circulation or value. I am fastidious in this respect, and would almost as soon coin the currency of the realm as counterfeit the King's English.

Hazlitt's aim was, in a word, not unlike that of the perfect English dandy, whose flawless dress must not be striking to the eye. Did he achieve this supreme distinction of perfect adequacy of thought and diction? It is my impression that Hazlitt succeeded in barely conveying what he meant, without ever reaching that mysterious fullness or ripeness of meaning which only gives to writing a virtue lasting through centuries, renewing itself as it does for every new generation of readers. He is correct without distinction, virile without pithiness. His prose style lacks bouquet. Maybe my view is biased by a comparison with Lamb, who went in for the opposite kind of excellence, the *style artiste*. But for all the archaisms and *jeux à côté* of which Lamb made such a deft use, for all the studiously unadorned sentences of Hazlitt's, there is a family likeness in their worlds, which makes it extremely difficult for us not to set them side by side for comparison. Perhaps I am wrong in trying to drink Hazlitt's tea after Lamb's marvellous old wine: anyhow, I give my opinion for what it is worth: Hazlitt's tea seems to me rather weak. True, Hazlitt's style has not deserved special praise at the hands of Mr. Geoffrey Keynes :

He possessed the secret of being able to be interesting though "ordinary", for the vigour of his intellect needed no special qualities of style, no conscious artistry, to assist in the conveying of its message.

¹) London, The Nonesuch Press, 1930, Pp. XXIV + 807. 8/6 net.
E. S. XIII. 1931.

Is the vigour of Hazlitt's intellect really such as to enable him to dispense with what seems to me an almost indispensable requirement of the "essay", the magic of style?

In *The London Magazine* for October 1820 there appeared an essay of Elia on *Oxford in the Vacation*; in the issue of the same periodical for November 1823 Hazlitt contributed an essay on *Oxford*. Both essays are not among the best of their respective authors, or, at any rate, Lamb's is certainly not among his best ones. Both suggest a similarity of experience, and show curious affinities of expression. Is it unfair to compare them? Is it unfair to compare a Ruysdael with a Hobbema? Both essays are, up to a point, brilliant performances: by means of juxtapositions of images and apophthegms, both essayists try to convey the same impression of fascinating antiquity. But one seeks in vain in Hazlitt's pages for that warm personal touch which is so prominent in Lamb's:

I am plain Elia — no Selden, nor Archbishop Usher — though at present in the thick of their books, here in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Bodley.

I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with ours. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for me. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtsy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church Reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a seraphic Doctor.

With this picture of Elia perambulating in Oxford with the delightful ease of a Charlie Chaplin *ante litteram* (we assume here that our learned readers do not look down on the humorist of the film-studio), compare Hazlitt's abstract, almost mechanical manner:

We could pass our lives in Oxford without having or wanting any other idea — that of the place is enough. We imbibe the air of thought; we stand in the presence of learning. We are admitted to the Temple of Fame; we feel that we are in the sanctuary, on holy ground, and "hold high converse with the mighty dead". The enlightened and the ignorant are on a level, if they have but faith in the tutelary genius of the place. We may be wise by proxy, and studious by prescription. Time has taken upon himself the labour of thinking; and accumulated libraries leave us leisure to be dull.... Let him who is fond of indulging in a dream-like existence go to Oxford and stay there; let him study this magnificent spectacle.... let him wander in her sylvan suburbs, or linger in her cloistered halls....

Yes, let him do it; but Elia actually does it, and in what an appealing way!

The walks at these times are so much one's own, — the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a devoir to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been ours) whose portrait seems to smile upon their over-looked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality: the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fireplaces, cordial recesses; ovens whose

first pies were baked four centuries ago; and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Manciple.

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that, being nothing, art every thing!

Hazlitt, as remarked the unknown author of an article on his death¹⁾, "was too abstract and philosophical for the labour of details". Let us, then, test Hazlitt on his own proper vantage-ground, where he is a thinker and a philosopher in the widest sense of the word. However, from the very outset, we cannot help feeling uneasy about his lack of curiosity in details. For what matters in art is the detail, the particular, the individuum. One may well be gifted with the most generous share of common sense ever bestowed upon a mortal man — and we have every reason to surmise that this was Hazlitt's case —; common sense is a great help towards the making of a great critic, but is not sufficient by itself alone. Baudelaire's definition of the beautiful may perhaps be not irrelevant in this connexion:

Le beau est fait d'un élément éternel, invariable, dont la quantité est excessivement difficile à déterminer, et d'un élément relatif, circonstanciel, qui sera, si l'on veut, tour à tour ou tout ensemble, l'époque, la mode, la morale, la passion. Sans ce second élément, qui est comme l'enveloppe amusante, titillante, apéritive, du divin gâteau, le premier élément serait indigestible, inappréciable, non adapté et non approprié à la nature humaine.

Hazlitt, in my opinion, is singularly lacking in that "enveloppe amusante, titillante, apéritive." This is perhaps what we mean when we speak of his being too abstract. His ideas are as a rule based on a solid ground of sound sense; it is difficult to disagree with them, but it is equally difficult to feel warmly about them. As his English is neither young nor old, so his ideas have nothing striking in them: they are matter of course; "stimulating" is the last adjective with which they could be described. *Aurea mediocritas* seems to be the chief virtue of this essay 'st, a Horatian virtue which has kept those ideas from ageing. When Mr. Keynes remarks:

The quality of permanence in Hazlitt's writings has greatly enhanced his influence since his death and it is probable that "opinion" at the present time on art and literature is more affected by him than can be easily realized or assessed —

I am wondering whether this impression of permanence is due to a negative rather than to a positive virtue, whether, in other words, Hazlitt's ideas are apt to be so easily interpreted in terms of to-day because of their very abstractedness and impersonality which identifies them with the common sense of every age and country. Prof. Cazamian, in his *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise* written in collaboration with Prof. E. Legouis, has been able to see psycho-analytical anticipations in certain of Hazlitt's pages which could be called, much more appropriately, Theophrastean. Whoever reads Prof. Cazamian's appreciation is likely to expect from Hazlitt much more than what he can give:

Chacun de ses portraits est une divination; il se place d'un élan au centre intérieur d'une personnalité et la recrée par une sympathie qui serre étroitement le contour des caractères.... Si fréquente est son attention aux dessous, à l'envers des âmes, qu'on le sent dirigé par une intuition constante du subconscient; et ses procédés, avec l'accent qu'ils mettent sur les demi-mensonges,

¹⁾ Possibly Cowden Clarke. Quoted on pp. 406 ff. of P. P. Howe's *Life of William Hazlitt*, London, Secker, 1922.

et les revanches involontaires du naturel, dont la littérature comme la société offrent à tout instant l'exemple, équivalent en fait aux recherches de la „psychanalyse“ contemporaine.

Hazlitt, a student of philosophy, did not become so much imbued with it as to be able to evolve an original interpretation of the universe, but was imbued enough with metaphysical habits to wish to find theoretical reasons for everything, to trace all phenomena to some general and permanent principle. He organizes his psychological remarks in a systematic way, isolating certain abiding features regardless of contradictory elements which he considers accidental; his aim is not the *individuum*, but the class. Now this method is of recognized utility for the purpose of scientific research or practical action: it supplies working abstractions whereby to give an approximate place or to assign a fitting treatment to a host of disparates. But in art it merely results in the picture of „characters“, and by its very nature is incapable of development. From the characters of Theophrastus to the „humours“ of Ben Jonson, down to the characters of Hazlitt, there is hardly question of progress. The method suits only habits and peculiarities of the most obvious description: it can deal well enough with the moles and warts of the human soul, but is doomed to miss the finest shades of the complexion. The repertory of types so put together is, therefore, rather limited: the miser, the spendthrift, the bore, the book-worm, the boaster, and so on, are the ever-recurring figures of this kind of stage. The Italian *commedia dell'arte* with its masks had elicited from this method whatever artistic effects it could yield. I for one fail to see in what Hazlitt's characters substantially differ from the humours of Ben Jonson or the caricatures of the Italian stage; or in what his psychological insight is superior to that of old Theophrastus.

How many characters do we come across in Mr. Keynes' selection! The book-worm, the actor, the true author, the public, the man of little mind, the servant, the philanthropist, the commonplace critic, the clergyman, the Englishman.... Far be it from me to deny that these caricatures are frequently drawn in a very spirited and even caustic manner: the sketch of the clerical character is, for instance, a very successful satire. But in all this I do not find anything to substantiate Prof. Cazamian's claim of genial divination. The best of Hazlitt's individual portraits, that of Mr. Gifford, is, again, a clever satire.

When he is not drawing characters, Hazlitt is intent on finding explanations for certain aspects of life and habits of the soul. There is a number of such problems in Mr. Keynes' selection: Why do we love nature? Why are we irritated by little things? Why have women often more *good sense* than men? Why do poets choose mistresses who have the fewest charms? Why do distant objects please? Why do things improve by being removed to a distance, while persons gain by being brought nearer and more home to us? Why do we not wish we had been born before our time? Why are sedentary and studious men the most apprehensive of death? Why are Northern people clean and Southern people dirty? And so on. Here again, Hazlitt does not strike me as a forerunner of anything, but rather as a late follower of that literature of problems and paradoxes which flourished in the Italian academies of the Cinquecento. Most of Hazlitt's problems are no less arbitrary than those with which, say, the Intronati or the Umidi whiled away their learned leisure; neither are some of his solutions less rigid and preposterous than theirs. For instance, Hazlitt maintains that no one of us would wish he had come to the world before:

We are satisfied to have begun life when we did ; we have no ambition to have set out on our journey sooner ; and feel that we have had quite enough to do to battle our way through since. We cannot say,

The wars we well remember of King Nine,
Of old Assaracus and Inachus divine.

Neither have we any wish : we are contented to read of them in story and to stand and gaze at the vast sea of time that separates us from them. It was early days then : the world was not *well-aired* enough for us : we have no inclination to have been up and stirring.... We do not grieve and lament that we did not happen to be in time to see the grand mask and pageant of human life going on in all that period....

Much has been written about the "romantic" quality of Hazlitt's genius ; but what could be more unromantic than the above passage ? For it was reserved for the romantics to wish just what Hazlitt thought an impossible wish, to hanker after the past, to yearn for existence in Homeric times, or in Rome under the Borgias, or in Ægypt under Cleopatra.

Or take Hazlitt's contention of the interchangeability of natural objects :

There is, generally speaking, the same foundation for our love of Nature as for all our habitual attachments, namely, association of ideas. But this is not all. That which distinguishes this attachment from others is the transferable nature of our feelings with respect to physical objects ; the associations connected with any one object extending to the whole class. My having been attached to any particular person does not make me feel the same attachment to the next person I may chance to meet ; but, if I have associated strong feelings of delight with the objects of natural scenery, the tie becomes indissoluble, and I shall ever after feel the same attachment to other objects of the same sort.... Thus, to give an obvious instance, if I have once enjoyed the cool shade of a tree, and been lulled into a deep repose by the sound of a brook running at its feet, I am sure that wherever I can find a tree and a brook, I can enjoy the same pleasure again.

Prof. Cazamian may perhaps see here an anticipation of behaviourism. But I wonder whether Hazlitt's remark is true at all. Or should I say that our sense of landscape has developed since, and that a brook is no longer "any brook" now, as it was, maybe, a century ago ? If Proust is right, Hazlitt cannot be right. If I am allowed to speak from personal experience, I may say that I have been reminded of Tuscan landscape by such different sceneries as those offered by certain aspects of Granada, Spain, and by another landscape in Dovre, Norway, and that my impression was exactly the same as when I discover in a human face a faint resemblance to the familiar features of a friend : not the same thing, nothing of a "transferable" nature. Spain and Norway remained Spain and Norway in spite of the wistful play of associations. Apropos of Tuscan landscape, a passage written by Hazlitt when he was staying in Florence affords a curious illustration of his disregard of accuracy in details. Settignano is spelt there *Satiniano* ¹⁾, with a carelessness pardonable in a foreigner, but when soon afterwards he speaks of Fesole (i.e. Fiesole) "with the mountains of Perugia beyond", I feel that such a contempt of geography could be permissible in an Elizabethan dramatist but not in a nineteenth century writer, and a critic to boot. It argues a slipshod habit of thought, a happy-go-lucky impressionism, an amateurishness which perhaps may endear Hazlitt to his countrymen, while it calls in question his authoritativeness in matters where he sits to judge.

In fact, Hazlitt relies too much on his common sense for his appreciations.

¹⁾ See the passage in Howe's *Life*, p. 377.

He is content with guessing, with scenting about; he is too impatient to undertake a close study of the details of a work of art. Apparently he was an omnivorous reader in his early youth: what he read then served for a lifetime. One cannot have enough of a good thing: Hazlitt is found for ever mentioning Rousseau, Richardson, and Boccaccio's Novella of Federigo degli Alberighi, this latter even in a love-letter to Miss Stoddart¹). The truth is that he got sick of reading in course of time:

I know how I should have felt at one time in reading such passages; and that is all. The sharp luscious flavour, the fine *aroma* is fled, and nothing but the stalk, the bran, the husk of literature is left. If any one were to ask me what I read now, I might answer with my Lord Hamlet in the play — "Words, words, words." — "What is the matter?" — "Nothing!" — They have scarce a meaning. But it was not always so. There was a time when to my thinking, every word was a flower or a pearl....

He ceased to be interested in modern literature, in what he called "the dust and smoke of modern literature", and ended by recognizing the superiority of experience, of actual life, to a life of contemplation, to learning.

So that his best pages are those where he implies the conclusion: *Nil penna sed usus*; where he extols action, be it Bonaparte's, or that of two pugilists. His essay on the fight between the Gasman and Tom Neate vies for vividness with the boxing prints of the period, and possesses that "enveloppe amusante, titillante, apéritive" which is wanting in his literary essays. "This is the high and heroic state of man!" — says Hazlitt at the sight of the two fighting champions:

I never saw any thing more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head, spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's *Inferno*.

In his cult of energy, of crude action, — and perhaps only here — Hazlitt belongs really to the romantic period, at one with Stendhal, and with Jules Janin who was to say: "Deux tigres, je ne dis pas deux Germains, qui se battent, sont plus dramatiques que tout Racine"; and with Gautier who was to utter the opinion that the situation of a *matador* looking the bull in the face "vaut tous les drames de Shakespeare".

One would, then, legitimately anticipate from Hazlitt, a republican and a liberal, a robust page on the French Revolution. But when we read that: "the French Revolution might be described as a remote but inevitable result of the invention of the art of printing", and truisms (which were perhaps not such then) to the same effect, nothing is left for us but to regret Hazlitt's irresistible tendency to dilute with his facile metaphysics the fresh data of his experience. He is "too abstract and philosophical", or, to put it in a less ambiguous way, he has too little in himself *qua* writer (whatever he may have been like in his practical life) of that "être ondoyant et divers" that is the salt of all great essayists, a salt which gives a lasting flavour to no matter what oddities or platitudes of thought.

Firenze.

MARIO PRAZ.

¹) See Howe's *Life*, p. 106.

Grammar and Dictionary.

Now that twelve volumes of *English Studies* have appeared it seems natural to look back on what may be called a period in the scientific study of English in Holland. Such a retrospect gives rise to very various feelings, of satisfaction but also of regret : something has been attained, but so much more might have been done if only No one will be inclined to consider the position of English studies, or of modern language study generally, in Holland, a brilliant one. Still, something has been done, and we have some hope of a future in which our country will take a share in these studies which is more in accordance with the position of Holland in other branches of knowledge.

On looking through some old volumes of this periodical it occurred to me that there is one kind of subject that has never had the least attention paid to it in our journal : the theoretical discussion of general questions of principle. No doubt, such questions have occasionally been treated when a concrete fact gave rise to it ; but no purely theoretical discussion has ever appeared. This is characteristic of the tendencies of Dutch students of these subjects, a symptom of their weakness but also of their strength : their aversion from general problems, and their love of facts. The heading of this article may suggest that an exception will be made now : it is not so. For what I wish to give in this article will not be a philosophic discussion of general principles, however instructive such a treatment might be if written by a scholar with the required philosophic and practical experience, but a discussion of practical, rather actual, cases that may help to a truer understanding of the relation between grammar and dictionary in the study of language.

The relation of the grammar and the dictionary in language studies is not one that has been in the foreground, even with scholars of other nationalities, who have devoted much time and work to the discussion of similar general problems. No book on syntax can hardly be written in Germany without an introduction on the methods of grammar study. Students of Romance languages have been among the foremost here as so often before. Among students of English syntax I can only mention Deutschbein in recent times ; and Deutschbein is largely inspired by a Romance scholar, Haas¹). The most recent pronouncements on the relations of grammar and dictionary that are known to me date from the preceding century, from Sweet and Schuchardt. I will begin by stating their views, and examining their teaching.

Sweet, as usual, is brief and clear ; in his *Grammar* on p. 7 he explains : "Grammar — like other sciences — deals only with what can be brought under *general laws* and stated in the form of general rules, and ignores *isolated phenomena*. Thus grammar is not concerned with the meanings of such primary words as *man, tree, good, grow*, and relegates them to the collection of isolated facts called the *dictionary* or *lexicon*, where they constitute what we may call the lexical side of language." This is undoubtedly clear, provided, however, that we are quite sure what is meant by *general* as an attribute of a law. This is easy enough in the cases quoted by Sweet, and other examples that common sense will easily suggest. But is it quite evident now that such pairs as *man* and *men* belong to either one department or the other ? We can, indeed, combine them with such a pair as *foot* and *feet*, and speak of plurals

¹) See Lerch, *Die Aufgaben der Romanischen Syntax* in his collection of essays *Hauptprobleme der Französischen Sprache I* (1930).

by vowel-change. But are we really justified in looking upon *men* as only a different formation from *dogs* or *books*, but one that expresses the same syntactic function? If we do we seem to me to block the road that may lead to an explanation of the difference between such plurals as *men-teachers* and *lady-teachers*. And if *men* is a plural of *man*, why not *people*? In the preface to his *System der neuenglischen Syntax* (1917) Deutschbein remarks: "Ein besonderes kapitel über das Pronomen fehlt, da es im wesentlichen bei den entsprechenden kapiteln des nomens bez. verbums erledigt worden ist. Auch gehört manches, was sonst hier gebucht wird, in das Wörterbuch. Bei einem kleinen restbestand bin ich mir über die lösung der schwierigkeiten nicht schlüssig geworden." This is not so clear as Sweet's statement at any rate; but I assume that the treatment of indefinite pronouns is referred to amongst the details relegated to the dictionary. This seems reasonable, for the meanings of *each* and *every*, of *some* and *any*, will hardly be brought under what Sweet would consider "general rules." And yet, does anyone expect to find Behaghel's article on the distinction of Gothic *sums* and *hvas* to be catalogued under the heading lexicography? And does the author or the reader of the article imagine he is contributing to the dictionary or to grammar? The answer seems too clear to go into the matter more fully, at any rate for the present.

We have found that Sweet's brief and clear statement does not carry us very far when we come to the actual problems. Let us turn to Schuchardt's *Brevier*, a book that has had the success of a second edition within a comparatively short time in Germany, but is not as generally familiar to students of language as must be wished by all who have the progress of language studies in Holland at heart. Schuchardt more than once in reviews (his usual form of publishing what was not intended for his great books) refers to the relation of the two sides of language study indicated in the heading of our article. In a review of the *Cours de Linguistique Générale* of de Saussure he observes: "Man verzichte doch endlich auf das grammatische triptychon; es gibt nur eine grammatik, und die heisst bedeutungslehre oder wohl richtiger bezeichnungslehre — die lautlehre ist nur eine beigabe, die 'lautgesetze' sind wegmarken, uns durch den dichten wald zu geleiten. Das wörterbuch stellt keinen anderen stoff dar als die grammatik; es liefert die alphabetische inhaltsangabe zu ihr." (*Brevier* p. 127).

At first sight the two scholars quoted in order to supply us with an idea of the essential distinction between grammar and dictionary seem to contradict each other so completely that no agreement is likely to be reached. It must be considered, however, that each of them had a different object in view: Sweet wrote for beginners, Schuchardt for fellow-students. Sweet wanted a practical rule to guide the uninitiated reader, Schuchardt stated a principle as a guide to the independent investigator. In another review he makes the statement of the essential identity of grammar and dictionary still clearer by going into some practical illustration. With respect to the formula: "die sprachverwandschaft offenbart sich nicht im wörterbuch, sondern in der grammatik", he observes (*Brevier* p. 176): "Bei dieser allgemeinen anerkennung hat ein unbewusster kunstgriff mitgewirkt, den die dehnbarkeit der durch jahrtausende überlieferten ausdrücke ermöglichte: man nahm den kleinsten, aber am schwersten wiegenden teil aus dem wörterbuch weg und legte ihn in die wagschale der grammatik. Oder sind etwa (lieb)st, (lieb)te, (lieb)lich, (lieb)reich, (liebe)voll, be(lieben) nicht ebensogut äussere sprachformen wie *du*, *tat*,

gleich, reich, voll, bei? So liegt denn schliesslich doch beim wörterbuch die entscheidung; dasz die einen bestandteile fester sitzen als die andern, begründet keinen wesentlichen unterschied."

It is not necessary for us to take sides in the disagreement between the two scholars whose greatness should make us careful not to reject the views of either too soon. But it may be said with all the respect that is due to Sweet that what he gave was a sample of English common sense. This is admirable in practical life, but in the search of truth the attitude of the student is necessarily different, and it is not necessary to have studied philosophy to be aware that in these regions common sense and nonsense are divided by an almost, perhaps quite, invisible barrier. There is much to be learnt from an attempt to realize the meaning of the passages quoted from Schuchardt. The following pages do not wish to do more than give students of English some examples that may contribute to a fuller appreciation of the truth of an apparently strange doctrine.

As Schuchardt himself suggests in the second passage quoted above, word-formation cannot without arbitrariness be excluded from grammar, although most dictionary-makers will refuse to leave this to the grammarian. We know that there is much overlapping in this field, and it is difficult to see what harm there is in it except that some work may be done twice instead of once. Schuchardt does not only give examples of suffixes and prefixes, however, but also of what we are accustomed to look upon as inflectional forms. It is not necessary here to do more than acknowledge the slightness of the distinction between the two processes, and to refer once more to our observation above as to the question what is implied by *general* in Sweet's 'clear' definition.

Another point that really causes difficulties to the writer of a grammar is the treatment of what may be called form-words in a very wide sense. Do prepositions and conjunctions form part of the domain allotted to grammar or to the dictionary? The answer supplied by students resembles that in the case of word-formation: they are often treated in both. And it may be doubted whether anything resembling a description of the general structure of a language employing these classes of words can be presented if one refuses to recognize the claims of these parts of speech. Similar considerations apply to the so-called auxiliaries; it is perfectly possible to argue that *can* and *may*, *shall* and *will* are isolated facts for the dictionary to handle, but it is still easier to show that a grammar ignoring these verbs is of little use to a serious student. And it has not yet been made clear in what way we must imagine the student to undertake the study of the dictionary if all these matters are to be included in it, and to be excluded from the grammar of the language. Of course, if we include *can* and *may* in our grammar, it may be asked why we do not include *to fail* or *to miss* when they can be used as what may be called auxiliaries of negation (*I fail to understand what you mean; The trunk had missed being sent on board*). Perhaps it is necessary to include these words, at any rate to mention them and point out their approximation to the auxiliary stage. It will be clear at the same time that the writers of dictionaries will continue to treat of all these words in spite of anything that grammarians may say or do.

It is usual in grammar to treat of what is traditionally called the passive. There is no great objection to the term perhaps, as long as it is defined

without any reference to the etymological origin of the term, and without any reference to corresponding forms in other languages. We may say, therefore, that the participle with a verb of little or no meaning that is semantically subordinate to it may form a purely verbal syntactic group expressing, not as the participle generally does the result of an action or occurrence, but the occurrence or action itself: *the man was killed in a motor accident; the man was killed by a burglar*. When we consider how these thoughts are expressed in Dutch we find that there is no one word that can render the participle *killed*: in the first sentence it would have to be *is omgekomen* (a participle of an intransitive verb), in the second *doodgeschoten* (a participle of a verb taking an object and a predicative adjective). This difference between the two words will not be found in any Dutch grammar; we find consequently, that what is here treated in grammar in English must almost inevitably be left to the dictionary in Dutch. Can we truly say that the difference is caused by a difference in the grammatical structure of the two languages? I hardly think that anybody will be prepared to defend this theory. We must conclude therefore that the same subject that is treated in grammar in one language will be treated in the dictionary in another. But the contrast is not quite so great: the two meanings of *killed* may be mentioned in the dictionary as well. We may add another participle: *Denis de Beaulieu was not yet two-and-twenty, but he counted himself a grown man, and a very accomplished cavalier into the bargain*. (Selected Short Stories, Second Series p. 334; from Stevenson). Can the meaning of *grown* be brought under a general rule? I believe this will answer the purpose: the participle, which primarily expresses the condition resulting from a preceding occurrence or action, may be dissociated from the occurrence or action that has produced the result, so that it expresses a quality in the same way as a non-verbal adjective. And it will not be difficult for my readers to multiply instances of the same sort, so that there can be no reasonable doubt of the general character of the phenomenon. And yet: we may be quite sure that dictionary-makers will continue to treat of the two 'meanings' of the word *grown*. Those who know Dutch will consider that Dutch expresses the two meanings of *grown* by independent words: *gegroeid* for the participle, *volwassen* (note the compound character of the word which makes the verb perfective) for the adjectival meaning.

The repeated comparison with Dutch may surprise some readers: it has been argued with such wearying iteration, by the adherents of the direct method of teaching foreign languages, that we must avoid comparison with the native language of the student; such a comparison is said to pervert the pupil's ideas of the foreign language. All this is probably true, in essence; but it does not invalidate the method of comparison applied here. The introduction of the grammatical distinctions based upon the facts of one language into a language that does not make these distinctions is a form of perverseness that has no doubt done immense harm to the study of language. And it makes no difference whether the standard by which a language is 'measured' is Latin, as is usual among scholars, or the native language, as is natural among practical teachers: the results are equally disastrous, and the underlying principle is the same. But the comparison of two languages, if it is truly comparison, and not the overlaying of the facts of one language with those of another that happens to be familiar to the student, can be of the greatest use. It may even be questioned whether any study of language is

at all possible without such reference. On this subject Schuchardt has some observations which are worth quoting here: "Unter dem Hier ist die muttersprache zu verstehen. Je tiefer der sprachforscher in ihr wurzelt, um so tiefer wird er in das wissenschaftliche verständnis fremder sprachen eindringen können. Ich denke dabei nicht an das, was man gewöhnlich sprachgeschichte nennt, aber auch nicht an einen festen ruhestand, sondern an das geschehen, das wir erleben, somit beobachten und beurteilen, sei es im verkehr mit andern, sei es im eigenen innenleben. Vergleichende sprachforschung its messen, und wie der zirkel bei allem spreizen und drehen den einen schenkel auf einem festen punkte drehen lässt, so ist ein solcher auch in dem andern fälle vonnöten. Allein es steht uns keine sprache zur verfügung, an der wir die andern messen könnten, weder eine gegebene, noch eine ideale; diesem mangel soll eben durch die ausbildung der genetischen methode die mich beschäftigt, einigermaßen abgeholfen werden. So muss denn jeder von der höhe der eigenen sprache aus die ganze sprachenwelt beschauen; es ist die relativ grösste höhe, weil es immer die sprache ist und das sprachgefühl in der bestimmtesten form auftritt. Das sprachgefühl ist wertvoller als das bewusstsein von den grammatischen kategorien; jenes ist in der ersten kindheit erworben, fast angeboren, dieses aber erst viel später angelernt, vielfach unsicher, manchmal irrig, wenn es überhaupt vorhanden ist.... Wenn hinter dem worte die sache, hinter dem satze die tatsache liegt, so darf man fragen: liegt nicht hinter der sprache die wirklichkeit? Wir werden das bejahen, aber hinzusetzen: wie zwischen der sache und dem worte die vorstellung, und zwischen der tatsache und dem satze der gedanke liegt, so zwischen der wirklichkeit und der sprache ein von ort zu ort, von zeit zu zeit die farbe wechselnder schleier, der alle verschiedenheit zwischen den sprachen und innerhalb ihrer verursacht. Auch er entstammt schliesslich der wirklichkeit, aber trotz Byrne und andern ist das geheimnis seines farbigen gewebes nicht enthüllt." (Brevier 238 ff.).

I have quoted this beautiful passage so fully, partly because it will convince real students of language who should not know the book that they have nothing more important to do than to make up for a most regrettable omission, but also because it suggests an answer to a practical question in the study of language: Should one study one's native language or foreign ones? The answer need hardly be expressed in plain words, for it is easy to see that the answer of Schuchardt amounts to: both must be studied, because each is incomplete without the other. A thorough study of grammar is not possible without making use of the observations to which the comparison with one's own language gives rise.

Another example of the close connection between grammar and dictionary is supplied by an examination of the meanings of the verb *to look*. It would be most natural to say that these meanings certainly concern the dictionary. But it will be seen that we need only state these meanings carefully to be convinced that grammar comes in. *Look* may be a verb of mental activity: *he looked at the price of the article*. It may be construed with an adjunct of result in the form of an infinitive with *to*, the two verbal forms making a close verbal group; in this construction it expresses 'to expect': We should have looked to find an all-powerful king (Oman, *History of England before the Norman Conquest*, p. 353.) But *to look* may also form a different kind of verbal group, in which it serves to modify, instead of qualify, the following verbal and is quite subordinate to it; in this case it means 'to seem'. The tramp looked to

be less savoury than most tramps; and more dangerous (E. Wallace, *The Northing Tramp*). It need not be argued that a grammar cannot ignore all this, and similar facts are numerous.

All practical students of English have been accustomed to find in their grammars some observation on the distinction between *to feel*, *to hear*, *to see*, according as they are construed with an object and plain stem or a stem with *to* (She felt the ants creep all over her; She felt her feet to be stone-cold on the floor. Bennett, *Old Wives Tale* III ch. 71). Very often there is an additional note on the difference between these constructions and the construction with a subordinate clause, the explanation being that in the latter case the verbs express a mental perception, not a sensation. A third case is not generally mentioned although some may do so: the verbs may express a distinctly different sense when construed with a clause, as in the following sentence: Mrs. Conisbee, sympathetic in her crude way, would see that the invalid wanted for nothing. Gissing, *The Odd Women* ch. 3. It is clearly impossible to discuss these varieties of meaning apart from the grammatical constructions, or rather, the words have no meaning at all apart from the constructions in which they are used. The isolation of words in a dictionary is thus shown to be one degree more misleading than their isolation in a single sentence, robbed of its context (the situation), which is the practice of the grammarian. A very instructive example is supplied by another verb: *to expect*. Its manifold meanings and the connection between these and the constructions in which it is embedded, was pointed out by van der Gaaf in his review of my *Handbook in Englische Studien*, 62. When this verb is construed with an object with stem it expresses in most cases an occurrence or state that is foreseen: I don't expect this fine weather to continue — although it is probably more natural to say: I don't expect this fine weather will continue. But it is only in the object with stem group that *expect* can express the idea of 'to wish, claim', etc.: Nobody expects you to make a martyr of yourself. And a clause only is possible when we wish to express the idea 'to suppose, or guess': I expect he knows more about it.

Another productive corner in the borderland between grammar and dictionary will be found in the field occupied by what have sometimes been called auxiliaries of aspect. The term need not retard our discussion; it is of no importance probably. An example will suffice: One night during this last illness that had brought him home he *fell* thinking of Zimbabwe and the lost cities of Africa (Wells, Joan and Peter ch. 93). No treatment of *fall* and its meanings can be satisfactory without a consideration of its syntactic functions. The same applies to a great many verbs: *to keep*, *to begin*, *continue*, *cease*, etc.

Perhaps there is no subject that is more suited to incline a student to appreciate the truth in the dictum of Schuchardt's that is the subject of this article than the verbal nouns. All grammars of English treat of the stem of the verb, whether without *to* (the plain 'infinitive') or with *to* (distinguished by the misleading name: infinitive with *to*, as if living English had an infinitive at all), and the verbal derivative in *-ing*. But it is not sufficiently considered, I believe, that there is no strict division between these three forms and many other nouns that may with an equal right claim to be verbal nouns. The NED s.v. *-ing* compares the 'gerund' *crying*, with the class-noun *cry*, finding the difference in the aspect expressed by each form: this is certainly not the whole truth, for it does not apply to the word in such a case as *to have a good cry*.

And even with the product of conversion set apart the classification 'class-noun' is insufficient. This will become clear when we examine the following sentences: Virginia's reply to Miss Nunn's letter brought another note next morning — Saturday. It was to request a call that same afternoon (Gissing, *The Odd Women* ch. 3). The class-noun *call* is here qualified by the non-prepositional adjunct *that same afternoon*: it needs no arguing that class-nouns do not generally take such adjuncts. The result is that from a grammatical point of view we must distinguish at least six kinds of verbal forms: the plain stem, the stem with *to*, the form in *-ing*, the class-noun, the verbal class-noun, and the converted noun (to have a good cry). And this does not by any means exhaust the list; for the words in *-ing* present similar complications. Thus *longing* may be an ordinary noun as well as a verbal, and we cannot exclude the abstract verbals from French and Latin, such as *temptation*, *humiliation*, *intercession*, etc. Whatever treatment may be dealt out in the dictionary the grammarian is not by that absolved from discussing them. It is evident, to take one example, that the existence of such abstract nouns affects the use of the form in *-ing*. We should use the *-ing* if there were not an abstract noun available, as in this sentence: There is a second point in this passage which needs discussion (*Essays and Studies of the Engl. Assoc.* IX, 38). Or this: And yet, in spite of multitudinous handicaps, man continued the *struggle* to free himself from the worn-out shackles of the past (Botsford, *Engl. Soc.* 18th cent. p. 3). — In the heath's barrenness to the farmer lay its fertility to the historian. There had been no *obliteration*, because there had been no *tending* (Hardy, *Return of the Native* I ch. 3 p. 18). — There are, as ever, excellent reasons for *despair*; while the reasons for *despairing* about society are actually a good deal more cogent than at most times. A Mallarméan *shrinking* away into pure poetry, a delicate Henry-Jamesan *avoidance* of all the painful issues would seem to be justified. But the spirit of the time — the industrially heroic time in which we live — is opposed to these *retirements*, these *handings over* of life to footmen (Aldous Huxley, *Vulgarity in Literature* p. 13).

It may be useful, finally, to add a few notes on the attributive form of nouns. The question whether an attributive noun in *-s* is a genitive or a plural, or even both, will be answered in the next edition of the Handbook, and I shall not anticipate that treatment. But when the attributive noun does not express number we find an unchanged form sometimes, a form in *-s* in other cases; the best plan will be to take nouns denoting animate beings because these are the chief class that can take an *-s* at all: Again her *rogue's* eyes gleamed (Galsworthy, *Freelands* ch. 10). — Her *rogue* eyes gleamed from under a heavy frown (*ib.*). — He thought his *detective* brain as good as the *criminal's* (Chesterton, *Innocence of Father Brown*). That evening Mr. Utterson came home to his *bachelor* house in sombre spirits (Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*). — Bob Pillin remained with his back to the fire and his *puppy* round eyes fixed on the air that her figure had last occupied (Galsworthy, *Caravan* p. 63). — But the chairman was through the green baize door. At his *tortoise* gait he traversed the inner office (*ib.* p. 47). These few examples suffice to show that classifying adjuncts sometimes take the suffix and in other cases do not. As far as I can see there is no syntactic cause for the difference in form; it is a matter between tradition (the form with *-s*) and living syntax (the neutral form). But syntax must deal with the subject in any case, although it might be considered the task of the dictionary to enumerate traditional groups.

The result of this article, if I have not failed of the object I set out to arrive at, will be that the reader who may have been inclined to shrug his shoulders at what must have seemed to him a paradox, will share my admiration for a scholar whose influence on modern languages is far from being so great as is to be wished in the interest of these studies in Holland.

The Hague.

E. KRUISINGA.

Notes and News.

Oxford Summer Meeting. The Delegacy for Extra-mural Studies announce that a Summer Meeting will be held at Oxford from July 31—August 20, 1931. The main subject of study will be *The Eighteenth Century*. "This [to quote the 'Preliminary and Provisional Notice'] will be a suitable sequel to the period 1603-88 which was studied at the last Oxford Summer Meeting; the story will be carried on from the English Revolution of 1688 to the eve of the French Revolution in 1789. It is 36 years since the Eighteenth Century was the subject at Oxford, and it was last chosen at Cambridge 25 years ago. The lectures will deal with the history, literature, art, religion, and philosophy of the Eighteenth Century, mainly in Great Britain, but with some treatment of the events and movements of thought in Europe. Thus there will naturally fall to be treated such subjects as the constitutional importance of 'the glorious Revolution', the Union of Scotland with Ireland, the Jacobite risings, the rivalry of France and England for colonial empire, the Benevolent Despots (Frederick II, Catherine II, Joseph II), the Ancien Régime in France, the loss of the American colonies, the beginnings of the Industrial Revolution, the Methodist revival of religion, the precursors of the Romantic movement, the English portrait-painters, the advance of music (Bach, Handel, Mozart)."

The Meeting will be divided into two parts; Part I, July 31—August 10; Part II, August 10—20. Tickets for the whole Meeting, £ 2 2 s.; for either Part, £ 1 10 s.

It is hoped that accommodation may be available for a limited number of men students at one of the Colleges.

A limited number of women students will be received at Lady Margaret Hall and at St. Hilda's College at a charge of 10 s. a day for board and lodging. Application must be made to the Bursar of the College in each case.

A list of lodgings (price 6 d.) and a list of private families willing to receive paying guests will be ready in February.

A Guide to Preparatory Reading (price 4 d., post free) and the Preliminary Programme will be ready in March. The latter will be sent post free to all applicants.

Information may be obtained from the Secretary: Rev. F. E. Hutchinson, M.A., Delegacy for Extra-mural Studies, Rewley House, Wellington Square, Oxford.

Reviews.

Malory. By EUGENE VINAVER. Pp. 208. Clarendon Press, 1929. Pr. 15 sh.

Until recently, nothing certain was known of Malory's identity, and even his famous book, with regard to its sources and measure of originality, was still undetermined. Of late years, however, a marked awakening of interest in him was shown by the publication of E. K. Chambers' English Association Pamphlet in 1922, E. Vinaver's *Roman de Tristan et Iseut dans l'œuvre de Thomas Malory*, 1925, and E. Hicks' *Sir Thomas Malory, His Turbulent Career*, 1928. Now, another book by Vinaver, this time in clear, nervous English, lies before me, the most notable contribution to the subject that we have had since Oskar Sommer's much abused third volume in 1891. It is based on a collation of Malory's text with the Arthurian MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale — a labour which others had shrunk from — and the long appendix on the sources, "an attempt to detect the nearest extant version of Malory's 'Frensshe booke'", is one of the most important parts of the volume. Though sources and Malory's deviation from them are indicated with more precision than ever before, Vinaver has, however, not succeeded in finding the missing originals of Books VII, XVIII, and XIX, so that this "remains the chief desideratum of the study of Malory" (154). He promises the publication of "the bulky collations" on which his book is founded, and meanwhile gives us a foretaste of his minute examination of MSS. in appendix III, in which Malory's Book XV is collated with the original French text to show how Malory changed the Grail story.

Vinaver approaches the subject as a Frenchman, primarily from the standpoint of the French versions of the legend, and this enables him to define more exactly the changes introduced by Malory. For example, as to Malory's condensation of the French text, which Sommer and after him Miss Scudder have declared to amount to one-tenth: "The difference in size between these 'French books' and Malory's compilation is a striking one. The volume of his French original may be estimated at something like one thousand folios. Malory abridged it considerably, reducing it to one-fourth its size in the *Merlin* section (Books I—V), to one-sixth in the *Tristan* (Books VIII—XII), and to one-eighth in the *Lancelot* proper (Books VI and XIX). The *Queste* and the *Mort Artu* were the two least voluminous sections of the cycle and required much less condensation. Malory, however, reduced them by over one-half their original size. The *Mort Artu*, containing as it did what Malory doubtless considered the most vital part of his epic, was condensed slightly less than the *Queste*" (30). This condensation was effected not by mere wholesale cutting, but by systematic rejection of all adventures that obscured the main thread of the cycle, — "he slowly cuts a road through a jungle of interwoven digressions" (31) — simplification by making one scene out of two, one character out of two, omission of characters. "The French writers had a characteristic method of complicating the plots of their stories: the characters, leaving each other for short intervals, soon met again. The storyteller could, by means of this and without the slightest effort on his part, split one adventure into two or more. Here again Malory attempts to simplify. By preventing the knights from parting company he avoids a whole series of

unnecessary re-encounters"(34). On the other hand, Vinaver points out, Malory failed from lack of discrimination and, I may add, probably from haste. The plan — to make an organic story — was admirable; the execution was faulty.

The chapter "The New Arthuriad" analyses Malory's attempt to create an English epic of Arthur on the basis of the *Merlin*, the early history of the Table Round, and *Mort Artu*, the history of its downfall; the intervening stories in abbreviated form, being retained merely as a background to illustrate the "custom and usage" of Arthur's reign. Here too the intention was better than the performance. The Gareth story is entirely irrelevant; in the middle of the Tristram story Malory feels that he is off the track and summarily cuts the end of the romance; again at the end of Book XIX he frankly admits that he has lost the thread and "overskips" the rest of the tale. But at any rate "from the middle of the Grail section.... the dramatic curve is disengaged from unnecessary ramifications, and its progress is direct.... The story, disentangled from its original context, formed the Arthurian epic which, but for Malory, would not have been"(95-99). This is no doubt relatively true — in comparison with the French version; but of Malory's version taken by itself it is an exaggeration. The jungle has not been cleared enough and the weedy episodic material still cumbers and obscures the Arthurian element too much to permit of Malory's book impressing the reader as an Arthurian epic. Nor is this entirely a loss. For if the form remains defective, we retain many delightful adventures; the Gareth story, for example, would otherwise have been totally unknown.

Malory's view of chivalry and the radical change it led him to make in the Grail story is the subject of the chapter "Camelot and Corbenic". By collating Malory's account of Launcelot's adventures in quest of the Grail (Book XV) with the original, and showing that he omits the passages representing Launcelot and his fellow-knights as "vile and unclean sinners", that he insists on Launcelot's superiority to Galahad, refrains from specifying the sin of the knights, reduces Dinadan's mockery of knighthood to unintelligibility (66 f.), and deprives the Grail of its symbolical significance, Vinaver tries to prove that Malory has reasserted the ideals of earthly chivalry, in opposition to the spiritual ideal of his source. "The Quest thus assumes the guise of a pageant full of strange adventures; and Galahad, from being its mystical leader and inspirer, becomes but a good and valiant knight on whom his grandfather rests great hopes" (83). The Round Table is not an antithesis of the Grail, and if in the end it must fail, it will fail not for religious reasons but because of a human tragedy (79). Here again surely there is exaggeration. Malory however was not so consistent in his treatment of the Grail as Vinaver suggests, and Launcelot confesses his sin clearly on at least one occasion (see Book XIII, ch. 7, 20). Vinaver seems inclined to think that Malory's handling of the story was due to misunderstanding of the religious ideal of chivalry of his source. He certainly did not sympathise with it, but that is a different thing. Is it not reasonable, in view of his systematic rejection of passages, to say rather that he had made up his mind to substitute for the monkish view of chivalry his own robust one?

Vinaver's criticism of Malory's practical and moral bent of mind (46) smacks a little of the Frenchman; his remarks on Malory's lack of humour (66) and imagination (41), however, and on his psychological interest in his characters (42), are acute. Finally, there is a chapter on "Translation and

Style" in which he refutes Andrew Lang's statement that Malory's style was "based on the fresh and simple manner of his French originals" (101).

The book, though eminently scholarly, is not only for scholars, but on account of its lucid style and the gradual approach to each subject, well adapted to the more moderately equipped student.

Groningen.

J. A. FALCONER.

The First Part of the Reign of King Richard the Second or Thomas of Woodstock. Edited by W. P. FRIJLINCK. Malone Society Reprint No. 70. Pp. XXXVI + 16(facs.) + 101. Oxford University Press, 1929.

The beautifully printed and carefully edited *Malone Society Reprints* are godsend to the student of the Elizabethan stage. The above named play prepared by Dr. W. P. Frijlinck is especially welcome because it enables us much better than before to study one of the few surviving prompt-books of the period. In 1870, for the first time, it was published by Halliwell. In 1899 Professor W. Keller had it printed in the *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, and his text was a decided improvement; besides, he prefaced it by some forty pages of valuable prolegomena. Dr. Frijlinck's edition may be said to bring us a still much better text in so far as concerns the state of the ms. With the help of rotographs and her keenness of observation she has been able to decipher a good many words in which her predecessors had failed. Moreover, she has included in her numerous notes a few, but judicious, conjectural emendations in those cases where the words of the ms. are ruined and occasionally even one letter only survives. From other emendations Dr. Frijlinck modestly and systematically refrains. Obviously her purpose is to give us the written text, not troubling herself whether it is right or wrong. Of course, absolute exactness in printing such a ms. is scarcely attainable. The added facsimile specimens containing no less than 473 out of a total number of 2989 lines enable us to detect the following mistakes: *wannt* for *waunts* 126, *alack* for *alacke* 128, *greiust* for *greiufte* (?) 139, *[tand* for *[tond* 348, *accompliht* for *accomplihd* (?) 794, *houfe* for *howfe* 801, *hop* for *hoop* 1734 (see the formation of the o in *you* at l. 2149), *have* for *haue* 2100, *trew* for *trew*: 2726, and *efcopt* for *efcapt* 2968 (the end of the second minim of the a we think is seen to be touching the down-stroke of the p). The first mentioned mistake is a question of appreciation, for 'u and n are not distinguished' in the ms., and *waunts* being a more or less common spelling of *wants*, it is not allowed to saddle the scribe with doubling of the n. Since Dr. Greg, the general editor of the *Malone Society Reprints*, states that he has checked this edition we did not expect to find these divergencies in less than a sixth part of the whole play. Another wrong letter we noticed in l. 306:

thou groofe vncaput no, thou speakeft not yett

There is not the least doubt that the last letter of *vncaput* must be an l: *[peakeft*, here, means *speakest to the purpose*, (cf. 'thou saylt' *Ham. V, 1, 29*), *groofe* is a recognized spelling of modern *gross*, and *vncapul* is the trisyllabic form of *uncapable*, see our *Hamlet* edition, p. 202. It may happen that l and t

are scarcely discernible but, for want of a facsimile specimen containing l. 306, we cannot say whether the misreading is Dr. Frijlinck's or the scribe's. 'Proball to thinking' (Oth. II, 3, 344) the scribe is the sinner, for the other editors have the *t* too.

Slight inexactnesses also occur in the Introduction. The editress tells us that the noun *dispose* (five times used by Shakespeare!) is not recorded in the N.E.D. Nor could she find *subsite*, the disyllabic form of *subsidy*, in that authoritative book; it is there, but spelled with a *d*. 'Proper names in the text are throughout in English script', she says, but at least *Cinithia* in l. 2097 is written in an Italian hand. And much we wondered at reading: 'The punctuation is generally careful', the quotations which will follow do not back up this statement.

In addition to her own restorations of words Dr. Frijlinck's notes contain a practically complete collation of Halliwell's and Professor Keller's texts, and of Professor F. I. Carpenter's notes on Keller's text in the *Journal of Germanic Philology*, Vol. III, pp. 138/42. For instance, to the lines 603/5:

the commons they rebell : & the king all careless
heeres wrong on wrong. to stirr more mutiny
a fore my god I knowe not what to doe

her note is '604 [*heeres*] K. (emend.) *heepes*'. From this case and others the value of her collation is evident, but it is a pity that she wholly forgets to record Professor Keller's restorations of line-shiftings, most of which are as good as his *heepes* emendation. On p. vi of her Introduction she argues that the scribe copied 'from a rough draft, and not that of the author himself. This appears from . . . and also from the faulty line-division, . . .' As a matter of fact she nowhere indicates a single instance of this kind of mistake, and, what is still worse, her argument is wrong. The line-shifting is a common slovenliness, as common to scribes as to compositors, see pp. 187/92 of this periodical, 1929. And it is most remarkable that editors have such trouble to find the cases. Even this instance is overlooked:

King: they are your noble kinfmen, to revooke || the sentance, weare
an act of folly nan. || kings words are lawes
If we in frindge our word. || we breake our lawe
no more of them fweete queene ||

1194/7

That the ms. is the work of a scribe is quite certain, but equally certain it is that he did not copy a rough draft, as Dr. Frijlinck holds. A sketch of a play running to some 3000 lines is somewhat inconceivable. And if the manager of a troupe receives a rough draft, he does not give it to a scribe to be copied but he will return it to the author, and ask for a finished play. The truth is that the scribe's work is a copy of the author's ms. adapted for the stage. In this case the adaptation was so extensive that a fair copy had to be made to be sent to the censor; after the license was obtained it had to do duty as prompt-book. Our contention follows from the simple fact that the author's text and the adapter's are written in the same handwriting. To prove the adapter's interpolations we select out of an abundance a very few samples:

blood cryes for blood. & that almightie hand
permitts not murder vnrevengd to stand; com, com,
we yett may hyd our felues from worldly strength
but heauen will fynd vs out, & stricke at length

2901/4

No reasonable person will maintain that the extra-metrical words *com, com* which spoil the text, can have been written by the author of the couplets. The same typical players' exclamation *com, com*, ruins the verse lines 1304, 2040, 2148, and 489 + 490 (one line) where, also the redundant words 'doote Sir' are interpolated.

yorke: lanc: on these conditions brother, we agree.
Around: and I: (**Surry:**) And I
lanc: to hyde our hate is foundest pollicye

199/201

What author will spoil a couplet by extra-metrical and unnecessary interruptions? Surely, they were inserted by the adapter who wanted to enliven the scene.

In the next quotation Woodstock, the Duke of Gloucester, is speaking to his cousin queen Anne who introduced, as is mentioned in Stow's *Chronicle*, the side-saddle fashion in England:

our weomen till your coming faireft cussen
 did vse like men to straddle when they ryde
 but you haue tought them now to sitt a fyde
 yett by your leaue young practice often reeles
 I haue seene some of your schoollers kicke vp boeth ther heeles

Dutch: wo what haue you seene my lord

Wood: nay nay nothing wife

I see little without spectacles thou knowst,

King: trust hime not Aunt, for now hees growne foe braue

412/20

Delete the elucidating words 'boeth ther' in l. 416, the emphatic duplication of 'nay' in l. 418, the whole of l. 419, and there remains a perfect verse text. The style of the prose line 419 clashes with the context and is evidently a later insertion to stress the fun, and to make the audience laugh. We have chosen this last instance because it gives us a hint about the interpolator's character. It is not at all impossible that an important part of the humorous prose scenes of the play was written by him. In passing the probability may be mentioned that *cussen* at l. 412 ought to be *bryde* because the preceding lines rime too, and at l. 356 Queen Anne is also designated by 'bryd'.

To conclude our few instances of interpolations we draw attention to:

for which wele haue it wafted lyme & stone
 to keepe a monument of Richards mone, oh tortureing greife
 oh deere my leidge, all teares for hir are vayne oblationes
 hir quiett soule rests in cellestiall peace
 with loy of that, lett all your forrowes seace

Bufh:

2367/71

oh tortureing greife' is extra-metrical, it spoils the riming lines, but it emphasizes Richard's lamentation, and gives the actor a still better opportunity for impressing the audience with his gestures of despair. We do not doubt that it is an adapter's insertion, and we choose this instance because the next line is so wonderfully instructive. We quote line 2369 as the scribe wrote it, it is far too long, and the probability is that 'vayne oblationes' have supplanted a rime-word either with 'mone' or with 'peace'. Indeed, this rime-word is *none*. It perfectly suits the occasion: *none* = 'of no effect' NED · '1442 *Rolls of Parlt.* V. 43/2. That it be voide and non in lawe'. Of course, it is an adapter's duty to make a play more playable and more understandable not only by means of enlivening and emphasizing additions but also by modernizing archaic expressions. And so we see that the adapter not only

added to but also arbitrarily altered the author's text. Line 2369 instructs us about something more. With another kind of ink than that used in writing the line the words *oh* and *my* are deleted. This means that the adapter's too long line was afterwards pruned to proper length by another well-meaning falsifier of the author's text. If the prompt-book had been printed, l. 2369 would have been :

deere leidge, all teares for hir are wayne oblationes

and nobody could have dreamt how grossly this seemingly unobjectionable line deviates from what the author wrote!

The most interesting part of Dr. Frijlinck's Introduction is her examination of the handwritings and the inks used. Granting 'various degrees of certainty' she recognizes, apart from that of the scribe, eight different hands and ten varieties of ink. However, about these things we feel it safe to predict that the last word is not yet written. Really, it is not likely, it even runs counter to the very idea we have of a scribe, when Dr. Frijlinck ascribes to this worthy such alterations as from *god* to *heauen* 12, and such marginal additions as *out* 39 together with omission marks instructing the actors to suppress the marked lines. If the scribe used his brains in this high-handed way, why, then, did he leave a large blank at l. 331? He also left a blank, not noticed, at least not recorded by the editress, in these lines :

yett thus much can I say; & make my praife
no more then merrytt: A wealthier prize
did neuer yett take harbour in our Roodes

87/9

where after *merrytt* he failed to read *warnts*, the monosyllabic form of *warrants*, see our *Hamlet* edition, p. 203. How brainlessly he worked Dr. Frijlinck has herself detected. She rightly says, and broadly proves: 'it is probable that throughout the speakers' names have been added separately after the text had been written — perhaps after the whole play had been completed'.

The ms. 'bears clear marks of having served as a prompt copy There are over twenty prompt directions added in different hands pointing to several revisers This means that in plays printed from prompt-books the stage-directions can never be relied on to be genuine. Some critics indeed assumed this long ago, but it is Dr. Frijlinck's merit to have favoured us with unmistakable evidence, and we have to express our sincere gratitude for her painstaking labour of love. May she or some one else follow up her edition of the ms. by a definitive edition of the author's text, for the play has merits, and deserves, as far as possible, a thorough purification. How many corruptions the ms. contains may be imagined by pondering the following twenty-three consecutive lines :

Cinthia : ffrom the cleere orbe of our Etheryall Sphere
bright *Cinthia* comes to hunt & reuell heere
the groues of Callidon & Arden woods
of vntamd monsters: wyld & sauadge heards
we & our knights haue freed and hether come
to hunt these forrestes wher we heere ther lyes
a cruell tulked boore, whose terror. flyes
through this large kingdome & with feare & dread
strickes hir a maffed greatnes payle & dead
& haueing viewd from farr, these towers of stone
we heard the people midt ther loy & mone

2100

extoll to heauen. a faithfull prince & peere
 that keepes a courte of loue and pittie heere
 reuerent & myld his lookes: if fuch ther bee
 this fstate derects great prince that you are hee
 & ere our knights to this great hunting goe
 before your grace. they would some pastime shoue
 in fprightly danceing, thus they bad me fay
 & wayt an anlwer to returne or stay
 W: nay for heauens pitye lett them com I prethee,
 pretty deuife ifaith, stand by make rome ther
 fturr fturr good fellowes each man to his taske
 we fhall haue a cleere night the moone derects the maske

2110

The last line is by two syllables too long, and when the moon directs the mask we shall not have a clear night but we have it already; therefore, delete */hall*, and pronounce *we haue* monosyllabically. Restore the rime-word *broods* for *heards* at l. 2099, and *rife* for *come* at l. 2100: *rise* = 'To come upon the scene; to appear;' NED. What about the lines 2115/6? There is more than a fair chance that here too the rime is lost by some corruption, but how can we find the author's text? Neither *prethee* nor *rome ther* lend themselves to rime-words suiting the text, and there is nothing which seems to be wrong in these two lines. The only finger-post to guide us may be the unnecessary word *ther* at l. 2116. If we leave it out, *rome* is the last word of the line, and it may be worth while to look out for a suiting rime-word which could have ended the preceding l. 2115. A little knowledge of Elizabethan rimes and a little familiarity with the usual Elizabethan text corruptions solve the problem without further ado. As a matter of fact and surprise we see that l. 2115 contains the wanted rime-word — transposed though! Shakespeare rimes *room* with *doom* in Sonnet 55, and *doom* with *come* in the Sonnets 107, 116 and 145. Remembering how common the transposition mistake is, and how easily *I prethee* may be printed or written for the synonymous *prethee*, the author's text must have been:

nay for heauens pitye prethee lett them come,
 pretty deuife ifaith, stand by make rome

The Hague.

B. A. P. VAN DAM.

Studies in Shakespeare.

Das Englische Renaissancedrama. Von PHILIPP ARONSTEIN. Pp. X + 336. Teubner, 1929. R.M. 12.—; cloth R.M. 14.—.

Shakespeare. Leben-Umwelt-Kunst. Von ALOIS BRANDL. 4te Auflage. Pp. XVI + 517. "Geisteshelden", Band 8. Wittenberg, Ziemsen, 1929. 6 M. —.

Studies in Shakespeare. By ALLARDYCE NICOLL. Pp. 164. Hogarth Lectures on Literature. The Hogarth Press, London, 1927, 3s. 6d. n.

William Shakespeare. Par M. CONSTANTIN-WEYER, Avec soixante planches hors-texte en héliogravure. Pp. 80 + LX. "Maîtres des Littératures", I. Paris, Rieder, 1929. 18 fr.

Darstellerzahl und Rollenverteilung bei Shakespeare. Von DR. MARIA SACK. Pp. 76. Beiträge zur englischen Philologie, herausg. von Max Förster, Heft VIII. Tauchnitz, 1928. M. 4.—.

Shakespeares Prologe, Epiloge und Chorus-Reden. Von LORENZ MORSBACH. Pp. 80. Aus den Nachrichten der Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften zu Göttingen. Philologisch-Historische Klasse, Heft III. Weidmannsche Buchhandlung, Berlin, 1929. M. 3.—.

Shakespeare in the Eighteenth Century. By D. NICHOL SMITH. Pp. 91. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1928. 5 s. n.

The eminent German scholar, Prof. Aronstein, who has already a formidable array of studies on English literature to his credit, has added to these one on the English Renaissance drama, which he regards as the conclusion of a life's work. Though it would be the crowning glory to his honourable career in the field of English letters, we will not hope that "the rest is silence."

The book owes its existence to the fact that the author wished to approach the subject from an angle different from that of his predecessors. He rejected the biographical and the chronological treatment, as well as the division into types, on plausible grounds: he wanted his readers to derive their conception of the Renaissance drama from the "moods and currents of thought", prevailing either in the whole nation or in some classes of society, and therefore he found it necessary to start from the audiences whom the various theatres and dramatists catered for. The excellent chapter on Marlowe is a justification of the method adopted: the sociological impulse to his plays is to be found in the great enterprises on land and at sea, which caused a "nationaler Aufschwung" and roused the nation to activity, but at the same time inspired it with uncontrolled aspirations; this same spirit fostered a predilection for themes of passion, love, jealousy and revenge, as illustrated by Kyd's plays. Patriotism, revived by the triumph over the Armada, engendered the first chronicle-plays, of which Peele's *Edward I* became the prototype. Greene represented the dramatists of the people; he was the enemy of aristocratic presumption. In his company we find A. Munday, young Th. Heywood and Dekker.

Immediately before the defeat of the Armada there had been no room for realistic comedy: the court monopolized comedy, and that of a special kind. Ben Jonson became the creator of a new type, a conscious innovator, ready to criticize people and plays. His criticism led to the War of the Theatres, in which Prof. Aronstein sees more than a mere quarrel between theatre-people. He sees it as a struggle for the justification of the realistic comedy and arrives at the conclusion that Ben Jonson won. Taking into consideration the more than lame exit of "the pestilent fellow" in the Apologeticall Dialogue, one is inclined to doubt the correctness of this view.

After 1610 a shifting of parties divided the nation into Court, Church and Aristocracy on the one hand, and Parliament with the religious middle classes on the other. Hence the drama could no longer be an echo of what lived in the whole people. And so Beaumont and Fletcher became the bearers of the new aristocratic spirit. Older types of plays were revived: a refined revenge-drama (Tourneur and Webster) pandering to unhealthy passions and suited to a period of moral decay, made its appearance. With an occasional reversion to a worthier type (Massinger) the drama went rapidly downhill, till the triumph of Puritanism extinguished it altogether.¹⁾

¹⁾ A few remarks of minor importance may follow here.

The Castle of Perseverance should certainly be assigned to an earlier date than 1471. (p. 13) — On the good authority of Dr. A. W. Reed's *Early Tudor Drama* it may be

Nearly one third of the book is devoted to Shakespeare. The treatment is naturally succinct, but clear and normal, with nothing startlingly new. The style has a light, airy touch, almost the touch of the poet: these chapters are decidedly the most attractive. Is this because we hear but little about the sociological basis? Somehow it has proved a little difficult to handle here. Prof. Aronstein provides the clue himself: "Diese breite Humanität, die alles Menschliche, das Höchste wie das Niedrigste, das Grösste wie das Kleinste, ja auch das Hässliche mit liebevollem Verständnis umfaßt, diese von einer unendlichen Sympathie beschwingte und getragene Phantasie — das ist die grosse Eigenschaft Shakespeares." This certainly does not leave much room for speculations on the taste of the audience, even though topical allusions in the plays are by no means scarce. The author must have felt the truth of Tucker Brooke's remark: "Shakespeare is not the summation of Elizabethan literary art. The student of Shakespeare will know much of human nature, but not a vast deal about the 16th century mind".

Prof. Brandl appears to be less of a poet, more of a psychologist. Brilliant examples of character-study, though a little detached from the dramas themselves, we meet in his chapters on *Richard III*, *Brutus*, *Hamlet*. Moreover, he brings to his task an enormous knowledge of the classics (the amount of allusions, imitations and borrowings pointed out is stupendous); he has made extensive studies of the sources and never fails to show how Shakespeare improved on them. He has delved deep into contemporary literature and history; he is equally well versed in folklore: his learned disquisition on the witches in *Macbeth* and on the fairies in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* are sufficient evidence.

Occasionally one might be inclined to wonder whether his great learning has not tempted the writer to read a little more in the dramas than Shakespeare meant us to, e.g. when, writing about the witches, he says: "... als Hekates Dienerinnen kennen sie also die Zukunft deshalb, weil sie Naturnotwendigkeiten mit umsetzen in Menschenwollen." Neither is it always easy to agree with his verdicts about character; as an example we may quote this one about Caesar: "Nicht etwa von Richard III, sondern vom Tartaren Marlowe's hat der Shakespearische Cäsar Grösze überkommen, und wenn er sich ihrer kurz vor dem Sturze noch selber rühmt, so ist dies vom Dichter nicht als Prahlerei gemeint, sondern, wie bei Tamerlan, als Titanentum." ¹⁾

An interesting feature of this stimulating book is the preface to the 4th edition: "Was ist uns Shakespeare heute?" It testifies to the great admiration Germany has always felt for the glorious English poet: not even the war could damp its enthusiasm. The *Shakespeare Jahrbuch* was able to continue; Reinhardt went on playing; Landauer wrote his book on Shakespeare in the trenches. The English press sneered at him and at the so-called annexation

questioned whether J. Heywood was connected with the Chapel Royal before 1519. (p. 17) — According to A. W. Reed and E. K. Chambers we may now assume *Calisto* and *Meliboea* to have been adapted (so not only printed) by Rastell. (p. 20) — The difficulty about the cause of Marlowe's death was not solved by Hotson's *The Death of Christopher Marlowe*. (p. 44) — Th. Heywood's death did not take place in 1640, but in Aug. 1641. (p. 128) — 1603 (p. 160) is obviously a misprint for 1623. — It is generally assumed that *The Merry Wives* preceded *Henry V* (See Tucker Brooke, Sir Sidney Lee, A. Brandl, Quiller-Couch).

¹⁾ The book is singularly free from misprints. I only noted the date of *Daemonologia*, given as 1604, which should be either 1597 or 1599. It was reprinted in 1603. — The bibliography, though extensive, has not been brought up to date.

of "den alten Stratford." But the Germans kept Shakespeare outside the sphere of hostility: "Der Hamlet-dichter war ja unschuldig an den Beschlüssen der modern-englischen Staats- und Flottenlenker". At present there is a decline in popularity, just at the moment when Germany should be inspired to activity by his example. And also the modern drama should appreciate his technique better: character is not transparent now, but Shakespeare made it so. He could also be a guide in political economy: he taught that the interests of the individual should be subject to the interests of the state. "Er war ein politischer Seher im vollen Sinne des Wortes; wer ihn zu hören weisz, dem gehört über alle nationalen Grenzen hinaus sein Geist."

It is clearly impossible, in so intricate a matter as psychology, to arrive at definite conclusions with mathematical certainty. There is, therefore, nothing to surprise us when we discover two great scholars at variance in many respects. Whereas Prof. Brandl maintains that Hamlet is a melancholy character, borrowed from the classics, Prof. Nicoll¹⁾ insists on calling him "a man full of physical courage, by no means a melancholy Hegelian". Several other examples of a diversity of opinion could be added to this, some certainly due to the fact that Prof. Nicoll, while devoting little space to the sources, has deliberately concentrated his attention on the plays only. The play is the thing. His enormous knowledge of the plays themselves makes him a reliable guide, so much so that all students of Shakespeare would be well-advised to study this book closely; with the present writer they will regret that no more than four plays are dealt with. A complete study of Shakespeare from his hand would be an indispensable supplement to Brandl's book.

Brandl's biographical chapters follow the old, reliable lines. A more hazardous experiment has been carried out by M. Constantin-Weyer in a short biography in which fact and fancy are blended in a manner which at once betrays the charming writer, rich in fancy and careless of fact. His method, practised so happily in the latest Byron-biography (by Maurois), may appeal to the unwary reader, but will shock the Shakespeare-scholar by its many misrepresentations of facts, as well as by its often unwarranted, though dexterous application of quotations from the plays to supply clues to events in Shakespeare's life. Many are taken from the earlier plays, the later providing but little such material, and so there is but a scanty number of pages accorded to the most important period.

As to facts: Falstaff is Shakespeare's father, spending his money on beer and sack in one of Stratford's inns, Doll Tearsheet being the hostess. He owes money to a butcher (an unreliable rumour due to Aubrey and Dowdall), and young Will is apprenticed to him: "afin que son travail réponde de ma dette." Subsequently young Will falls in love and learns its language, as put into the mouth of Juliet, in "la chambrette obscure d'Anne Hathaway"! Later, at the burial of Hamlet (= Hamnet), his only son, he overhears the dialogue of the gravediggers.

There is certainly a mistake in the passage about the composition of and subsequent changes in *Henry IV* (I); the date of the *Merchant* is by all authorities put after that of *King John*. On p. 35 Caren stands for Carew,

¹⁾ *Studies in Shakespeare* deals with four plays only: *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth* and *King Lear*, with a chapter on *Shakespearean Tragedy* preceding.

Drawton for Drayton; Clerke for W. Covell. Heywood's poems were not included in the first edition of the *Passionate Pilgrim*; they are to be found in the 1612 edition.

The sixty well-chosen plates are a redeeming feature of this attractive, but unreliable piece of biography.

Dr. Maria Sack's dissertation is a laborious attempt at explaining some peculiarities in the plays from the supposed fact that the available number of actors forced the poet's hand in writing them as he did. Of course, cumulation of parts did take place. But I fail to see that Shakespeare could have composed his dramas, not in "a fine frenzy", but coolly calculating the number of verses which will allow an actor sufficient time to change into another costume. And with due respect for the author's cleverly composed tables, a great part of her study seems to me love's labour lost, particularly so in the case of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which required nineteen actors at least. Dr. Sack herself confesses that she cannot solve this puzzle. I can accept her view that a change in the number of actors may affect the text of a play, but as yet I am not convinced of the truth of her statement about the outward conditions of play-production: "Sie liefern uns gar oft den Schlüssel zum tieferen Verständnis des Kunstwerks".

Prof. Morsbach also promises "ungeahnte Ausblicke auf den Dichter und sein Werk", through a critical examination of all the prologues, choruses and epilogues. He discovers a few points for which we may be thankful. The principal seems to be Shakespeare's frequent insistence on the necessity of "phantasie or imagination" in his audience (especially in *Henry V*). Further we learn that prologues and choruses contained needful information, besides allusions to the unities of time and place, or defences of the writer's departure from them. Sometimes their purpose is to create the right spirit among the audience (*Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry V*). The Epilogues principally invoke the indulgence of the critical spectators. Besides these general conclusions there are a great number of notes which will appeal to the philologist. Incidentally it may be mentioned that Morsbach does not agree with the well-known interpretation of the Epilogue to *The Tempest*: Prospero is *not* Shakespeare and so he does *not* take leave of the stage. His explanation is as little convincing as he believes the other theory to be. A useful little book, which, however, falls short of its purpose: "ungeahnte Ausblicke" fail to materialize on closer inspection.

The fate of Shakespeare's plays in the eighteenth century is the subject of Mr. Nichol Smith's three lectures, covering the history of the adaptations, the emendations and the development of textual interpretation. Naturally he could not omit Dryden, whose *All for Love* was one of the first adaptations of a Shakespearean play, but, who, if he found fault with the poet, ascribed it to the age sooner than to his "author: the divine Shakespeare".

The various adaptations of *King Lear*, beginning with Nahum Tate's, are very instructive: it was the taste of the age which required them: love-scenes were indispensable. It was not before 1838 that the play could be produced again in its original form (by Macready, who also restored *The Tempest*). All the same, in one respect, the eighteenth century may be accorded a word

of praise : a moderately fair amount of Shakespeare's plays (adapted as a rule) were acted in the first half ; in the second half the number increased steadily (Garrick !)¹), whereas our present age knows Shakespeare principally through our educational system, and not from the stage. The other two chapters award the palm of honour to Dr. Johnson : of all the editors he produced the best text ; his edition marks the beginning of scientific criticism. Steevens and Malone added systematic research to his common sense. We meet him again as the herald of character-interpretation. Short remarks embedded in his notes were rapidly expanded into articles and books and even into lectures (the first was delivered in 1774 by W. Kenrick), thus forming the stepping-stones to modern scholarship.

A useful book, which collects scattered materials and produces several less-known and even unknown facts and names.

Rotterdam.

W. A. OVAA.

The Poetical Works of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling.
 Edited by L. E. KASTNER and H. B. CHARLTON. Vol. I, The dramatic Works, pp. ccxx + 482. Vol. II, The non-dramatic Works, pp. liv + 644. Manchester University Press, 1921 and 1929 (English Series, Nos. X & XVIII). Price, Vol. I, 28/— net; Vol. II, 25/— net.

The importance of the editorial introduction to the first volume has been pointed out in a former issue of *English Studies* (Vol. X, no. 3, p. 79 ff.), and must be emphasized again, since the editors complain that their "two-hundred page essay on the Senecan Tradition in Europe lies buried as a preface" in the first volume. Some of the conclusions of that thorough essay concerning the Senecan Tradition in England may be repeated here.

Above all, Seneca — whether the original Roman or in the English translation, or much more obviously in the modernised manner of the Italians already sanctioned by the learned circles — was their great storehouse of tragic material. He provided the most tragic motive, revenge exacted on the closest consanguinity. He provided the most tragic theme, the inevitability of Fate's decrees. He provided the most tragic appeal, horror piling itself on horror. He provided the most tragic machinery, ghosts, supernatural forces, and foreboding dreams ; the most tragic incidents, murder inflicted in the most cruel and most bloodthirsty way. He provided the most tragic characters, superhuman villains dominated with one abnormal consuming passion. He provided the most tragic sentiment, morbid introspective self-pity and self-reliance. He provided the superlative tragic style, whether for the utterance of passion, picture, or sentence. Above all, he warranted the use of all these elements extravagantly and without restraint. And beyond these principal qualities, he established a preference for an atmosphere of Ovidian romance and splendour, laden with wonders of the Orient or the not less wonderful glamour of contemporary Italy, to weave round stories of thrilling sexual passion engendering horrible crime. He gave examples of dramatic technique and even of devices of stagecraft for enhancing the marvel of it all ; and he furnished an unmatched model of the fence of words in stichomythic dialogue and of their sparkle in crystallised proverb..... In reality, the Seneca, thus apparently maltreated and distorted for adoption in English tragedy is not only a Seneca following further and directly along the path first chosen in Italy ; he is actually more

¹) See for an exhaustive list : Allardyce Nicoll, *Eighteenth Century Drama, 1700-1750 and 1750-1800*.

comprehensively and more powerfully realising the spirit of his begetter, the Roman Seneca; for Seneca's tragedies are really the product of a spirit Spanish-born, but constraining itself, however reluctantly, to obey the literary, as well as the civil, laws of Rome. (pp. clxix—clxxi).

Alexander's most considerable achievement lies in his tragedies which are, "with the contemporary ones of Fulke Greville's, the most comprehensive realisation of the qualities of their class, the final crystallisation of all the tendencies of Seneca of the French school." The non-dramatic poems contained in the second volume of the present edition of Alexander's works are less important, both on account of their intrinsic merits and of the tendencies of taste they illustrate.

The religious epic, *Doomes-day*, provides an illustration of the vogue Du Bartas enjoyed in England; it further affords, by its allusions, a clue to the reading, the "Belesenheit", of a typical cultured Scot of the Elizabethan age; finally, in Alexander's revisions, it supplies the linguist with a body of evidence on obscurer points of propriety in the contemporary standards of the King's English. But of poetry worth its name there is hardly any question, and the editors' severe strictures could not possibly be attenuated. Conceits are in their place in the unimpeded flow of rhetoric verse of a Marino or a Du Bartas; they look hopelessly strained and ludicrous in an uncongenial medium such as the flat didactic stanzas of the Scottish moralist. Conceits did not come spontaneously to his fancy; he adopted them as embellishments, since his idea of the essence of poetry was no better than this:

Language is but the Apparel of Poesy, which may give Beauty, but not Strength: and when I censure any Poet, I first dissolve the general Contexture of his Work in several Pieces, to see what Sinews it hath, and to mark what will remain behind, when the external Gorgeousness, consisting in the Choice or Placing of Words, as if it would bribe the Ear to corrupt the Judgment, is first removed, or at least only marshalled in its own Degree. I value Language as a Conduit, the variety thereof to several Shapes, and adorned Truth or witty Inventions that which it should deliver. I compare a Poem to a Garden, the disposing of the Parts of the one to the several Walks of the other: The Decorum kept in Descriptions, and representing of Persons, to the Proportions and Distances to be observed in such things as are planted therein, and the Variety of Invention to the Diversity of Flowers thereof; whereof Three Sorts do chiefly please me: A grave Sentence, by which the Judgment may be bettered; a witty Conceit, which doth harmoniously delight the Spirits; and a generous Rapture expressing Magnanimity, whereby the Mind may be inflamed for great Things. All the rest, for the most Part, is but a naked Narration or gross Staff to uphold the general Frame, yet the more apt, if well contrived and eloquently delivered, to angle vulgar Readers, who perchance can scarce conceive the other.

Better poets than Alexander have held similar theories, but fortunately forgot them in the actual process of writing. Alexander, however, was never enabled by merciful Inspiration to lose sight of his poetic theory; he proceeded to confer "external Gorgeousness" upon his stale commonplaces, and the result was embodied in lines which deserve immortality on account of their utter absurdity:

With him Tertullian, Tullian thrise indeed.

Seale, viall, Trumpet, seaventh, opens, powres, sounds.

He particularly affected a kind of tiresome alliteration, common with the Baroque poets, but never so glaring, by contrast, as in Alexander's humdrum

lines. He would say that *Absalom* was "absolutely fair", that Epaminondas "did grace" Greece, he would not dare "to muse what *muster* every *Monster* makes", he would eagerly seize Ovid's "painted Panther", he would readily borrow Du Bartas's worst mannerisms, his *flo-flotant*, his *ba-branslante*, and such-like childish reduplications, and embellish his verse with a *flot-flotting*, a *jar-jarring* . . . ; shortly, he did his worst to show that he could be a poor poet, i.e. less than a man.

Things being so, no wonder the commentary affords more profitable reading than the text : it gives us an interesting survey of the intellectual equipment of a cultured Scottish gentleman of Alexander's day. Unfortunately Alexander did not filch striking expressions from his sources, "mainly, it is to be feared, because he lacked the fine sense to recognise a memorable style when he met it."

In their notes, the editors have been able to avail themselves of the invaluable help of Prof. E. Bensly, of the University of Wales, whose assistance given to Prof. Martin in tracing some of the most recondite sources of Crashaw may be remembered here. It would be difficult to add anything to the amount of information displayed in the notes. I think, however, that in tracing to emblems some of Alexander's expressions, Whitney rather than Alciato should have been mentioned. The comparison (p. 22, 1.452): "As dogs bite stones for him who hath them throwne", finds a closer model in the English verse of Whitney's *Choice of Emblemes* (Leyden, 1586), p. 56, than in Alciat, who is Whitney's source :

The angrie dogge doth turne unto the stone,
When it is caste, and bytes the same for ire,
And not pursues the same that hathe it throwne.

If the commentators had looked up Whitney, they would not have needed to accompany their tracing of Alexander's comparison of certain proud priests to "Isis Asse" (p. 223, 1.690) to Alciat's seventh Emblem, with the explanation: "After the verse, in some editions, one of which Alexander must have seen, follows this: 'Sacerdotes etiam si aut ignari, aut scelerati sint, honorantur tamen', etc." Because on p. 8 of Whitney we find the same emblem with these lines :

The pastors good.....
.....
Though they be men, yet since Godds worde they teache,
We honor them.....
.....
Yet, if throwghe pride they doe them selves forgett,
And make accompte that honor, to be theires :
And doe not marke with in whose place they sett,
Let them behowlde the asse, that ISIS beares,
Whoe thoughte the men to honor him, did kneele,
And staid therefore, till he the staffe did feele.

Read side by side with this Alexander's simile :

There are some Priests whom foolish pride made rave,
(Like *Isis Asse* whose burden was ador'd)
Who of their parts too great opinion have,
And more affect than reason can afford, etc .

That Whitney was Alexander's source becomes evident from an allusion at p. 312, l. 652, which occurs again in the 75th Sonnet of *Aurora* :

Like toying Apes that doe with kindnesse kill.

I feare that their affections trie
In end like th'Apes, that whil'st he seekes to prove
The powrefull motions of a parents love,
Doth oft embrace his young ones till they die.

The primary source is, of course, Pliny, as has been pointed out in the commentary. But Alexander's immediate source is Whitney's emblem of the ape's *Caecus amor prolis* (p. 188):

With kindenes, lo, the Ape doth kill her whelpes,
Throughe clasping harde, and lulling in her armes.....

The sonnets of *Aurora* are neither better nor worse than most sonnets of that sonneteering age; but, in comparison with the rest of Alexander's non-dramatic verse, they can be considered as a very creditable performance indeed. Prof. Kastner, whose thorough acquaintance with the sonneteering literature was so forcibly shown in his notes to the poems of Drummond of Hawthornden, has been able also in the case of Alexander to point out a few sources and analogues. Some of the *motifs* were perhaps too hackneyed to deserve notice; this may explain why the notes to *Aurora* are comparatively scanty. It may perhaps seem superfluous to trace the opening lines of Son. 4 to Petrarca's "Ingrata lingua, già però non m'hai," etc., in the Son.: "Perch'io t'abbia guardato di menzogna"; the passage in Son. 7: "But yet who would not looke on those cleare skies," to a passage in Petrarca's canzone: "Perché la vita è breve" (stanza 2: "Quando agli ardenti rai", etc.); to remind the reader, in connexion with the first Elegy, that the theme of the comparison of the state of the lover to that of Tantalus, Sisyphus, etc., had been treated by Watson among the English poets; to note that Son. 38 repeats the *motif* of Serafino's "Se'l gran tormento e i fier fulmini accesi", imitated by Watson ("If Love had lost his shaftes, and love downe threw"); that the first stanza of the sixth song is modelled after another sonnet of Serafino ("Quando dagli alti monti scende l'ombra"); that the comparison of the beloved to several goddesses echoes a well-known Greek epigram (by Rufinus) frequently imitated (by Ronsard, Thomas Lodge, etc.); that the seventh song seems to derive here and there from Petrarca's canzone: "Chiare, fresche e dolci acque" (cf. for instance l. 51 ff.: "But when the flowres she spred, To make her selfe a bed, And with her gowne them clad", with: "Erba e fior, che la gonna Leggiadra ricoverse"); that Son. 85 rehearses a theme already used by Watson (in "Who can recount the vertues of my deare"); that Son. 93 is ultimately to be traced to Petrarca's lines: "Stato fuss'io quando la vidi prima, Com'or son dentro, allor cieco di fore", etc.; and so on, since for nearly every idea, for every simile of Alexander, it would be possible to give either a source, or an analogue, as is almost invariably the case with the later sonneteers. All this could have been pointed out, better than in the notes, in the separate introduction on the European sonnet-tradition in Scotland which the editors intended at first to write, and finally gave up, as being out of proportion to the importance of their author. Commonplace as they are, some of Alexander's similes can be assigned a definite source. Such seems for instance the case

of the simile of the Phoenix in the first Elegy. The editors deal extensively with the legend in a note on p. 81, l. 225; but for the lines in the Elegy:

And as the rarest Bird a pile of wood doth frame,
Which, being fir'd by *Phœbus* rayes, she fals into the flame:
So by two sunnie eyes I give my fancies fire,
And burne my selfe with beauties raies, even by mine owne desire —

we find a close enough parallel in Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller* (ed. McKerrow, p. 243):

Her high exalted sunne beames have set the Phenix neast of my breast on fire, and I my selfe have brought Arabian spicines of sweet passions and praises to furnish out the funerall flame of my follie.

Liverpool.

MARIO PRAZ.

Literary Criticism in the Age of Johnson. By A. BOSKER. Pp. IX + 294. Wolters, Groningen, 1930. — Price fl. 5.90.

Bosker's valuable study is essentially a confirmation of the views that Schücking has eloquently and well set forth in his little book *Literarische Geschmacksbildung* (Munich, 1923). Bosker does not appear to know it; nor does the reviewer of *The Whirligig of Taste* on page 205 of last year's issue of Engl. St., nor for that matter the author of *The Whirligig* himself, — which seems a pity. An acquaintance with Schücking's theory that the literary historian should always have in mind not only the sociological background of the period but even more the artistic views and activities of its leading social groups, would have given to *Literary Criticism in the Age of Johnson* a certain depth, a kind of third dimension, which it now lacks. The text runs to 268 closely printed pages; if the lucubrations of a few more criticsasters had been available, they would no doubt have found a place in Bosker's survey. But the author has found it necessary to exclude 'philosophical writers on æsthetic theory like Shaftesbury, Hutcheson, Hume, Burke and others,' which again seems a pity, especially perhaps in the case of Shaftesbury, whom Irving Babbitt pronounces to be, most probably, more important as an initiator than even Rousseau was. 'His influence ramifies out in every direction, notably into Germany.' ('Rousseau and Romanticism,' 44, 45). Of course he could not, any more than Burke and the rest, be altogether excluded, and a certain number of pages duly contain references to his and their views and pronouncements, enough to set us wondering whether a thesis-writer of two hundred years hence, discussing twentieth century criticism in Holland, would be well-advised in bothering greatly about the critical or uncritical opinions of that host of obscure dabblers in literature who can do no creative work, and who, to make up for that, write psittacine reviews.

Bosker falls into a common error by dwelling (in his preface) on the opposition between eighteenth-century rationalists and their splendidly spontaneous predecessors. Surely the spontaneity of the Elizabethans had never held undisputed sway; side by side with it had grown and flourished something far different, viz. conceit-hunting. A poet cudgelling his brains for original fancies that shall prove his wit cannot be called spontaneous, and the lucubrations of Donne and his 'metaphysical' school killed spontaneity even

before the Age of Dryden resolutely set its face against 'enthusiasm'. The 'mannerisms introduced by the French Pléiade' (Bosker, p. 21) had nothing to do with spontaneity either. On the other hand le Père Bouhours defines it very well, making his Eudoxe say, 'quelque chose qui n'est point recherché, ni tiré de loin; que la nature du sujet présente et qui naist pour ainsi dire du sujet mesme. J'entends je ne sçay quelle beauté simple sans fard et sans artifice . . . ' (*La Manière de bien penser*, p. 219, quoted in Bosker's note on page 22). Similarly Hobbes, whom Bosker falls foul of because of a statement of views advocating very moderate and defensible restraint¹), hit the nail on the head when requiring both judgment and fancy for all departments of poetry, which must 'please for the extravagancy, but ought not to displease by indiscretion.' (p. 29). The Romantics and Romanticists are Bosker's angels, but it is possible to be too much on the side of the angels. (Here appears the cloven foot of a reviewer whose half-hearted romanticism might be condoned by Matthew Arnold, but hardly by Rousseau).

Literary movements, as Professor Lowes remarks somewhere, have a disconcerting habit of complexity, and though it is in a sense true enough that the period discussed by Bosker was an 'age of transition', if we think of the immense difference between Spenser's epic and the Elizabethan drama — both truly representative of their time, — or of Byron's stout allegiance to Pope in the heyday of Romanticism and in spite of his own romantic practice, or of the fact that romantic Milton and neo-classic Dryden were contemporaries, — or of the close kinship between Hutcheson's views and — Edgar Poe's, we can hardly admit that Johnson's age was so very much more an age of transition than the previous or succeeding periods; though it certainly is small matter for wonder that Bosker, with his self-imposed exclusions and inclusions, did not see his way towards making a smaller, though equally informative book. That Samuel Johnson should loom large in it was only natural, and the fifteen continuous pages B. devotes to him (together with numerous sporadic references) contain a pretty good rehabilitation of the Great Cham of Literature, many of whose strictures on Lycidas and other poems the present reviewer is ready to endorse. Did he condemn Milton's invocation of Arethuse and Mincius, because it was at variance with genuine passion? Did he blame Waller and Granville for borrowing sentiments and illustrations from classical mythology? Did he hold that, tested by truth and nature, allusions to Jove and Olympus etc. were no more than absurdities? Surely the 'great lexicographer' was right. But he was wrong in finding fault with Shakespeare's defective scientific equipment. In matters outside his poetical province a poet need not be ahead of his age, and in passages like

O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when *liver*, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied . . .

(*'Twelfth Night,' Act I Sc. I 32—37; my italics*)

where the word 'liver' affects a modern very queerly, Shakespeare only voiced

¹) 'This is the earliest example of the distrust with which the imagination was generally treated during the latter half of the seventeenth century and the greater part of the next. It is one of the first intimations that the encroachment, of judgment on the domain of the imaginative faculty had begun. p. 29.

what every educated contemporary of his took for granted. Johnson, the sturdy upholder of the rights of common sense, was always forgetting that common sense is not an unchanging entity. But Bosker is right: 'Johnson's strong individuality, the sanity and independence of his judgment, made it impossible for him to submit to such a narrow code as that of the pseudo-classicists . . . ' It is true, Johnson (like Kames and others) 'thinks that it is possible to lay down . . . certain immutable postulates, having their foundation in human nature. He is firmly convinced, however, that many of the rules laid down by earlier critics are mere arbitrary laws . . . He realizes that rules are based on practice and not the reverse, and that laws that have thus originated are always capable of improvement . . . ' (p. 94). But Kames, too, 'manifests great independence of judgment. He discards all *a priori* rules and accepts nothing on mere authority . . . He measures literary merit exclusively by logical tests, he accepts emotion, even thinks it indispensable, so long as it is conformable to the laws of common sense.' (121.)

As we read Bosker's book we are more than once struck by the obscurity of the word *feeling*, as used not only by the Augustans, but long afterwards by a man like Hazlitt; emotion, susceptibility to pleasure and pain, general tendency to tearfulness, subconscious admonitions, passion, anything and everything is denoted and connoted by that 'blessed word' *feeling*, and this and similar confusion goes far to excuse the acrimony of so many controversialists whose opinions were in reality very much akin, but who took great delight in battling with pseudo-obscurantists. Blake may be mentioned in this connection, a worse offender than most, whom Bosker quotes because of his marginal notes to Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Discourses*. But have we really outgrown the habit?

There is a list of *corrigenda*, but a very obvious misprint on page 119 has passed unnoticed: Kames holds that 'discordant emotions are unpleasant when jumbled together' and Bosker goes on to say that 'he considers this an insuperable objection to *comedy*' (my italics). Should we not read *tragi-comedy* here? The name of the Italian actor and theorist *Riccoboni* is twice misspelled, on page 217 and in the index. Such things appear to be inevitable in English books printed on the Continent. A quotation from a story by Wells may serve as conclusion here:

'Orchids?' he asked.

'A few,' I said.

'Anything new? I thought not. I did these islands twenty-five — twenty-seven years ago. If you find anything new here — well, it's brand new. I didn't leave much.'

Bosker 'hasn't left much' and will tell you all sorts of things that you want (or don't want) to know, even about *Pye*. But he has left most of Shaftesbury.

Zaandam.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

Atala or the Love and Constancy of two Savages in the Desert, translated by CALEB BINGHAM. Edited by W. L. SCHWARTZ (The Stanford Miscellany I). Pp. XI + 114. Stanford University Press, California. s.d. (1930). \$ 2.—.

L'université de Stanford se propose de publier une collection d'ouvrages curieux ou rares ou de second ordre se rapportant à l'histoire littéraire et sociale de l'Europe et de l'Amérique au XVII^e et au XVIII^e siècles et qui peuvent, avec une orthographe modernisée, servir à faire mieux connaître l'atmosphère de ces temps. Nous avons devant nous la traduction d'*Atala* par Caleb Bingham, telle qu'elle a été publiée en 1802 à Boston. Elle est pourvue d'une bonne introduction de M. W. L. Schwartz et contient, outre le texte de Bingham, une traduction de la préface d'*Atala* de 1801 par l'éditeur.

Il est curieux de constater de quelle façon ce protestant de l'Amérique du Nord a traité, et quelquefois maltraité, le texte de l'"Enchanteur". La longue phrase rythmée est morcelée ou réduite; les images foudroyantes sont adoucies; l'élément érotique ou physique est soigneusement écarté ou rendu plus pâle. Dans le titre même *Les Amours de deux sauvages* deviennent *Love and constancy of two savages*. M. Schwartz a relevé de très nombreux cas de ce travail d'expurgation; nous renvoyons par exemple aux pages 52, 53, 54, 69 et 78. La dernière surtout est curieuse: "La jalousie a régné sous la tente d'Abraham, et dans ces couchers mêmes où les patriarches goûtoient tant de joie, qu'ils oublioient la mort de leurs mères" devient dans le texte de Bingham (p. 78) "it reigned under the tent of Abraham, and in the dwellings of the patriarchs", et la phrase: "L'homme sort de votre sein pour se suspendre à votre mamelle et à votre bouche" se change en une fade sentence: "Man from his infancy is dependent on you". Toutes les fois que le traducteur se trouve devant des images avec lesquelles la lecture de sa Bible aurait dû le familiariser, il évite soigneusement tout ce qui est physique: "Malheureux a été le ventre de ta mère, ô Atala! Que ne te jettes-tu au crocodile de la fontaine?" devient: "O Atala! why did not thy unhappy mother cast thee to the crocodiles of the fountain" (p. 28); il y en a d'autres que M. Schwartz ne relève pas; ainsi (Bingham, p. 31) la suppression de "Je fertiliserai ton sein" etc., et (p. 49) "mais toujours brûlant de désir". B. fait de curieuses suppressions, par exemple (Bingham, p. 19) "on fait des sacrifices de petun" que M. Schwartz ne relève pas non plus. Dès que le sentiment religieux protestant peut être froissé, B. s'efforce de corriger le texte; je renvoie aux pages 20, 33 et 95; je relève encore chez lui l'addition suivante (p. 74) après les mots "breaking my vows," "by resolving in my heart that I would become your wife."

Telles sont les principales observations que nous faisons à propos de cette traduction, si intéressante pour nous faire comprendre la mentalité et l'état d'âme d'un Américain protestant de 1802 devant une œuvre que Chateaubriand prétend avoir détachée du *Génie du Christianisme* pour nous enseigner la valeur de la religion catholique.

Amsterdam.

K. R. GALLAS.

Atalanta in Calydon. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. A facsimile of the first edition. With a foreword by GEORGES LAFOURCADE. Oxford University Press, 1930. Pp. xxii + [xii] + 111. 21/— net. (Edition limited to 500 copies.)

The first edition of *Atalanta* was an epoch-making event both for the career of its poet and for the development of English poetry. This may seem a commonplace, and yet how easily does the present generation forget that Swinburne is one of the great names of literature! The other day Aldous Huxley happened to mention Swinburne only in order to hold him up to derision as an instance of "vulgarity in literature":

Swinburne, that super-Moore of a later generation, was also content to be a permanent waver — the most accomplished, perhaps, in all the history of literature. The complexity of his ready-made musics and his technical skill in varying the number, shape and contour of his permanent waves are simply astonishing. But, like Poe and the others, he protested too much, he tried to be too poetical.

Swinburne's success has proved also his misfortune: he started his career with a masterpiece, he was to be labelled "the author of *Atalanta*". Worse still, whatever he wrote in the latter half of his life appeared, as it actually was in part, nothing else but a faint echo of the verse of his heyday. Hence his current reputation of a "permanent waver". No matter how much out of fashion most of Swinburne's poetry may be to-day, no matter how hackneyed most of Swinburne's themes became in the "naughty nineties", justice ought to be done at least to *Atalanta*. As Dr. Lafourcade writes in his introduction, "it is the historical importance of *Atalanta* which makes the facsimile reproduction of the first edition an interesting enterprise." Not only the text, but also the binding of this facsimile is an exact reproduction of the original one. The gold ornaments of the cover, designed by Rossetti to help the sale of the book, provide a remarkable instance of sober as well as impressive decoration in a period which does not seem destined to be ever renowned for its taste. The circumstances of the composition of *Atalanta* receive new light from Dr. Lafourcade's treatment, who has minutely studied the different stages of the progress of the work as well as the peculiarities of its first draft.

A great portion of the first draft of *Atalanta* is now in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. This manuscript is of exceptional interest as offering a striking illustration of Swinburne's method of composition, and no doubt will be taken into account in a critical edition of *Atalanta* which is sure to be undertaken sooner or later. That first draft of *Atalanta* goes a long way to disprove the reputation of an *improvisatore* so readily attached to the name of Swinburne; and the impression left by the manuscript could be substantiated by a study of the sources, both classical and post-classical, of many of the phrases and similes of *Atalanta*. Is it really necessary that a century should elapse before any one should venture to prepare such a critical edition? Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, have been so edited and commented upon. Surely *Atalanta* is no lesser work than *Endymion*. On the other hand, the longer one waits, the fainter will become the record of the milieu in which *Atalanta* was conceived, and the more difficult the task of the critic.

Liverpool.

MARIO PRAZ.

England, die unbekannte Insel. By PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM. Berlin, Klinkhardt & Biermann Verlag, 1931. 253 pp. Boards M 5.—; cloth M. 6.50. 1)

This is a popular "Englandkunde"; the style is excellent, the contents are highly interesting, the author a man who knows England very well, and has come to love it. Subjective of course, and small wonder, if one looks at the titles of the chapters: *Landschaft und Klima, Rassen und Ideale, Historische Ursprünge, Englische Charakterzüge, Oxford und Cambridge, Society, Englische Politik*, etc. etc. But this subjective character of the book is by no means a drawback. On the contrary, it is all the more readable on account of it. Of course the writer is occasionally tempted to construct parallels where the reader fails to see any, and there is a great deal of generalization, but are not we all guilty of that in our best conversation? It is as such that I would characterize this book, first rate conversation, journalism of the highest standard, thoughts and opinions of one who has travelled in England with an open eye and an understanding heart. It ought to rid us, continentals, of much stupid prejudice. This is not saying that I have nothing to find fault with, but that is only in a few details, the good points are in evidence everywhere.

Let me first mention my objections. The chapter on English literature appears weak. The author asserts that Shakespeare's tragedy is not pathetic, but "mit grotesken Zügen durchsetzt; Hamlet ist fett, Othello ein Schwarzer," Query: is tragedy ever pathetic? Are these ideas compatible? No doubt Shakespeare's art contains much that is grotesque — who will deny it? — but surely it is rather in the situation than in the characters, and Hamlet's "fatness" and Othello's dark complexion do not belong to it. Grotesque is the conversation with the grave-diggers, and so is the wild scene on the stormy heath in *King Lear*. — The author belongs to the generation that looks down on the Victorian period, which had such a perverse appreciation of its contemporaries that it ranked Tennyson higher than Browning or Swinburne. "Tennyson galt als grosser Dichter", he says in his indignation. I should say this tells in favour of the much-maligned "Victorians". The time that Tennyson was held in low esteem is drawing to a close, for that matter. There are indications that there is a change in the critical attitude towards the great singer of "Maud" and "The Idylls", and so many greater and smaller jewels. — Also there seems to be over-statement in the assertion that Shaw and Chesterton alone would suffice to mark their epoch as one of the great periods of English spiritual activity. And is Shakespeare really the father of modern European drama?

As to the racial problem: in the extreme west of England, Scotland and Wales there live small dark people of a Spanish type who must be descended from an older race than the Celts — these are the "fragments of forgotten peoples" of Tennyson's "Idylls". The Celts are not the oldest inhabitants of the British Isles. As representatives of the Celtic race the author mentions in one breath Ossian and his fellow-countryman Sir Walter Scott. Now Scott is a typical "Saxon", for all his medieval spooks and goblins a hardheaded Teuton, like our Van Lennep. The proverbial thriftiness of Scotchmen is

1) An English edition of this work will be published by Messrs. Duckworth & Co. Ltd., London.

explained as Celtic fanaticism asserting itself in financial matters, whereas, in my opinion, this thriftiness is more easily accounted for by the poverty of Scotchmen. Nor do I think that the modern Scot owes his sterling business capacities to his Celtic blood. I should rather think he has to thank the Frisian founders of Edinburgh for this "side of his head". — In his very commendable zeal to establish Dutch influence on English art the author is tempted to rank Rubens and Van Dijck with those Dutch painters who have strengthened the protestant, puritan element in English pictorial art. It is somewhat of a surprise to hear Rubens called a Holland puritan! My idea of those precise, stiff old Calvinists was different! — To suggest that Shakespeare is buried in Westminster Abbey is a slip of the pen, of course. — No doubt the aim of aristocratic education in England is to discover the future leader of men, but I cannot agree with the general statement that: "Herausarbeitung des Characteristischen ist das fundamentale englische Prinzip". I do not think that any English gentleman values most highly his exceptional, individual qualities; it is rather team-work that is his ideal, he wants to be like the best, but not better. It is exactly this uniformity, not only in the clothes, but also in the minds of Englishmen, that surprises and sometimes exasperates the continental. What continental poet would eulogize his class in the words of Kipling: "Of one muster all of us"?

There is so much that is good in this book, that I can only quote a few instances. Although English architects are well aware of the fact that the English town-house is descended from that of Amsterdam, the general public knows little of the influence which Dutch culture has had on England, and which took such large dimensions in the reign of the King-Stadtholder. This Dutch civilization strengthened the Puritan element that is akin to it — English painting, especially landscape-painting, clearly shows the traces of Dutch influence. Rightly the author points to the fact that Holland with its oceanic climate has the same gloriously tinted mists that lend a fairy-like beauty to the English (and Scotch) landscape. And as to the puritan character of the nation, do we not find it again in Holland, with its strict observance of the Sabbath, its film-censorship, its austerity, its subdued tones, its little spontaneity?

The author observes that the Englishman is no town-dweller, the town is to him a necessary evil that he would like to forget, all his modern cities resemble each other. In his heart he is a countryman, not really a farmer or peasant, but one for whom it is a pleasure to live in the country. He has also the qualities characteristic of all farmers, of being attached to the soil, especially his own; of love for his home; he is conservative and stubborn, reliable, in short he is John Bull. But besides this the sea, that is never very far from his home, has made of him a seafarer and an adventurer. Nobody can understand the character of the English people who does not take full account of these two elements, the countryman and the adventurer.

The two principal races that make up the English people are the Celts and the Teutons (Saxons, Frisians, Danes, Normans). Though the language does not show many words of Celtic origin, the character of the people has all the typically Celtic elements in it, in its superstition, its love of poetry and music, its phantasy, its spleen, and the notorious English lack of logic. Perhaps we might add the light-heartedness, the sunny *naïveté* of this people for which games mean so much. The Norman conquest gave England the aristocratic ideal it has retained ever since. Everybody tries to become a gentleman, a

sort of superior being who is above the cares for his daily bread, whose manners are perfect, who possesses perfect self-control, and has a natural right to rule his fellow-men. The gentleman is the knight of modern times. Besides him there is the "lady", an ideal that the minstrel of the Middle Ages saw in his dreams, she is tender, "welt-fremd", demure, reserved, passionless. She is the blonde innocent of Hollywood films.

Games, especially at the great schools, enjoy almost the same respect as religion, because they help boys to get through the troublesome puberal period undamaged, and so help to keep up the ideal of sexual purity which does not apply to women only. The Englishman is no enthusiastic devotee to duty, he gives his heart to games, in whatever form. The things the English do are done because they are thought "interesting" (a word so often used by the late Earl Balfour); they are like John Masfield's "runners" who run "because (they) like it." For what German is life such a "Born der Lust"? The Englishman refuses to see life as a tragic thing, he takes refuge in sentimentality and humour, symptoms of a healthy mind. For intellectual achievements he may feel admiration but no real esteem.

There is an interesting paragraph on the various types of small towns; interesting, too, is the observation that the English landscape is really one large park, it is not real "country", it serves for pleasure and for leisure. Agriculture has almost disappeared, the population lives and works in the towns.

Oxford and Cambridge, and the many public schools educate the boys of the well-to-do classes to become gentlemen, but this is not done consciously. Instinctively Englishmen know what is good for them; besides, the ideal adapts itself to the ever changing circumstances: It is in the first place the character that is formed, not the intellect. General Gordon is a shining example, not Francis Bacon. An integral part of a man's character is his manners, which "makyth man" as William of Wykeham said. In what manner will this aristocratic educational ideal react upon modern democracy? Will the gentleman remain the ruler of the land, also when Labour has attained to the absolute majority? Probably the aristocracy will retain its power in the way it has so often done, viz. by absorption of the best elements in the classes now coming to the front. The English aristocracy is popular, because it has always been aware of "noblesse oblige". The aristocrats have always been leaders and "servants" of the people. Does not Kipling say: "Save he serve, no man may rule"?

The chapter on English politics is also very important. English politics are not perfidious or incalculable, their objects have less to do with Europe than with the world; Europe has undergone little English influence in the last few centuries, while England has felt little of European influence. We refer to Cromwell's "rebellion", which found no echo in Europe, and to the revolutions in Europe of 1789, 1830 and 1848, which were not followed in England. In her colonial policy England is elastic, she adapts herself to circumstances, she does not compel, she is opportunist, not dogmatic, she allows things time to grow. Modern post-war England is pacifist, from a sincere wish for peace, and also because it wants peace for the development of its English speaking League of Nations. Towards foreigners the Englishman is tolerant — the ground of this tolerance is indifference, and besides: to be different from an Englishman and nevertheless manage to live: "how very interesting!"

The London stage has degenerated to mere entertainment. A compensation is found in the artistically conducted suburban theatres, and in the stage-

societies. The press reaches heights (*Times, Manchester Guardian*) and sinks to depths unknown on the continent, because the distance between the highest and the lowest classes in England is so much greater than among ourselves.

The popularity of everything that is English (and American) on the continent of Europe knows no bounds. We dress and shave like Englishmen, we dance like Englishmen to American music — all hotels are so managed as best to satisfy the demands of English guests, the "salon" or "mooie kamer" is unknown in English houses, and is, therefore, disappearing on the continent. You may approve of this anglomania or you may not, the point is no longer debated.

What has the future in store for England? Will the British Empire maintain its prominent position in the world? The author is optimistic on this point and we are inclined to agree with him. England is bound to the white "colonies" by spiritual ties, the Empire is not kept together by force. India gives most reason for anxiety, but here also English diplomatic genius will find a way out. We may at least hope so in the interests of the future of the whole white race, whose supremacy rests on that of the English.

I believe that the author has fully succeeded in his object, which was: to make better known the importance of the English people for the world, in great as well as in small things. A good book, that is warmly recommended to all those who are interested in a great subject.

Amsterdam.

H. DE GROOT.

Leerboek der Phonetiek. Inzonderheid met betrekking tot het Standaard-Nederlandsch. Door Prof. Dr. H. ZWAARDEMAKER en L. P. H. EIJKMAN. Pp. XII + 336. Haarlem. F. Bohn. 1928. Ingen. f 8,25; geb. f 9,50.

The study of phonetics has shared the fate that is inevitable for a borderland between two sciences: it has reaped the advantages of this position occasionally, but it has oftener suffered from the neglect to which these sort of countries are subject, because no one is clearly responsible for order and cultivation.

Some fifty years ago a new era was opened by two books that appeared almost simultaneously, and became immediately recognized as standard works: the *Grundzüge der Phonetik* by Sievers in 1876, and the *Handbook of Phonetics* by Sweet (1877). Of these two books, the former underwent considerable revision in its third edition, and reached its final form in the fifth (1901), whereas the *Handbook* was replaced by the *Primer of Phonetics*, which is the form in which generations of students have studied the English method of sound-analysis. When we consider what has been done since the books of these pioneers were published we must acknowledge that their successors have worked out the lessons taught by them, applying the method to other languages and perfecting the system by the addition and correction of details, without making contributions that have fundamentally changed the systems. It is the advent of instrumental phonetics that has made a change, and the results of this method are the real subject of the book by Zwaarde-

maker and Eijkman. They have presented the work done in a form that makes it more accessible to students of language, and they have been able to do this because they do not only report the work of others but have taken a considerable personal share in the work of the last twenty years.

The authors are aware that they continue the work of great predecessors and are careful to give every one his due, quoting all the books and articles to which they owe anything or which may interest the reader who wishes to study a special problem. It is interesting to note that among linguistic phoneticians the names of Sievers and Sweet occur more frequently than any other, and usually by way of support to the statement made, whereas the references to their successors are oftener of a critical nature. In their preface they also mention the names of Helmholtz, Donders, and Rousselot: this is a sign of the novel character of the book. A word must be said on the circumstance that two authors have collaborated, the late Dr. Zwaardemaker, professor of physiology in the university of Utrecht, and the Anglist Eijkman, who needs no introduction to the readers of this periodical. The book clearly shows the traces of this dual authorship, but anyone acquainted with the condition of phonetic studies at the present day will acknowledge that the method was inevitable: it would be hard, if not impossible, to find any one man who would be able to present phonetical theory as worked out by great linguists such as the scholars mentioned, and at the same time the results of the study of physiology, physics, and perhaps anatomy. It is doubtful even if there will be found many readers who will be capable of following the reasoning of every section in this book. The present reviewer is not ashamed to own that in the chapters written evidently by the professor of physiology there is a good deal that he is unable to understand so completely that he would be justified in criticizing it. And if it were likely that any reviewer would be found who could fully appreciate both elements in this book I should gladly allow him to take my place. I may add that the surviving author would not be so certain of considering himself qualified for the task.

It is hardly necessary to observe that the introductory chapters on the anatomical details of the organs of speech, taken in their widest meaning and including the organs of breathing, are more elaborate than we are accustomed to find; they are also instructive and readable for the linguist. The next three chapters deal with the functions of the larynx, of the soft palate, and the mouth respectively; they are mostly accessible to students of language, who will generally care less for the details of instrumental methods described here, usually in small print by way of danger signal. Here and there the reader is warned how little is really known of a good many subjects yet; thus in the section dealing with the false vocal chords it is clearly indicated that their real function is not known for certain, and that, consequently, more may be expected.

The introductory chapters are succeeded by a short one on speech-sounds in general, and those dealing with vowels and consonants in great detail. The authors adopt the usual classification into vowels and consonants, showing a wise conservatism here as elsewhere, but they warn their readers against the error, only too often the result of studying short primers, of taking these classifications as essential. Here as in many other cases the reader is warned, in an unostentatious manner, against the mechanical repetition of traditional views by the thoughtless adoption of the traditional terms. The chapter on vowels and diphthongs (chapters 6 and 7, p. 92-159) seem to me among the

most valuable of the book to the student of language. Of course the Dutch vowels and diphthongs are treated in the first place, and this makes the book an indispensable one to all Dutch students, for the advice given by Sievers many years ago has been only too often neglected, if sometimes by the necessity of circumstances: "... andererseits war und bin ich der überzeugung, dass man nur für angehörige der eigenen sprachgenossenschaft phonetische dinge verständlich erläutern könne, wenn man von den wenigen lesern absieht, welche die phonetik streng fachwissenschaftlich betreiben oder über ein grosses empirisches sprachmaterial verschiedenster herkunft verfügen." The present book provides plates based on X-ray investigations showing the positions of the organs of speech in pronouncing the chief vowels in Dutch. For other languages references are given, without any express criticism, but when we read "for French, see Rousselot, for English see the *schematic* information by Jones, etc." it is clear to the initiated that the value of the two references is . . unequal. In the chapter on vowel analysis the page on the nature of resonance and the theory of compensation (pp. 98 ff.) seems to be of special importance to linguists. The result is an acoustic classification of vowels in three series based on the Dutch vowels but naturally applicable to other sound systems as well. The old-established articulatory classification is given in four series: Closed, half closed, half open, open; the two classifications are then combined, or rather their relations are compared.

The chapters on consonants, valuable and excellent as they are, do not present so many new views as the one on vowels, and this was to be foreseen, for the phoneticians who relied on simple observation without the use of any instruments have always been more successful in the treatment of consonants than of vowels. The chapters on synthesis occupying the last hundred pages of the book treat every aspect of this many-sided subject with the greatest thoroughness, both in principle and in the special study of Dutch. No real student of Dutch can without essential loss omit to study this book and to consult it again and again. It is not the kind of book that one reads, if one reads it, and puts into one's bookcase; it is a book that students of living speech will require to have within arm's length. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the publisher will find that it is possible in Holland for books of this type to be published in Dutch. In this way it may do more than serve the cause of scholarship; it may serve the cause of national confidence, and thus indirectly contribute more to scholarship than it will certainly do directly. For no nation can be hoped to make valuable contributions to knowledge that has no confidence in its own intellectual as well as political independence. We must be able to be ourselves. This book may help us to become more independent than we are apt to be, as a result of our smallness and the necessity of studying and writing foreign languages.

The Hague.

E. KRUISINGA.

Zum Weltsprachenproblem in England im 17.ten Jahrhundert.
 Von O. FUNKE. v + 163 S. Heidelberg, C. Winter's Universitäts-
 buchhandlung 1929. (Heft 69 der Anglistischen Forschungen).
 R.M. 10.—.

Die Untersuchung bietet einen wichtigen Beitrag zur Geschichte der englischen Sprachphilosophie des 17.ten Jahrhunderts. Es wird gezeigt, wie

die von Francis Bacon ausgehenden sprachphilosophischen Anregungen nach vier Richtungen hin gewirkt haben: Universalschrift, bzw. -sprache, Lautlehre, Sprachcharakterologie und Sprachkritik. Nach einem historischen Exkurs über die Persönlichkeit Dalgarno's wird dessen merkwürdige Universalsprache, (1661) die sich auf eine philosophische Begriffslehre gründet, vorgeführt und beurteilt. Die Bestrebungen Dalgarno's sind durch den *Essay towards a real character* etc. (1668) des berühmten Bischofs Wilkins in den Schatten gestellt worden, was ein Unrecht der Historie ist, da, wie der Verfasser nachweist, Wilkins die mannigfachen Anregungen verschweigt, die er Dalgarno verdankt. Weiteren Abhängigkeiten und Einflüssen geht der Verf. ausführlich nach (so der beiden genannten in Beziehung auf Setham Ward und Willis). Die phonetischen Studien von Dalgarno, Willis und Wilkins werden in einem gesonderten Abschnitt behandelt. Auch hier zeigt sich Letzterer als der Universellste, sein Horizont ist schon der der kommenden Aufklärung.

Der zweite Teil enthält Textproben und Abbildungen aus Dalgarno's *Ars Signorum* und *A Discourse of the Nature and Number of Double Consonants*, Wilkins' *Essay* und Sir Th. Urquhart's *Logopandekteision*.

Die Schrift stellt einen wertvollen Beitrag zur bisher vernachlässigten Geschichte der Sprachwissenschaft dar. Bekanntlich hat der Verf. in seinen 1928 erschienenen *Sprachphilosophischen Studien*, deren erster Teil dem englischen Sprachphilosophen Harris gewidmet ist, ebenfalls seine Vorliebe für den Beitrag Englands zur Sprachkunde gezeigt, indem er die grammatischen Theorien Harris' dem heutigen Verständnis nahezubringen suchte. (Besprechung in Engl. St. 1929). Die vom Verf. angekündigte zusammenfassende Behandlung englischer Sprachphilosophie von Bacon bis J. S. Mill wird durch die beiden Arbeiten in verheissungsvoller Weise vorbereitet. Wahrscheinlich werden die eigenen sprachphilosophischen Ansichten des Verfassers in jener geplanten Synthese schärfer hervortreten können als es in den Monographien der Fall war. Und dies wird man bei dem Schüler Marty's nicht bedauern.

Amsterdam.

H. J. Pos.

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Robinson Crusoe in Holland.

On the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Death of Daniel Defoe.

Is there any reason to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the death of Daniel Defoe in Holland? Had a similar question been asked fifty years ago the answer would have been in the negative. The question, in fact, did not arise, because at that time Defoe was practically unknown in this country. It was known that he had written *Robinson Crusoe*; perhaps, too, there was some notion of the vogue this work had enjoyed. A few may have been familiar with William Lee's book, *Daniel Defoe*, which had been published in 1869. But that was all.

And yet in our country too there existed a great many books inspired by *Robinson Crusoe*; this work was not merely a book for young people, but throughout the eighteenth century it had enjoyed unequalled popularity with the general reader. However, as late as twenty-five years ago almost the whole of eighteenth century Dutch fiction was *terra incognita*. Between Heinsius' *Vermakelijken Avonturier* of 1695 and Sara Burgerhart by the Misses Wolff and Deken (1782) nothing was known to exist; histories of literature only mentioned Van Effen's essays and were silent on the other prose of the period. Not until my *Robinson Crusoe in Nederland* appeared in 1907 was this gulf partially bridged and the unexpectedly important place which *Robinson Crusoe* occupies in our literature demonstrated. But the writing of that book would not have been possible without the earlier researches of the greatest authority on both Defoe and Robinson, Hermann Ullrich. The latter had published *Robinson und Robinsonaden* in 1898, and this work, which could only be written by one who united ingenuity with a vast extent of reading and great energy, is the indispensable basis for any further study of *Robinson Crusoe*. A commemoration of Defoe cannot, therefore, take place without honourable mention of Ullrich, and it is to be regretted that he has been unable to comply with the request of the editors of this journal for a contribution to this memorial number.

My *Robinson Crusoe in Nederland* has made Defoe better known among us, and the Robinsonades are now mentioned in histories of fiction. Moreover, a fair amount of writing has sprung up around the subject. In his bibliography Ullrich had already drawn attention to a work by Smeeks, *Beschryvinge van het magtig Koningryk Krinke Kesmes*, and I have dealt at length with this book, a Robinsonade before *Robinson Crusoe*. Hoogewerff wrote on the author and thought he saw in his *Krinke Kesmes* not only a precursor of *Robinson Crusoe*, but a source of Defoe¹⁾. L'Honoré Naber added a number of ingenious observations on the subject, and demonstrated that Smeeks' story had a real event for its starting-point²⁾. Lucius L. Hubbard, following up this inquiry, published a reprint and a translation of

¹⁾ *Onze Eeuw*, September 1909. In *De Nieuwe Taalgids*, XIX, p. 16 ff. I have explained why this opinion is, to me, untenable.

²⁾ *Onze Eeuw*, Febr. 1910.

Krinke Kesmes¹⁾). Van Slee undertook an investigation into the personality of Smeeks²⁾ and thence was led to an investigation into the life of Simon Tyssot de Patot³⁾, about whom Valkhoff has recently written another interesting article⁴⁾. Hoogewerff was afterwards of opinion that Smeeks was also the writer of a pirate story, *De Americaensche Zee-roovers, door Exquemelin*, the narrated adventures of which he believed to be founded on personal experience⁵⁾. Scholte, too, discovered affinities to *Robinson Crusoe*.⁶⁾ Miss Roorda wrote her thesis⁷⁾ on the realism of Defoe, not, indeed, with special reference to our country, but yet stimulated by the awakening interest in him. By the side of these, Martin⁸⁾ and Fles⁹⁾ filled some gaps in our knowledge of the eighteenth century; and thus our present position with regard to Defoe as well as to our literature of the eighteenth century is rather different from what it was five-and-twenty years ago.

This is not to say that there is no more to be done. A systematic investigation into the influence of a number of other English, and also French and German authors is needed to supply the deficiencies in our knowledge of the prose literature of the eighteenth century. Besides this, there is room for an inquiry into the influence of Defoe's other works on our literature, apart from *Robinson Crusoe*. Probably this influence will prove to have been slight; most likely, too, a search for other productions of fiction will bring to light no works of any importance; but for the better knowledge of our literature and for the deepening of our insight into the whole of the eighteenth century it is indispensable.

We will, therefore, ask on this anniversary what *Robinson Crusoe* has meant for Holland.

Robinson Crusoe is inseparably connected with the entire personality of its creator. Defoe wrote partly as a propagandist, partly to make a living. He was one of the first journalists in the modern sense of the word. All sorts of problems, political, religious, moral and social, occupied his thoughts. At first he wrote prompted by indignation or proselytism, later on in the service of political parties, finally for his daily bread. As a modern journalist he visited convicts and prostitutes in jail and then wrote his articles with the more or less unconscious tendency to sensation which animates so many journalists. He generally worked in a hurry; his ready pen and fertile imagination, seconded by wide reading, made him extremely productive. To the requirements of art, to the construction of his pieces, to beauty of language he paid no heed partly by reason of the peculiar bent of his genius and his view of life, which made him despise external embellishment, partly from want of time. But of one thing he took scrupulous heed: that his stories, including the fictitious ones, should all bear the stamp of veracity. This was in accordance with the

¹⁾ *A Dutch source for Robinson Crusoe*. The Hague, 1921.

²⁾ De auteur van Krinke Kesmes. (*Tschr. v. Gesch.* XLIV, Jan. 1929).

³⁾ Simon Tyssot de Patot (*Nieuw Theol. Tschr.* 1916, and in: *La Revue du dix-huitième Siècle*, 1917).

⁴⁾ De wonderbaarlijke reizen van Simon Tyssot de Patot (*Gids*, Febr. 1931).

⁵⁾ *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, 31 Maart 1929, Ocht. A. 14 April 1929, Ocht. D.

⁶⁾ Een letterkundige overgangsvorm omstreeks 1700 (1912), and: 'Die Insel der Fruchtbarkeit' (the Isle of Pines) in *Zeitschr. f. Bücherfreunde*, XXII, 8.

⁷⁾ *Realism in Daniel Defoe's Narratives of Adventure*. 1929.

⁸⁾ *Fénelon en Hollande*, 1928.

⁹⁾ *Le roman picaresque hollandais des XVII. et XVIII. siècles*. 1926.

demand made by the reading public of the period, that a story must have really happened, and must contain no 'romantic extravagances'. Thus Defoe became a realist, and a good one at that. His unsurpassed *True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal* is conclusive proof of his realistic powers.

Defoe was no artist in the modern sense of the word. He was not impelled by emotion or 'sensation', the qualities which van Deyssel demands in the work of an artist. Apart from the care for his daily bread he was actuated both by propagandistic zeal — in other words, he was a moralist — and by that 'curiosity', that sense of the remarkable, which animates the reporter. But his imagination conjured up reality before him and penetrated to the smallest details so that we see the events happen before us, and in us, his readers, emotion and sensation are often roused. He was an artist in spite of himself.

All this is also true of *Robinson Crusoe*. All things considered, this story did not bring much that was new. The elements out of which it is built up: the novel of adventure, the story of travel, a moralizing tendency, the appearance of having really happened: these elements were all common in those days. The novel of adventure was the current type of novel: the hero passed from one adventure to another; as a waterfall glides over a rock leaving nothing behind, so the adventures glide over the hero and the reader. This type of story is the precursor of the detective novel and the film.

The story of travel was nothing new. For more than a hundred years the public had been thrilled by the accounts of the many bold explorers and traders to foreign parts. Their style was mostly plain, sailorly, without much emotion or elevation; but the dangers gone through, the singular encounters, spoke for themselves. Moreover there was great charm in the certainty that the incidents narrated had really happened. The travels of Saint Brandan and others might be more miraculous; these stories were authentic.

Moralizing, too, they often were, directly or indirectly. And when Bunyan brought out his moralization, he did it in the most desired form: that of an allegorical journey.

All this appealed most to the taste of a middle-class public. The *Arcadias*, the *Astrées* and other works, as well as the tragedies of Racine and Corneille, destined as they were for the aristocracy, were too elevated in style and subject for the plain man. The latter recognized himself in those stories of ordinary people, with their moral tendency and their lesson that all effort is rewarded, laziness or inefficiency punished, and that God's hand blesses those who trust in Him. Inseparable from this is a certain matter-of-factness, a lack of elevation, together with a quality which we now call *realism*: the narrative bears the stamp of having really happened.

All this we find in *Robinson Crusoe*; none of these elements is, therefore, new. Even the principal motif, life on a desert island, was nothing unusual. Both in books of travel and in works of fiction there were plenty of stories in which the hero, alone or with others, suffered shipwreck or had to hibernate. 'Robinsonades before Defoe', as they are called with an intelligible contradiction in terms, were common enough.

If, therefore, *Robinson Crusoe* was not built up out of new elements, what was new was the combination of these. The picaro told his story in a jaunty, careless way, in an often cynical style and without any notion of good or evil; sprung from the lowest classes of society, he usually continued to move among those classes. But Defoe's hero, like so many of the mariners who recorded their adventures, belongs to the well-to-do middle class; his parents have

given him a good education and taught him a sense of good and evil. Accordingly he knows quite well that a bad deed carries its own punishment, but in youthful temerity and heedlessness he will not listen, and will only be taught better by hard experience. It is this which raises *Robinson Crusoe* above the novel of adventure; it has a higher aim. To quote Ullrich, it has been placed in the service of a leading idea, viz. to show the inscrutable ways of Providence.¹⁾

Consequently, he does not narrate his adventures like the real adventurer, but in the plain manner of the mariner and merchant that he has become, averse alike from rhetorical phrases and from distortion of the truth. His style is that of the genuine story of travel: common, undistinguished, often almost clumsy. His sentences follow one another in imperturbable succession, long-winded, heavy and rambling. Read the first sentence: "I was born in the Year 1632, in the City of York, of a good Family, though not of that Country, my Father being a Foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull: He got a good Estate by Merchandise, and leaving off his Trade, lived afterwards at York, from whence he had married my Mother, whose Relations were named Robinson, a very good Family in that Country, and from whom I was called Robinson Kreutznaer; but by the usual Corruption of Words in England, we are now called, nay we call ourselves, and write our Name Crusoe, and so my Companions always called me". Or a few pages further on: "But being one Day at Hull, where I went casually, and without any Purpose of making an Elopement that Time; but I say, being there, and one of my Companions being going by Sea to London, in his Father's Ship, and prompting me to go with them, with the common Allurement of Seafaring Men, viz. That it should cost me nothing for my Passage, I consulted neither Father nor Mother any more, nor so much as sent them Word of it; but leaving them to hear of it as they might, without asking God's Blessing, or my Father's, without any Consideration of Circumstances or Consequences, and in an ill Hour, God knows".

The structure of the story is in accordance with the style. The narrative rolls on with imperturbable *insouciance*; the author interrupts himself; he even starts anew three times over, in order to tell the first incidents of his life on the island.

At first sight, therefore, *Robinson Crusoe* brings nothing that is new, apart from the combination of familiar elements. Yet the book had a vogue unequalled in the history of literature and only surpassed by the Bible. The publisher became a rich man; Defoe grew famous and envied at one stroke; within a year there appeared not only five reprints, but also translations into French, Dutch and German. Down to our own time it has been translated, recast and imitated in all languages, including Arabic, Maori, Hebrew, Persian and Sundanese; even, quite recently, into Esperanto. The stage and the film have also appropriated the story, and no doubt the radio has proclaimed the fortunes of our hero through the ether. To this day novels, also for grown-ups, continue to appear, with life on a desert island for their central idea, such as Laurids Bruun's *Van Zantens Insel der Verheiszung*, and *Van Zantens glückliche Zeit*, and Psichari's *Le solitaire du Pacifique*. Statesmen have even made use of Robinson's fame to attract tourists to their country, as the governor of Tabago (once looked upon as Robinson's island), who

¹⁾ Ullrich, *Defoes Robinson Crusoe*, p. 14.

announced that he had rediscovered Robinson's cave and the footprint of Friday, and who sent in the skeleton of the old goat to the world exhibition at Chicago in 1893!¹⁾

What are the causes of this popularity? The answer cannot be given in one word.

The principal factor is no doubt the central idea, the life of a ship-wrecked sailor on a desert island. When we think of Robinson we see before us not the slave from Salee, the planter in Brazil or even the 'king' of a populous island, but the destitute victim of a shipwreck, who, by dint of hard work and thrift, attains to prosperity and peace of mind. Without this *Robinson Crusoe* would be an ordinary novel of adventure. Here Defoe has shown his greatest mastery. His tendency to minute detail was essential here and became great art, because these seeming trifles are not trifles. The making of an earthen jar, of a sunshade, of a boat, were as important deeds for Robinson as the winning of a battle for a general or the building of a factory for a businessman. Every invention, however slight, is a *deed*, and this is why the work is full of *action*. This realism of Defoe's does not exist for its own sake, as is so often meant to be the case with the realism of the 'eighties in Holland, but it gives to the work its tempo and its rhythm. The novel of adventure is full of action, numerous incidents succeed each other. This is also the case here, only with this difference that the hero does not undergo adventures, but performs deeds himself; that he does not passively go through his experiences, but is himself actively creative. Undoubtedly great art is needed to hold the reader's attention by such simple, nay, trivial matters. This realism of Defoe's is so subtle that we may almost call it *raffiné*. Not only does he mention all sorts of particulars that matter (how many months he works at a boat, what articles he fetches from the wreck), but he also names a great many superfluous details. Indeed, he goes so far as to tell what did *not* happen, and what is entirely irrelevant (e.g., Robinson wants to show Friday the effect of a gun: 'I saw a great Fowl like a Hawk sit upon a Tree within Shot; I pointed at the Fowl, which was indeed a Parrot, though I thought it had been a Hawk'). This is true to nature: one who tells an adventure that he himself has gone through, will commit such digressions.

Three causes of the popularity of the book have been indicated: the description of life on the island, the action and the realism. The first factor exerts yet another charm. It is not, indeed, quite true that Robinson's life epitomizes the evolution of mankind, for Robinson is acquainted with several inventions and possesses a large supply of useful things that he has fetched from the wreck. But apart from this he again lives like primitive man. Economists have, therefore, been able to make use of his life to illustrate their views, and the president of the Netherland Bank, Dr. Vissering, did not think it beneath him, in 1918, when the world was in economic disorder, to recommend an adaptation of an interesting little book by David A. Wells, *The Money of Robinson Crusoe*, which, written apropos of the American civil war, took on fresh importance during the World War. Robinson's life is a reflection of that of mankind because he too makes his way by diligence, by shunning no toil and by using his brains. He teaches us the great lesson which the world around us also teaches, that labour is rewarded, or that, as the ancients said, the gods sell us all good things at the price of toil. And this

¹⁾ Dottin, l.c., p. 306.

was exactly to the taste of *middle-class* readers, his social equals. Their ideal, too, it was to get on in the world by steady conduct and diligence, and thus Robinson became the very hero for the middle classes.

And these same middle classes were highly pleased with the moral of the book. Robinson is, at the opening of the story, a careless lad, who listens neither to the word of his parents, nor to the voice of sober reason. From time to time he does, indeed, feel remorse: during the tempest off Yarmouth, in his captivity with the Moors, during the shipwreck and the earthquake. But the unregenerate man within him overrules his better feelings and only step by step does he come to the recognition of God's undeserved goodness. The finding of a few grains of corn and their accidental springing up; warning words from the Bible, the danger of drifting off with his newly-constructed boat, and especially the dream visions during his illness, develop him into a better man. Here, too, Defoe has used his wonderful gift of realism. All these matters, sometimes unimportant in themselves, have been introduced in a masterly way; they do not stand outside the story, but are organically connected with it. What the description of external matters brings about, giving the novel the appearance of having really happened, and reinforcing the action, the account of the inner processes does in an equally strong degree. Thus the novel has grown from a merely realistic story to a psychological novel to which earlier literature offers no analogue.

Add to all this the narrative manner of which we have already spoken, that rambling, sometimes rather clumsy way of telling a story which entirely suits the hero and his middle-class readers, and it is clear that *Robinson Crusoe* also possesses that not easily definable, but for every work of art indispensable element which we call *style*, i.e. the unity of form and content.

Thus in his *Robinson* Defoe combined a number of elements without which from that time on no novel that aimed at satisfying the taste of educated readers could be written; and this has remained so to the present day. No novel that claims the name of a work of art can do without the *realism* of Defoe; that is to say, realism not in the sense of accurate description of visible and invisible reality, but understood as verisimilitude; a verisimilitude we find both in Potgieter's *Lief en Leed in het Gooi* and in the *Camera Obscura*, and in a sense also in van Eeden's *Kleine Johannes*.

No modern novel is thinkable without the element of adventure, i.e. *action*. No matter what an author wants to describe or demonstrate, if he does not succeed in subordinating his intention to the action, his work is not of the first rank. No book in our days can, therefore, do without *the intimate connection of these two, action and intention*.

Robinson Crusoe is the book of the rising middle-classes; of that middle class which, without having yet taken the government completely into its own hands, had made possible the revolutions of 1649 and 1688, and which has introduced the parliamentary system. This middle class was to claim its rights, in France in 1789, in our country in 1795, and down to our own time it has continued to increase in importance and culture. This middle class wishes to see its reflection in literature, and therefore hardly any novel can be successful that does not mirror upper or lower middle-class life.

Furthermore, no novel will continue to live in which form and contents are not one. What Flaubert unceasingly demanded of his work; what Kloos never tired of teaching, but what has as yet hardly penetrated among our not very artistic people, that Defoe already demonstrated by his example, and no author

should venture upon the path of art who has not within himself that which is called *style*.

And lastly and above all : no novel that wants to provide more than mere entertainment can survive if it does not give *character development* ; character *drawing* is not sufficient, however meritorious it may often be ; the educated reader demands action not only in the outer processes, but also in the inner.

Thus Defoe became not only the precursor, but the creator of the modern novel. Now the remarkable thing is *that he was not in the least conscious of it*. He had written his work as a journalist, even in a hurry and without polishing it, and it is owing to a stroke of fortune rather than to his will that he had created a masterpiece. For he had not used a single new element ; and if anyone had spoken to him of 'style' the simple dissenter that he was would have looked up surprised. He regarded his book as an ordinary novel of adventure. This appears conclusively from the preface both of the first part in which he wrote : "The Wonders of this Man's Life exceed all that is to be found extant ; the Life of one Man being scarce capable of a greater Variety", and from that of the second. This second part is nothing but a story of travel and a novel of adventure combined, very good of its kind, no doubt, but without the charm of the first part ; and it owes its popularity in the first place to the fact that the hero was called Robinson and his servant Friday.

This also explains why Defoe's subsequent literary production is not quite upon the old level. It is still often clever work, for he thoroughly understood his trade, but never again did he ascend the height he had reached in his *Robinson Crusoe*.

His contemporaries thought likewise. They, too, were attracted to *Robinson* by its 'marvellous adventures'. They were, indeed, sensitive to the charm of the work, but the cause of this they did not realize. Robinson became an adventurer and every adventurer could become a Robinson.¹⁾ There appeared a great many *Robinsons* in which life on an island occupied little or even no place ; and equally off-hand the Dutch *Vermakelijke Avonturier*, born in 1695, was re-baptized *Der Niederländische Robinson* in the year 1724. Through all this the species was bound to degenerate ; none of the numberless descendants are at all comparable to their ancestor, and they generally degraded themselves by mixing with the other adventurers. But others took the direction pointed out by Defoe : Sterne, Smollett, Richardson, Swift and Fielding, all show more or less signs of kinship to *Robinson Crusoe*, and they were to propagate their kind outside the borders of England too.

Have I dwelt too long on the general aspects of *Robinson Crusoe* for an essay intended to sketch the influence of the book in *Holland* ? No : for he who realizes all this has at the same time formed an image of the Robinsonades in our country.

Here, too, Defoe's book was at once very popular. In the year following its publication, in 1720, a French and a Dutch translation appeared at Amsterdam. The French translation was reprinted in 1721, '22, '26, and repeatedly afterwards, always at Amsterdam. Of the Dutch translation a reprint of the first

¹⁾ Both in his bibliography and in his *Defoes Robinson Crusoe* Ullrich adopts a division into *Robinsonades* and *Pseudo-Robinsonades*. It seems to me that this is unpractical and superfluous, as the border-line cannot be drawn between those works that contain the island-motif, however briefly, and those which contain it no longer. For the eighteenth-century mind there was no difference.

part was published as early as 1721, while complete reprints appeared in 1736, 1752 and 1791. In addition to these there was a flood of recasts and imitations, both translated and original. The periodicals also spoke favourably of the work. No wonder in a country where books of travel were eagerly read and where the moralizations of Father Cats enjoyed an unprecedented popularity.

Here, too, Defoe's narrative was regarded as an ordinary novel of adventure. Its portrayal of character was not, indeed, ignored, as appears from the prefaces of the French and Dutch translations. The *Boekzaal der geleerde Wereld*, among others, pointed out that "Robinson is not content with merely describing his adventures, but at the same time gives a portrait of himself with regard to his emotions and sensations and to the varying state of his mind and heart in the variety of his adventures." But the marvellous adventures of the hero were thought much more attractive; indeed, both the French and the Dutch prefaces already called him an adventurer. This became customary here too, and with as little ceremony as elsewhere a Robinson was called an adventurer and an adventurer a Robinson. The island-motif in the imitations dwindled more and more and was described without much interest or graphic detail. Sometimes, as in the *Haagsche Robinson*, the story curiously fell into two parts: the former was just a novel of adventure, the latter took the hero to a desert island, and at the same time adopted the style of the story of travel. The translations of the foreign imitations were on the whole better than the original works; a few of them were reprinted, such as the original *Gevalen van den Ouden en Jongen Robinson* and the translated *Saxische Robinson*, the *Sweedische Robinson*, the *Silesische Robinson*, the *Gedenkwaardige Reizen van Robert Boyle*, and (best of all) *De Kluizenaar, of de weergalooze Rampen van Filip Quarll. De Oude en Jonge Robinson*, first published in 1753, belongs to the better kind of Robinsonades. It is remarkable for the way it developed into a sort of society novel, apparently already under the influence of Richardson, and therefore to be looked upon as a precursor of *Sara Burgerhart*. The style of all these novels was not an elevated one; the influence of the stories of travel was always noticeable and made it into something better than the style of the novels of adventure, which as a rule was not a model of Dutch pure and undefiled. But the greater part do not deserve the name of literature and have lain buried under the dust of libraries for nearly two centuries. All they have in common with their great namesake is their bourgeois origin and their style, but they are degenerate sons, and to them also applies Dottin's witty remark: "Les enfants de Robinson sont des bâtards ou des dégénérés. Après deux siècles de vie, Robinson trône seul en son pays; père dénaturé, il a réussi à dévorer un à un tous ses descendants."

Their middle-class origin hastened their downfall, for in our 'refined' eighteenth century the upper classes turned away more and more from the national life, looked for their literary culture and recreation elsewhere and left the Robinsons, like the popular stage, to the 'vulgar'. Betje Wolff and Aagje Deken were to enter a protest against this, but then — in 1782 — it was too late to lift the Robinsons from the gutter. As a matter of fact it was not the Robinsonades that brought us the new novel, but Defoe's successors in England, and by the side of these Rousseau, Goethe and Miller.

As we said at starting, the history of the Dutch novel in the eighteenth century has not yet been entirely written. He who undertakes this extensive task will probably act most wisely by not selecting one single author, but

following Scholte's hint : "It would be a good plan to combine all these novels of the realistic descriptive type with their stories of middle class heroes whose adventures form the main attraction for the reader, into one comprehensive literary category, and within this domain to group the varieties of the types Beggar's novel, story of adventure, Simpliciad and Robinsonade, as they shade off one into the other." ¹⁾ By doing so the student may achieve a work of broader synthesis. But he should be prepared to find that his researches will produce no prose of any importance. What has been said of the Robinsonades will most probably, *mutatis mutandis*, apply to the remaining novel literature of the eighteenth century as well.

"And have you nothing to say of *Robinson Crusoe* as a children's book?" A sarcastic reader might even ask if *Robinson Crusoe* in this capacity is not much more important than as a book for grown-ups. Granted, at least for the present time. But as this essay wants to indicate the influence of this work in Holland, the above observations had to precede. Besides, the study of *Robinson Crusoe* as a children's book in Holland remains yet to be written. An attractive task, and he who undertakes it will again meet Ullrich as a guide. ²⁾ But it is not an easy one. For, beginning with Rousseau, the student will have to take into account all the educational ideas of the last two hundred, or at least one hundred and fifty years; in all those recasts, abridgments, expansions and imitations he will see a period reflected; the vogue of certain editions (Campe, Gräbner, Louwerse, *De Zwitserse Robinson*) will be to him a measure either of the educational ideals of past days, or (what is by no means the same thing) of the taste of the young.

Among the young, too, Defoe has definitively conquered all hearts. After 1800 his *Robinson Crusoe* more and more becomes a children's book, of which Ullrich's bibliography again supplies abundant evidence. As regards our country: the bibliography at the end of my *Robinson Crusoe in Nederland* already afforded sufficient proof, but since then I have found the titles of forty-seven reprints, recasts and imitations, all of them editions for children.

In 1928 the centenary of the birth of Jules Verne was commemorated. Rightly, for whole generations of children and young people this writer, like another pied piper of Hamelin, has carried with him: through all parts of the world, on and below the waves of the ocean, down to the centre of the earth and up into the celestial space among the planets. And what his reading and rare ingenuity created, he hallowed with his humour and his noble heart, which in us, his young readers, aroused the better feelings. No wonder that innumerable readers testified to their veneration by word of mouth and in writing.

But it is to be feared that in the future that admiration will not remain the same. Not only the superficiality of our times, which prevents the young from concentrating on what they read, is the cause of this. But our times equal and surpass what Verne saw in his dreams; and what to us, older ones, seemed an ideal, is to the modern child simple reality.

Not so with Defoe's *Robinson*. As long as men live it will remain a law that he only will thrive and become happy who attains this by the sweat

¹⁾ Scholte, *Een lett. overgangsvorm*, p. 7.

²⁾ Ullrich, *Defoes Robinson Crusoe*, p. 95 ff.

of his brow, by straining all his powers of head and hand. Heedlessness, ingratitude and all other errors will always carry their own punishment. And true also remains for anyone who is in distress the word that Robinson read in the Bible: "Call on me in the Day of Trouble, and I will deliver, and thou shalt glorify me." As the mind is superior to machinery, so *Robinson Crusoe* surpasses the *Vingt-mille lieues sous la mer* and *Hector Servadac*.

For Jules Verne a statue has been erected after a hundred years by boy-scouts as a lasting homage to his memory. For Defoe only a small obelisk exists, and Ullrich feelingly remarks: "Sein Grab befindet sich auf dem 1852 geschlossenen Friedhofe der Nonkonformistengemeinde Bunhillfields, der, fünf Minuten von der Eisenbahnstation Liverpool Street entfernt, zu beiden Seiten des geräuschvollen City Road gelegen ist, und ist seit 1870 mit einem Marmorobelisken geschmückt, den ihm auf Anregung der Zeitschrift *Christian World* die Dankbarkeit von 1700 englischen Kindern errichtet hat. Hätten alle, deren Entzücken der "Robinson" gewesen ist, dieser Aufforderung folgen können, so würde dieses Denkmal die Höhe einer ägyptischen Pyramide erreicht haben."¹⁾

Now we stand by his grave again and remember how, for two centuries past, he has built a memorial in our hearts, more lasting than bronze. Defoe the novelist may primarily arouse historical interest, this interest is undoubtedly growing ever deeper and more universal; the writer for children may rest assured of the undiminished love of all for many centuries to come. He may not have been a genius of the very highest order, whether as social reformer, philosopher, man or artist; he has received his fair share of the divine spark, and in his *Robinson Crusoe* it burns brightest.

Deventer.

W. H. STAVERMAN.

Daniel Defoe im Lichte der neueren Forschung.

Sein Leben — Robinson Crusoe — Staatsrechtslehre —
Volkswirtschaft und Sozialpolitik — Medizin — Paedagogik.

Die folgenden Ausführungen wollen nicht ein umfassender Ueberblick über die gesamte neuere Defoe-Forschung sein. Das wäre bei dem hier gesteckten engen Rahmen unmöglich. Es sollen vielmehr nur einige wichtige Ergebnisse der Defoe-Forschung der letzten drei Jahrzehnte mitgeteilt werden, vor allem auf bisher weniger beachteten Gebieten wie: Staatsrechtslehre, Volkswirtschaft, Sozialpolitik, Medizin und Paedagogik.²⁾

Wir sind der Meinung, dass ein so vielseitiges Genie wie Daniel Defoe von den verschiedensten Seiten aus betrachtet werden muss³⁾. Das Leben und

¹⁾ Ullrich, *ibid.*, p. 9.

²⁾ Für die Literaturgeschichte verweisen wir hier nur auf zwei neuere Werke: A. W. Secord, *Studies in the narrative method of Defoe*. University of Illinois 1924; and Gerridina Roorda, *Realism in Daniel Defoe's Narratives of Adventure*, Wageningen 1928.

³⁾ W. P. Trent, *Daniel Defoe, How to know him*. Indianapolis 1916 p. 315: "His position in literature is fixed and high, even if the enormous range and number of his works will forever prevent the mass of mankind from fully appreciating his genius."

Wirken Defoes bildet daher für Spezialforscher, die über ihr engeres — wenn auch noch so wichtiges — Gebiet nicht hinausblicken, eine schwere crux.

Die ältere Defoe-Forschung war zum grössten Teil eine Robinson-Forschung entsprechend der gewiss zentralen Bedeutung des *Robinson Crusoe* für Defoes gesamtes Schaffen und der unverminderten Nachwirkung dieses Romanes in der Weltliteratur. Aber sollten dabei die vielen anderen Werke Defoes nicht in Vergessenheit geraten sein? Erst um die Jahrhundertwende und besonders seit dem Weltkriege beginnt die wissenschaftliche Forschung der über die Bedeutung des *Robinson Crusoe* hinausragenden Grösse Defoeschen Geistes gerecht zu werden.

Sein Leben.

Unser grösster deutscher Defoe-Forscher, Hermann Ullrich, hat über die Defoe-Forschung von 1916-1928 berichtet.¹⁾ Er wählt das Jahr 1916 als Ausgangspunkt, weil damals der amerikanische Forscher William P. Trent sein aufschlussreiches Buch über Defoe veröffentlicht hat.²⁾ Die neueste umfangreichste Biographie Defoes ist die des Franzosen Paul Dottin.³⁾ Aber trotz dieses ausgezeichneten Werkes sind auch heute noch viele Abschnitte aus Defoes Leben in Dunkel gehüllt. Noch immer schwankt sein Charakterbild in der Geschichte. Noch gibt es keine kritische Gesamtausgabe seiner zahlreichen Schriften, keine einigermaßen vollständige Ausgabe seines umfangreichen Briefwechsels, geschweige denn auch nur ein sicheres Verzeichnis seiner Werke und der Apokryphen.

Ueerblicken wir einmal die Stellung, welche die neueren deutschen Defoe-Forscher zur Persönlichkeit Defoes einnehmen, so können wir feststellen, dass die Philologen und Literaturhistoriker mehr dazu neigen, die Schattenseiten zu betonen, während die Vertreter der anderen Wissenschaften, z.B. der Staatsrechtslehre, der Volkswirtschaft, der Medizin und der Paedagogik in der Auffassung von Defoes unantastbarer Persönlichkeit mit dem Nestor unserer deutschen Defoe-Forschung Hermann Ullrich, und mit einigen neueren ausländischen Literaturhistorikern übereinstimmen.

So behauptet Hermann M. Flasdieck:⁴⁾ "Defoe ist eine keineswegs immer sehr anziehende Persönlichkeit. Er ist eine Journalistennatur mit einem starken Einschlag von Schiebertum." Demgegenüber spricht der bekannte Vertreter der internationalrechtlichen Wissenschaft an der Hamburger Universität, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, in einer kritischen Würdigung der staatsrechtlichen Ideen Defoes⁵⁾ von dem "Reiz seiner Persönlichkeit." Richard Schmidt, der bekannte Staatsrechtler an der Leipziger Universität, berichtet vor der Sächsischen Akademie der Wissenschaften über Daniel Defoe wie folgt: "Jedenfalls geniesst Defoe, der bei aller Beweglichkeit seines Geistes nie wie gewisse moderne Journalisten ins Flunkern und Renommieren ausartet, damals das Vertrauen des Königs..." "Heute können selbst diejenigen Kritiker, die geneigt sind, Schattenseiten in seiner literarischen Haltung

¹⁾ Herm. Ullrich, Zwölf Jahre Defoeforschung (1916-1928) In: German.-Romanische Monatsschrift, November-Dezember 1929.

²⁾ William P. Trent, Daniel Defoe, How to know him. Indianapolis 1916.

³⁾ Paul Dottin, Daniel Defoe et ses romans. Paris 1924. (3 Bände).

⁴⁾ Hermann M. Flasdieck, La vie et les aventures de Daniel Defoe. Paris 1925.

⁵⁾ Hermann M. Flasdieck, Robinson Crusoe im Lichte der neueren Forschung. In: Deutsche Rundschau, Berlin, Januar 1928. p. 49.

⁶⁾ In: Juristische Wochenschrift, Leipzig 1930, p. 1852.

hervorzukehren, nicht umhin, die unbestreitbare Tatsache anzuerkennen, dass er nichts anderes tat, als bei veränderter Lage eine veränderte Politik zu verteidigen, wie es bei gleichem Wechsel der Chancen sein Meister und Vorbild, Wilhelm von Oranien, selbst getan haben würde." ¹⁾

Unverständlich bleibt es, wie man bei Defoes sozialer Gesinnung von "einem starken Einschlag von Schiebertum" reden kann. Defoes ältester Biograph, George Chalmers (London 1786), berichtet, dass die Gläubiger eine so hohe Meinung von Defoes ehrenhafter Gesinnung hatten, dass sie sich mit ihm nur auf Grund seiner Persönlichkeit in einen Vergleich einliessen. Als Defoe bankerott gemacht hatte, lehnte er es ab, auf ein glänzendes Angebot auswärtiger Geschäftsfreunde einzugehen und sich in Cadix niederzulassen. Einer der grössten Wohltäter der Menschheit, Benjamin Franklin, schreibt in seiner Selbstbiographie, dass Defoes *Essay on Projects* (1697) seinem Denken vielleicht eine Wendung gab, die auf einige Hauptereignisse seines späteren Lebens einen entscheidenden Einfluss ausübte. — Der Eindruck, den nach unserer Meinung jeder von dem *Essay on Projects* haben muss, ist der, dass hier ein aufrichtiger Mensch von sozialem Bewusstsein zu uns spricht, ein allzeit public-spirited man. ²⁾

Ueber Defoes Rolle als Spion bemerkt Trent folgendes. "He could not have played the part of secret agent and spy if statesmen, ostensibly men of honor, had not condescended to employ him; he would not have needed to resort to deceptions of all sorts if violent and cruel punishments had not been inflicted upon obnoxious writers."

Aus Gründen politischer Klugheit wird Defoe manches verheimlicht oder entstellt haben müssen, was zu einer völligen Aufklärung seines an Wechselfällen reiches Lebens dienen könnte. So wird wahrscheinlich für immer eine gewisse Dunkelheit über der Lebensgeschichte dieses Mannes ruhen. Aber aus dem, was uns von seinem vielseitigen und unermüdlichen Schaffen klar zu Tage getreten ist, glauben wir doch die Ueberzeugung gewinnen zu können, dass für ihn das Vaterland hoch über dem Streit der Parteien stand und dass er — wie schon Leopold von Ranke anerkannte — ein Mann von "unabhängigem Denken" war. Mit Recht sagt daher Ullrich, dass Defoe "niemals auf die Partei eingeschworen und deshalb häufig genug Verdächtigungen selbst von der Seite ausgesetzt war, deren Ansichten er sonst im allgemeinen teilte und vertrat." ³⁾

Robinson Crusoe.

Der Streit der Meinungen über Defoes Persönlichkeit spiegelt sich wieder in dem Streit über die Deutung seines berühmtesten Werkes, des *Robinson Crusoe* (1719). Es ist darüber schon so viel geschrieben worden, das wir uns hier ganz kurz fassen können.

Das gewaltige Material, das auf diesem Gebiete der Altmeister der Robinson-Forschung, Hermann Ullrich, in jahrzehntelanger, mühe-

¹⁾ Berichte über die Verhandlungen der Sächsischen Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Leipzig. Philologisch-historische Klasse. 1924, 76. Band 1. Heft.

²⁾ Ernst Gerhard Jacob, Daniel Defoe, *Essay on Projects* (1697). Eine wirtschafts- und sozialgeschichtliche Studie. Kölner Anglistische Arbeiten, Band 8. Leipzig 1929, p. 138.

³⁾ Ullrich, Defoes Robinson Crusoe. Die Geschichte eines Weltbuchs. Leipzig 1924, p. 7. — Mit Ullrich stimmt auch der amerikanische Forscher A. W. Second in der allgemeinen Auffassung von Defoes Persönlichkeit und Schriftstellertum überein. (Second, *Studies in the narrative method of Defoe*. Urbana 1924).

voller Arbeit gesammelt und gesichtet hat,¹⁾ bildet auch heute noch die Grundlage für jede Robinson-Forschung.

Hermann M. Flasdieck hat in einem grösseren Aufsatz²⁾ über "Robinson Crusoe im Lichte der neueren Forschung" berichtet. Im Gegensatz zu Ullrich hält er die These, die Gustav Hübener vom Kaufmann Robinson Crusoe aufgestellt hat,³⁾ für eines der wichtigsten neueren Ergebnisse der Robinson-Forschung.

Gewiss hat diese These die wissenschaftliche Diskussion sehr belebt und angeregt. Was aber das Kernproblem anbelangt, so scheint uns Ullrich das Richtige zu treffen, da er den Nachweis führt, dass für das Motiv von Robinsons Flucht aus dem Elternhause, für seinen Inselaufenthalt und für seine späteren abenteuerhaften Reisen, also für all das, was uns ihn zu dem berühmten Robinson der Weltliteratur macht, kaufmännische Ueberlegungen nicht in Frage kommen.

Ganz abwegig erscheint uns der Versuch von Flasdieck, der die These von Hübener mit dem Hinweis auf Defoes *Essay on Projects* stützen will. Gerade in diesem *Essay* zeigt sich — wie wir schon in unserer Dissertation⁴⁾ von 1922 nachgewiesen haben — die für Defoes geistige Struktur so charakteristische Mischung von nüchternem Scharfsinn und reicher Einbildungskraft in hellstem Lichte.

Herbert Schöffler hat das Verdienst, den Robinsonroman auf Grund eines erdrückenden Tatsachenmaterials entwicklungsgeschichtlich in die Erbauungsliteratur eingereiht zu haben. "Defoe ist der erste Dissenter, der über die von Bunyan (1628-1688) erreichte Grenze literarischer Betätigung hinausgeht und ein Buch wagt, das innerlich zweifellos schon weltlich-rational orientiert ist und nur noch in peripherem Sinne das Gepräge eines Erbauungsbuches historisch-erzählenden Charakters trägt."⁵⁾

Eine geistesgeschichtliche Untersuchung des Robinson-Motivs liegt in einem schwedisch geschriebenen, reich illustrierten Werke von Yrjö Hirn vor. Unter dem Titel "Inseln im Weltmeer" wird die Stellung isolierter (von: insula kommt dies Wort!) Menschen innerhalb und zu der umgebenden Menschheit behandelt.⁶⁾

Wenig bekannt dürfte der spanische Robinson sein.⁷⁾ Der Herausgeber, Augusto Genin, erzählt uns in der Einleitung sehr lebhaft, wie er die wertvolle Handschrift mitten in den Stürmen der mexikanischen Revolution im März 1914 durch einen glücklichen Zufall von einem Soldaten abkaufen und damit noch in letzter Minute vor dem Verbranntwerden retten konnte. Der Held des spanischen Robinsonbuches ist Don Pedro de Peralta Terreros y Guevara. Dem Herausgeber erscheint er als die Verkörperung des spanischen

¹⁾ Ullrich, Defoes Robinson Crusoe. Die Geschichte eines Weltbuches. Leipzig 1924.

²⁾ In: Deutsche Rundschau, Berlin, Januar 1928.

³⁾ Gustav Hübener, Der Kaufmann Robinson Crusoe. In: Englische Studien, Leipzig 1920 (Band 54). vgl. S. B. Liljegen, Defoes Robinson. In: Englische Studien, Leipzig 1922. (Band 56).

⁴⁾ Vgl. in Buch Form: Jacob, Daniel Defoe, *Essay on Projects*. Leipzig, 1929; vgl. auch Hubert Pollert, Defoes Stellung zum englischen Kolonialwesen. Münster i. W. 1928, p. 41.

⁵⁾ Herbert Schöffler, Protestantismus und Literatur. Leipzig 1922, p. 160.

⁶⁾ Yrjö Hirn, *On i världshavet*. Helsingfors 1928. vgl. Herm. Ullrich, in: Literaturblatt für german. und roman. Philologie, Okt.-Nov. 1929. — Robinson Crusoe in Nederland von W. H. Staverman, Groningen 1907.

⁷⁾ Augusto Genin, *El Robinson Español*. Manuscrito de fines del siglo XVIII salvado de la destrucción y publicado con un prólogo, varias notas y un apéndice. Madrid 1927.

Typus. Er stellt ihn in seiner Bedeutung neben die anderen Robinsons, neben den englischen, den schweizerischen und den französischen. Den Titel "Spanischer Robinson" gab er der Erzählung wegen der *aventuras del héroe*.

Besonders beachtenswert erscheint uns für die Hispanistik, das Augusto Genin der Herausgabe des spanischen Robinson auch eine aktuelle kulturpolitische Bedeutung beimisst. Er sagt: ¹⁾ "Jetzt, da die hispano-amerikanischen Nationen dem alten Mutterlande sich wieder zuwenden ²⁾, das ihnen die Bande gab, die sich von Seele zu Seele, von Mensch zu Mensch schlingen: die Religion und die Sprache, trifft es sich nicht schlecht — und vielleicht werden meine Leser auch so denken — dass eine Gestalt wieder aufersteht, die — so bescheiden sie auch gewesen sein mag — doch Anteilnahme fordert durch die Schicksalsschläge, durch die Tapferkeit und edle Gesinnung, die sie in den schlimmen Lagen des Lebens bewies. Wer der Verfasser auch war, er war in seinem Kern ein Spanier mit allen seinen menschlichen Schwächen, mit seiner vornehmen Art, die ein Ausfluss jener Religion ist, die — wie ich glaube — in einer charakteristischen Weise sich offenbart bei der Rasse des Cid, des Don Quijote und der tapferen Conquistadoren, die, obwohl manchmal zu grausam, doch auch in ihren Ausschreitungen noch Grösse bewiesen; er ist von der Art derer, die Amerika für Spanien erwarben und die das Banner Karls V, auf den mexikanischen Bergespitzen und auf den peruanischen Anden wehen liessen."

Zum Schluss sei hier — um die Weltbedeutung des *Robinson* hervorzuheben — noch auf eine interessante Robinsonade in neugriechischer Sprache von Professor Psichari hingewiesen. ³⁾

Staatsrechtslehre.

Verheissungsvolles Neuland für die Defoe-Forschung öffnet sich auf staatsrechtlichem Gebiet. Hier hat im Jahre 1912 Mendelssohn-Bartholdy ⁴⁾ darauf hingewiesen, dass die staatsrechtlich-polemische Literatur des Defoeschen Zeitalters "noch Gedanken für Jahrhunderte" birgt und dass wir die drei unvergleichlich grossen literarischen Kämpfer: Swift, Defoe und Steele nur von Gulliver und *Robinson Crusoe*, von *Tatler*, *Spectator* und *Guardian* her kennen.

Im Jahre 1904 wurde unter den Urkundenbeständen der Herzöge von Portland eine umfangreiche Korrespondenz gefunden, die Defoe mit dem Staatsmann Robert Harley unterhalten hat und die Defoes politische Tätigkeit unter der Königin Anna (1702-1714) vor uns entstehen lässt. Diese Korrespondenz wurde herausgegeben in der Publikation der Historical Manuscript Commission, 14th and 15th report, appendix: the Manuscripts of His Grace the Duke of Portland, and wird gewöhnlich *Harley Papers* genannt. Jene Briefe fallen

¹⁾ Genin, aa.O. p. 22.

²⁾ Jacob, Aus der Ibero-amerikanischen Kulturwelt. In: Archiv für Kulturgeschichte. Leipzig 1929, XX, 1.

³⁾ Ψυχάρης, Ζωή κι ἀγάπη στὴ μοναξιά. Ἀθήνα 1904. vgl. Ullrich, in: Literaturblatt für german. und romanische Philologie 1912, Spalte 105-113. Nach einer Mitteilung von Herm. Ullrich hat Univ.-Professor Alexejew über Defoe und Russland gearbeitet und auch eine Arbeit über Robinsons Reise von China durch die Tartarei, Mongolei und Russland herausgegeben.

⁴⁾ Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Der Fall Swift Ein Beitrag zum internationalen Eherecht und zur englisch-irischen Kulturgeschichte. In: Niemeyers Zeitschrift für Internationales Recht. Band 22 (1912) p. 338.

in eine Zeit, da Defoe auf der Höhe seiner schriftstellerischen Produktion stand. In den Jahren zwischen 1690 und 1720 haben wir bei ihm eine wahre "Flut von grossen und kleinen Schriften allervielseitigsten Charakters, von satirisch-poetischen, popularphilosophischen, sozialetischen, paedagogischen, nationalökonomischen, finanzpolitischen, juristischen, kirchenpolitischen, verfassungspolitischen", Schriften von denen — wie Richard Schmidt hervorhebt — "beinahe jede originell durch Gedanken oder sprachlichen Ausdruck" ist.

Gestützt auf das obenerwähnte, in ausgiebigen Mengen aufgefundene Material veröffentlichte Richard Schmidt seine bahnbrechende Arbeit¹⁾ über den Politiker Defoe, dessen Hauptziel es war, "die Einseitigkeit eines unduldsamen Parteiregiments zu vermeiden und die Regierung auf die Vernünftigen und Gemässigten beider Parteien zu stützen." Nur wenige wissen — worauf uns Schmidt im Zusammenhang ebenfalls hinweist — dass ohne Daniel Defoes hervorragende politische Tätigkeit im Dienste der Regierung die englisch-schottische Union von 1707 nicht zustandegekommen wäre, "jedenfalls nicht in dieser kritischen Stunde".

Angeregt durch Richard Schmidt hat sein Schüler Paul Ritterbusch in einer umfangreichen dogmatischen Untersuchung²⁾ die Bedeutung von Defoes Staatslehre innerhalb der englischen Verfassungsgeschichte klar herausgearbeitet. Einleitend sagt er, dass die Forschung bisher allzu achtlos an den Erzeugnissen der politischen Doktrin einer Zeit vorübergegangen ist, die unmittelbar im Schatten des grossen Locke (1632—1704) steht. Defoe sei ein so fruchtbarer Denker gewesen, dass keine Betrachtung der ersten Jahrzehnte des 18. Jahrhunderts, sie gehe von jeder beliebigen geisteswissenschaftlichen Disziplin aus, achtlos an ihm vorübergehen könne. Auf allen Gebieten, auf denen er literarisch hervorgetreten ist, habe er gedankliche Tiefe und schöpferische Gestaltungskraft bewiesen.

Eine der Hauptquellen für Ritterbuschs Untersuchung bildet die dogmatische Schrift von Defoe über: *The original power of the collective body of the people of England, examined and asserted* (1702). Die tieferen Hintergründe der Staatslehre Defoes und seiner Auffassung der Repräsentation liegen in seiner politischen, wirtschaftlichen und gesellschaftlichen Stellung. Er ist der typische Vertreter der neuen Bourgeoisie. "In ihm steckt als Dissenter das politische Erbgut der puritanischen Revolution. Er predigt die Aktivität der Massen, ihm entsprechen die Theorien der Volkssouveränität und der Delegationslehre, denn sie garantieren die politische Vormacht der Mittelschichten. Die Repräsentanten sind ihm daher nur Agenten und Anwälte des Volkswillens."³⁾

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy urteilt über das Werk von Ritterbusch wie folgt: "R. erfasst Defoe in der Leidenschaft seines Geistes und der Erregtheit seines Willens, stellt ihn aber doch in die Reihe der grossen englischen Juristen,

¹⁾ Richard Schmidt, *Der Volkswille als realer Faktor des Verfassungslebens und Daniel Defoe*. Leipzig 1924. (Berichte über die Verhandlungen der Sächsischen Akademie der Wissenschaften. Philolog.-Historische Klasse, 76. Band, 1. Heft.)

²⁾ Paul Ritterbusch, *Parlamentssouveränität und Volkssouveränität in der Staats- und Verfassungsrechtslehre Englands, vornehmlich in der Staatslehre Daniel Defoes*. Ein Beitrag zur Ideengeschichte der englischen Repräsentativ-Verfassung. Leipzig 1929. Schriften-Reihe der Leipziger Juristenfakultät, Heft 41.

³⁾ Ritterbusch, aa.O. p. 107. Zur Materie vgl. ferner: Wilhelm Kottler, *Der Rätegedanke als Staatsgedanke*. I. Teil: Demokratie und Rätegedanke in der grossen englischen Revolution. Leipzig 1925.

Literaten, Politiker, Theologen, Philosophen, Nationalökonomien und — last not least — Utopisten hinein, die sich seit der bill of rights (1689) um den Gedanken des Repräsentativ-Systems als um die richtige Mitte zwischen Absolutismus — Obrigkeitstaat einerseits und "direkter" Volksherrschaft andererseits bemüht haben." ¹⁾

Volkswirtschaft und Sozialpolitik.

Weiteres Neuland für die Defoe-Forschung liegt auf den Gebieten der Volkswirtschaft und Sozialpolitik. Es ist zu verwundern, dass — obwohl Defoe unbestreitbar als einer der besten Kenner der Wirtschaftsverhältnisse seiner Zeit gilt — bis heute noch nicht der Versuch gemacht worden ist, sein in zahlreichen Schriften niedergelegtes nationalökonomisches Denken in zusammenfassender Darstellung zu würdigen. Allerdings muss man sagen, dass es auf diesem Gebiete noch an den notwendigsten Vorarbeiten fehlt. In grösseren wirtschaftshistorischen, nationalökonomischen und sozialpolitischen Werken wird gewiss auf Daniel Defoe gebührend hingewiesen und seinen Aeusserungen mehr oder weniger Raum gewährt, aber zu einer Spezialbehandlung Defoes auch nur auf einem Teilgebiet der Nationalökonomie ist es bis vor kurzem noch nicht gekommen.

Ueber 200 Jahre lang ist auch sein immer und überall zitierter *Essay on Projects* (1697)²⁾, dessen Vorschläge zum grossen Teil in der Neuzeit verwirklicht worden sind, von der wissenschaftlichen Forschung unbeachtet geblieben — nicht zuletzt wohl wegen seiner schwer zu behandelnden bunten Mannigfaltigkeit.

In unserer Bearbeitung des *Essay on Projects* haben wir den ersten Versuch gewagt, dieses "bedeutendste Werk aus Defoes Frühzeit" als einheitliches Ganzes aus dem Geiste seines Verfassers heraus zu erklären und — als erste notwendige Vorstufe für weitere Forschungen — in die allgemeinen historischen Zusammenhänge einzureihen. Dies ist von der Kritik auch anerkannt worden.

Wenn es in der Kritik von A. C. E. Vechtman-Veth in dieser Zeitschrift geheissen hat: "Dr. Jacob's treatment of it... pave(s) the way for new searchers", so ist es uns eine Freude, feststellen zu können, dass nach unserer Arbeit (1922) in mancher der von ihr gewiesenen Richtungen bereits weiter geforscht worden ist, und zwar von Hermann M. Flasdieck auf philologischem Gebiet ³⁾, für den der *Essay on Projects* "der Ausgangspunkt einer historischen Untersuchung wurde, deren Rahmen sich weit über alle ursprüngliche Absicht hinaus gedehnt hat", von Johannes Herting auf medizinischem und von einem amerikanischen Doktoranden namens H. H. Andersen in Chicago auf nationalökonomischem Gebiet. Leider haben wir von des letzteren geplanter Arbeit über: "Defoe's Economical and Political Tracts" auch durch wiederholte Anfrage bei Herrn A. W. Secord nichts erfahren können.

Dass für die Beurteilung der Persönlichkeit Defoes seine soziale Einstellung von grosser Bedeutung ist, wurde uns auch durch den Kritiker in der *Review*

¹⁾ Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, in: Juristische Wochenschrift. Leipzig 1930. p. 1852.

²⁾ In deutscher Uebersetzung von Hugo Fischer, Soziale Fragen vor 200 Jahren. Leipzig 1890.

³⁾ Flasdieck, Der Gedanke einer englischen Sprachakademie in Vergangenheit u. Gegenwart. Jenaer Germanistische Forschungen. Heft 11 (1928).

of *English Studies* (London, January 1931) bestätigt: "But few will wish to quarrel with Dr. Jacob's main conclusions, or with the emphasis he very rightly lays on the social orientation of Defoe's thoughts and plans."

Zur Materie selbst verweisen wir hier auf unser schon früher zitiertes Buch und auf die in ihm enthaltene ausführliche Bibliographie. Das Hauptverdienst, den Blick der Wirtschafts- und Sozialhistoriker auf den *Essay on Projects* gelenkt zu haben, gebührt Werner Sombart.¹⁾ Er nennt diese Schrift eine der wichtigsten Quellen für den Anbruch der Weltepoche des Kapitalismus.

Für die amerikanische Forschung wäre es eine dankbare Aufgabe, einmal der Frage nachzugehen, inwieweit Benjamin Franklin,²⁾ der den *Essay on Projects* sehr rühmt, von diesem speziell und von Defoe im allgemeinen beeinflusst worden ist. Hinsichtlich des *Robinson Crusoe* sagt Dottin: "C'est aux Etats-Unis d'Amérique que Robinson a trouvé le domicile qu'il préfère: il a contribué à former le caractère américain autant que le caractère anglais. Plus que tout autre homme, Franklin a su profiter de ses leçons d'énergie et de tenace patience; le grand homme d'Etat doit beaucoup au roman qui charma sa jeunesse."³⁾

Die erste zusammenfassende Spezialbehandlung Defoes auf einem wichtigen Teilgebiete der Nationalökonomie besitzen wir in der Arbeit von Hubert Pollert über Defoes Stellung zum englischen Kolonialwesen.⁴⁾ Die Kolonialpolitik musste einem Manne wie Defoe, der ein unermüdlicher und vielseitiger Projektor und Pionier war, naturgemäss sehr liegen. Pollert sagt am Schluss seiner eingehenden Untersuchung, dass Defoes Persönlichkeit zu gross war als dass ein Ideenkomplex sie hätte ausfüllen können. So hat auch die Sorge um die koloniale Entwicklung seines Heimatlandes ihn nicht ausschliesslich beschäftigt, aber verlassen hat sie ihn seit dem *Essay on Projects* nicht mehr.

Im Zusammenhang mit Defoes Interesse an den Pfälzer Auswanderern von 1709, als dessen poetischen Niederschlag der Deutschamerikaner Fernsemer den ganzen Robinson Crusoe zu erklären versucht,⁵⁾ weist Flasdieck darauf hin, dass Defoes kolonisatorisches Interesse der "Inselkolonisation" zugewandt ist.⁶⁾ Die englische Kolonisation jener Zeit aber war ausgesprochen "Randkolonisation", in der die Inseln als erste Stützpunkte eine besonders verschiedenartige Rolle spielten.⁷⁾

Bei all seinen wirtschaftlichen Erwägungen, vor allem auch in Kolonialfragen, war Defoe — wie Pollert nachweist — dennoch ein "leidenschaftlicher Sozialreformer", auch dort, wo er seinem kaufmännisch interessierten Leser-

¹⁾ Werner Sombart, *Der Bourgeois*, Leipzig 1913 p. 115.

²⁾ Benjamin Franklin, *Sein Leben* (von ihm selbst beschrieben), Leipzig (Reclam). R. Hildebrand, Benjamin Franklin als Nationalökonom in: *Jahrb. f. Nation.-Oekonomie und Statistik*, Jena 1863 Band I. p. 577-602, vgl. E. G. Jacob, a.a.O. p. 130.

³⁾ Dottin, *Daniel Defoe et ses romans*, Paris 1924 p. 372.

⁴⁾ Hubert Pollert, *Daniel Defoes Stellung zum englischen Kolonialwesen*. Dissertation, Münster in Westfalen 1928, vgl. Lillian M. Penson, *The Colonial Background of British Foreign Policy*, London 1930. (Im 17. Jahrhundert).

⁵⁾ Fernsemer, D. Defoe and the Palatine Emigration of 1709. In: *Journal of English and Germanic Philology* XIX (1920), p. 94-124. Jacob, Daniel Defoe und die Pfälzer Auswanderer von 1709 in: *Auslandswarte*, Berlin, 25. April 1931.

⁶⁾ Flasdieck, in: *Deutsche Rundschau*, Berlin, Januar 1928 p. 51.

⁷⁾ Jacob, Daniel Defoe als Kolonialpolitiker. In: *Uebersee- und Kolonialzeitung*, Berlin, 1. Mei. 1931.

kreis entgegentreten musste. Für seine Idealkolonie, die Robinsoninsel, verfiel er die Forderung religiöser Duldung aller christlichen Bekenntnisse.¹⁾

Zu seinen kühnsten Kolonialprojekten gehört der für die damalige Zeit völlig neue Plan eines entscheidenden Angriffes Englands auf den Hauptnerv des spanischen Weltreiches in Westindien und einer englischen Ansiedlung in Argentinien als Stützpunkt für den englischen Welthandel. Hubert Pollert berichtet uns darüber Näheres und im Zusammenhang damit auch über die Südsee-Kompanie (1711-1720), als deren Hauptgründer früher der Premierminister Earl of Oxford (Harley) galt, während heute — nach den archivallischen Studien von Wolfgang Michael — Daniel Defoe dafür zu gelten hat.²⁾

Der South Sea Company sollte als Monopol der Handel mit Südamerika überlassen werden. Dafür hatte die Gesellschaft als Gegenleistung die ungedeckte Staatsschuld von 10 Millionen Pfund Sterling zu übernehmen, zu amortisieren und zu verzinsen. In seinem *Essay on the South Sea Trade* (1711) schreibt Defoe, dass das Parlament mit den Staatsschulden und mit der Fortführung des Krieges gegen Spanien sich beschäftigen müsse. Acht Jahre später brandmarkte er die unsauberen Machenschaften der Gesellschaft in seiner Schrift: *The Anatomy of Exchange Alley* (1719). Im Jahre 1725, als infolge der veränderten europäischen Lage sein südamerikanisches Kolonisationsprojekt nicht mehr die günstigen Aussichten auf Erfolg hatte, erwog Defoe in der *New Voyage* noch einmal die Möglichkeit der Ansiedlung von Landsleuten im heutigen Argentinien.

Drei Jahrzehnte lang arbeitete Defoe auf den Kolonialkrieg mit Spanien hin. Für die historische Erforschung des grossen spanisch-englischen Weltgegensatzes im 18. Jahrhundert wird Defoes Stellung zur spanisch-portugiesischen Welt und sein Südamerika-Projekt noch manche Aufgabe zu lösen geben. "Wie anders wäre doch der Lauf der Weltgeschichte geworden, wenn das Angelsachsentum auch Mittel- und Südamerika sich erobert hätte."³⁾ (1865 siedelten sich in Patagonien mit Unterstützung der argentinischen Regierung Kolonisten aus Wales an).

Medizin.

Einer der schönsten Beweise für Defoes Sozialreformertum ist und bleibt sein Projekt zur Verbesserung der Idioten- und Geisteskrankenfürsorge. In seinem *Essay on Projects* findet sich jene ergreifende Stelle, wo er über diese

¹⁾ Eigene finanzielle Interessen haben ihn nicht mit den engl. Kolonien verbunden. Dass Defoe in manchen seiner Anschauungen ein Kind seiner Zeit geblieben ist, tut seiner überragenden Persönlichkeit keinen Abbruch. (Vgl. seine Anschauungen über Sklaverei u. Indianermisshandlung (Pollert p. 79/89, 186) und über Kinderarbeit in der Industrie (L. Brentano, Eine Geschichte der wirtschaftl. Entwicklung Englands. Jena. I. Band, 1927. p. 379/80).

²⁾ Wolfgang Michael, Der Südseeschwindel vom Jahre 1720. In: Vierteljahrschrift für Sozial- u. Wirtschaftsgeschichte, Band 6 (1908). vgl. William Th Morgan, The Origins of the South Sea Company in: Political Science Quarterly, March 1929.

³⁾ Richard Konetzke, Die Politik des Grafen Aranda. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des spanisch-englischen Weltgegensatzes im 18. Jahrhundert. Berlin 1929. Historische Studien, Heft 182, p. 202. vgl. das Kolonisationsprojekt des unserm Defoe geistesverwandten Schotten William Patterson in Panama (1698) cf. Richard Schmidt, a.a.O. p. 20-21, und in: Ibero-amerikanisches Archiv. Berlin, Januar 1931, pp. 560-562: War Defoe in Spanien oder Portugal? vgl. dazu: Arturo Farinelli, Viajes por España y Portugal, Madrid 1930, p. 181; Jacob, a.a.O. p. 18; Gückel und Günther, Defoes und Swifts Belesenheit und literarische Kritik. Leipzig 1925, Palaestra 149.

armen Menschen schreibt: "Vielleicht sind sie eine Art erblicher Last für die grosse Menschenfamilie, die der Schöpfer uns als einen jüngeren Bruder hinterliess, dem er kein Vermögen vermachte, in der Erwartung, dass der Erbe für ihn sorgen werde." ¹⁾ Defoe propagiert die Fürsorge für die Idioten, d.h. für die von Jugend auf Blödsinnigen. Der Ausdruck "Irrenhäuser" in der deutschen Uebersetzung des *Essay on Projects* von Hugo Fischer ist daher vom Standpunkt der medizinischen Fachwissenschaft aus nicht ganz zutreffend.

In den ersten Tagen des Jahres 1930 schrieb uns Herr Sanitätsrat Dr. med. Herting, der damalige Direktor der Heil- und Pflegeanstalt in Düsseldorf-Grafenberg, dass er durch Zufall von unserer Arbeit über Defoes *Essay on Projects* Kenntnis erhalten habe. Er sei über das obenerwähnte Projekt Defoes erstaunt gewesen, da es in der psychiatrischen Literatur bisher nirgends genannt worden sei. Lährenne zwar Defoe, aber nur als Verfasser der "Histoire du Diable" (Amsterdam 1729).

Defoes Ruf: Fürsorge für die Idioten überhaupt und eine bessere Fürsorge für die Geisteskranken verhallte klanglos, sowohl in seinem Heimatlande wie überall. Selbst in der englischen Literatur hat Herting ²⁾ nur einen gefunden, der Defoe kurz erwähnt: Daniel Hake Duke, in seinem 1822 erschienenen Buche: *Chapters in the History of the Insane in the British Isles*. 150 Jahre vergingen, bis in England das erste Idienheim eingerichtet wurde, und auch das nur im kleinsten Ausmasse (1846). Ausser in seinem *Essay on Projects* (1697) beschäftigt sich Defoe auch im *Trueborn Englishman* (1701) und in seiner *Review* (1706) mit der Fürsorge für Geisteskranke.

Für die medizingeschichtliche Forschung interessant wäre auch die Untersuchung einer eventuellen Beeinflussung Defoes durch den französischen Arzt Théophraste Renaudot (1586-1653) ³⁾ der ebenso wie Defoe ein unermüdlicher Projektor und Sozialreformer war und — genau wie Defoe — eine periodische Zeitschrift gründete (1631 die *Gazette de France*) und sich ausser der Krankenpflege auch der Armenfürsorge widmete, 1630 das Bureau für Arbeitsnachweis und 1637 das erste Leihhaus, mont-de-piété, gründete.

Paedagogik.

Bei der bisherigen Betrachtung dieser vielseitigen Betätigung und Produktivität unseres meist als Robinsondichter berühmten Defoe erhebt sich wohl die Frage, welches ist nun der Wesenskern, aus dem die verschiedenen Lebensäusserungen dieses hochbegabten Mannes zu verstehen sind. Gibt es eine Einheit in der Vielheit der Taten und Ideen dieses als Romandichter, Politiker, Juristen, Nationalökonom, Mediziner, Theologen und Philosophen hervorragenden Mannes? Worin liegt das Geheimnis seiner uns oft unheimlich dünkenden Aktivität und Produktivität?

¹⁾ Vgl. Hugo Fischer, Soziale Fragen vor 200 Jahren (*Essay on Projects*). Leipzig 1890.

²⁾ Herting, Die Idioten- und Geisteskrankenfürsorge des Robinson-Dichters Daniel Defoe (1661-1731) in: Zeitschrift für Kinderforschung Berlin 1931, 38. Band, 1. Heft. — Vgl. ferner: Mitteilungen zur Geschichte der Medizin u. der Naturwissenschaften Leipzig 29. Band, 1. Heft; Kölnische Zeitung 25. November 1930 (Morgenausgabe) und: Bonner Zeitung (Beilage "Aus Hochschule u. Wissenschaft") vom 14. Dezember 1930.

³⁾ Jacob, a.a.O. p. 45-46, p. 118. Vgl. Théophraste Renaudot, Les consultations charitables pour les malades, dédiées à Mgr. de Noyens. Paris 1640. — Biographisches Lexikon der hervorragenden Aerzte aller Zeiten und Völker, Band IV p. 705-706. Leipzig 1886.

Auch bei dieser Kardinalfrage zeigen uns der Nestor der deutschen Defoe-Forschung, Hermann Ullrich, und mit ihm Herbert Schöffler den richtigen Weg zur Lösung, wenn sie das didaktische Moment in dem Schaffen und Wirken Defoes in den Vordergrund stellen. In demselben Sinne spricht Hubert Pollert von der "Rolle als Wächter im öffentlichen Leben", in der sich Defoe so oft bewährt hat.

In allen Schriften Defoes spüren wir etwas von jener mit der Macht einer Elementargewalt wirkenden inneren Stimme, die dem Autor immer wieder eingibt, zu helien, zu bessern, zu bekehren, zu beraten und zu belehren, zu warnen und zu ermahnen, zu fördern und — zu erziehen! In der Tat ist Defoe einer der grössten Erzieher gewesen, die wir in der Weltgeschichte kennen. Wieviele wertvolle Anregungen hat er uns gegeben, die heute noch bei weitem nicht gebührend berücksichtigt worden sind!

Denken wir nur noch an seinen *Family Instructor* (1715). Die Feinheit der Seelenbeobachtung, die sich hier offenbart, wird selbst unsere Psychologen des 20. Jahrhunderts überraschen.¹⁾

Der Plan zur Gründung einer englischen Sprachakademie wird von ihm eifrig befürwortet. Eine der erzieherischen Aufgaben dieser Akademie soll es sein, "die Gewohnheit des gemeinen Fluchens in unserer Sprache und Unterhaltung" zu bekämpfen und zu überwinden.²⁾ Dasselbe Thema hat Defoe im 3. Kapitel der "Serious Reflections of Robinson Crusoe" (1720) wieder aufgenommen.

Welche Fülle von Gedanken enthalten seine Aeusserrungen über die Frauenerziehungsprobleme! Er sagt unter anderem: "Hierbei wage ich nun die kühne Behauptung auszusprechen, dass alle Welt mit den Frauen falsch verfährt. Denn ich kann nicht glauben, dass Gott der Allmächtige sie zu so zarten, herrlichen Geschöpfen machte und ihnen so viele angenehme und für die Menschheit so köstliche Reize verlieh, dazu Seelen, die zu den nämlichen Vorzügen befähigt sind wie die der Männer — und alles nur, um unsere Haushälterinnen, Köchinnen und Sklavinnen zu sein. Ich wollte durchaus nicht damit die Herrschaft der Frau preisen, sondern nur erreichen, dass die Männer sie zur Gefährtin erheben und ihr eine dazu passende Erziehung geben."³⁾

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Möge dieser kurze Ueberblick dazu verhelfen, der Defoe-Forschung ein paar neue Wege zu weisen und damit dem Andenken des grossen Engländers gerecht werden, der kein Rasten und Ruhen seines Geistes kannte und der selbst fast immer und überall neue Bahnen beschritt.

Leipzig.

ERNST GERHARD JACOB.

¹⁾ Bruno Dressler, Die Entwicklung der englischen Erziehung im 17. Jahrhundert. Leipziger Dissertation 1927 p. 101; Geschichte der englischen Erziehung. Leipzig 1928.

²⁾ Flasdieck, Der Gedanke einer engl. Sprachakademie. Jena 1928; vgl. Literaturblatt f. german. und roman. Philologie 1930, Spalte 350-353.

³⁾ Jacob, Daniel Defoe, Essay on Projects, p. 124.

De Foe et la France.

Daniel De Foe est né Anglais par une faveur spéciale de la Providence. S'il avait vu le jour à Paris, sa vie eût été beaucoup moins aventureuse. Peut-être aurait-il été député au Conseil du Commerce ? Peut-être aurait-il essayé de devenir fermier général ? En tout cas, il n'aurait pas été le confident d'un roi ni le conseiller d'un ministre. Il n'aurait pas eu — et pour cause — à se mêler de journalisme ou de politique. Son existence aurait manqué d'imprévu, et il n'aurait pas appris à bien connaître les hommes. Et surtout, il n'aurait pas écrit *Robinson Crusoe*, parce que Robinson ne peut avoir qu'une nationalité : la sienne.

En supposant même qu'il l'eût écrit, il n'aurait pas obtenu la consécration mondiale qu'était alors l'approbation de Paris : car les Français de l'époque étaient anglomanes au point de préférer les œuvres d'Outre-Manche à celles de leurs propres auteurs. En outre, ils étaient curieux et éclectiques au point d'apprécier les héros romanesques qui étaient le plus éloignés de leur propre mentalité.

George Moore note justement dans ses *Avowals* : "We are a prosaic people, what the French call *terre à terre*. Nobody was more *terre à terre* than Crusoe. England seems to have expressed herself in her first narrative uncommonly well." On comprend donc que l'Angleterre ait fait bon accueil à *Robinson*. Les peuples forts et sûrs d'eux-mêmes aiment bien se regarder dans la glace et se trouver beaux. En lisant *Robinson*, les Anglais se reconnaissaient légèrement caricaturés, et ils avaient le plaisir de constater qu'ils étaient personnellement supérieurs au héros imaginaire qu'on leur proposait comme modèle. Tandis qu'en lisant *Moll Flanders* les Anglaises ne se reconnaissaient pas du tout, et le livre fut banni de la bibliothèque des gens respectables.....

Mais les Français n'avaient pas les mêmes raisons de s'intéresser aux personnages de De Foe. Ceux-ci leur étaient aussi étrangers qu'aujourd'hui un Américain cent-pour-cent à un gentilhomme provincial. Il est même possible qu'ils les trouvaient un peu barbares. Était-ce donc que De Foe connaissait bien la France ? Ou bien qu'il en parlait souvent dans ses romans ? — Mais ce n'était pas le cas.

Lorsqu'il était tout jeune, deux voyages d'affaires, ou plutôt d'initiation aux affaires, amenèrent De Foe dans le Midi pour le commerce des vins, et à Paris pour son plaisir. Ses séjours furent certainement brefs, ses progrès en français, médiocres, ses observations, superficielles. En bon Anglais, il détestait et admirait à la fois la France de Louis XIV. Les jugements qu'il porta sur le caractère français étaient traditionnels. Point n'était besoin d'avoir parcouru le pays pour les formuler : le Français est brillant, léger, superficiel, emporté, très instruit, extrêmement courtois, perpétuellement gai. Les seules remarques intéressantes qu'il ait faites roulent sur la sobriété des Méridionaux buveurs de vin et sur l'avarice générale du peuple : il est probable que le manque de hardiesse des commerçants français l'avait choqué, lui qui ne reculait pas devant les spéculations les plus téméraires. Et il est vraisemblable aussi que ses voyages en France ne lui laissèrent guère que le souvenir de magasins rapidement visités, de gens hâtivement salués, et de monuments à peine entrevus. De simples lectures suffirent à expliquer des allusions au Châtelet, à la Place de Grève, à la propreté de Paris, aux Suisses du Louvre, au palais

de Versailles, au vin de Champagne, à la sauvagerie des défilés alpestres. Peut-être De Foe avait-il eu de brèves visions de tout cela ; l'essentiel était de pouvoir dire : "J'ai vu", quitte à se documenter plus tard.

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Comment s'étonner, après cela, que, dans les romans de De Foe, les scènes françaises soient si vagues ? Dans la première partie de *Robinson Crusoe*, nous avons, comme épisode final, le récit d'une traversée des Pyrénées qui témoigne d'une entière ignorance de la montagne. Il s'agit probablement du trajet Pampelune—Roncevaux—Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, mais on ne voit pas pourquoi Robinson et ses compagnons vont ensuite sur Toulouse, plutôt que sur Bordeaux, moins éloigné. De Foe est d'ailleurs prudent : il s'abstient de décrire des paysages précis, et, son bon sens lui montrant les invraisemblances de son récit, il s'efforce de prévenir les objections. Ainsi, les Toulousains expliquent à Robinson que c'était folie de franchir les Pyrénées en hiver, par tempête de neige, avec un guide qui n'était pas absolument sûr. C'est la sagesse qui parle par leur bouche, et celle du romancier : mais Robinson n'était-il pas un homme extraordinaire, qui ne doutait de rien ? On sent que De Foe n'a utilisé la neige et la montagne que pour pouvoir exhiber des loups et expliquer le meilleur moyen de n'être pas mangés par eux. De tels dangers, inconnus de ses lecteurs, devaient impressionner un peuple de marins ! C'est du roman feuilleton, mais il n'y a rien qui porte à s'indigner l'alpiniste le plus enthousiaste. Reste l'épisode de l'ours "monstrueux", que Vendredi fait danser au bout d'une petite branche, pour divertir une caravane dont le guide est blessé et que pressent la nuit, la neige et les loups ! De Foe n'avait sans doute jamais vu d'ours. On pourrait se demander s'il voulait mystifier ses lecteurs ? Mais non ; s'adressant au peuple, il faisait alterner comédie et drame. Et, toujours, il tombait soit dans le gros mélodrame, soit dans la pitrerie de foire.

Dans les *Mémoires d'un Cavalier*, l'élément français est plus vraisemblable, sans pour cela être beaucoup plus précis. Sur le trajet Calais-Paris, deux incidents notables sont offerts au lecteur avide. Le Cavalier et son compagnon s'égarent, sont recueillis par un curé de village, qui leur donne à manger, leur fournit un guide, et même (chose rare chez les Français avarés) leur propose de l'argent. Ensuite, à Amiens, ils écoutent le boniment d'un charlatan, et voient opérer des pickpockets dont l'habileté les remplit d'admiration.

Ces deux épisodes seuls peuvent avoir été vécus par De Foe, à moins qu'il ne les ait entendu raconter par d'autres voyageurs. Car les autres détails sur la France sont d'une extrême banalité, et proviennent sans doute de gazettes ou d'authentiques récits d'histoire : l'imagination de De Foe a brodé sur le tout. A Paris, déclare le héros du roman, "excepté la ville elle-même, il n'y avait pas grand' chose à voir" : c'est pourquoi il se contente de discuter avec un Huguenot sur les fautes politiques des protestants. Puis, alors qu'il regardait la relève des Suisses du Louvre, il est, à la suite d'une méprise, mêlé à un duel, tue son adversaire et se sauve à Orléans. D'Orléans, il ne nous dit rien. De Lyon non plus, sinon qu'il assiste à une émeute causée par la famine (il prétend que les manifestants poussaient le cri bizarre : *Du pain le roi !*). Il raconte ensuite que la reine dut se montrer aux émeutiers, que ceux-ci le firent prisonnier, qu'il se donna comme Ecossais et fut relâché par la reine. Un court arrêt à Grenoble, où il assiste à une revue des troupes passée par le roi et par Richelieu, une halte à Pignerol, et il quitte la France. Le Londonien le plus casanier eût pu donner les mêmes détails en utilisant les annales de l'époque.

Dans *Le Colonel Jacque*, nous trouverons beaucoup de noms de villes, mais sans la moindre description. Jack, retour d'Amérique, est capturé par un corsaire français à l'entrée de la Manche, et débarqué à Bordeaux, tandis que son navire est entraîné vers Saint-Malo. A Bordeaux, il monnaye une lettre de change chez un négociant anglais, et échappe à ses geôliers sans payer rançon : il avait feint d'accepter son transfert à la prison de Dinan (De Foe écrit *Dinant*). Mais ce court séjour a sans doute suffi à le franciser, car on ne l'appelle plus que "Monsieur Jacque" (*sic*). Un peu plus tard, il s'engage dans un régiment irlandais à la solde de Louis XIV, et traverse la France de Dunkerque à Toulon. Il revient d'Italie, marié, et, après diverses aventures, retourne à Paris pour concevoir des doutes sur la fidélité de sa femme: "Having a vein of levity, it was impossible to prevent her running into such things in a town so full of what they call gallantry as Paris." Il provoque l'amant présumé de sa femme, et sort en discutant avec lui: et il faut croire qu'ils sont très bavards, puisqu'ils marchent ainsi jusqu'à Charenton, ce qui est presque un exploit sportif. Là ils se battent, sur un emplacement convenable, sous des arbres, et Jack est victorieux. Mais, ayant enfreint les édits, il doit quitter Paris pour Châlons, pousser jusqu'à Bar-le-Duc, et rentrer en Angleterre. Avec la gazette, une carte géographique, et le lieu commun que Paris est une ville de perdition, De Foe avait tous les éléments français de son livre.

Dans *Roxana*, les épisodes essentiels de la première partie se passent en France. D'abord, il ne faut pas oublier que l'héroïne est d'origine française. Son vrai nom (seul le titre nous le donne) est Mademoiselle de Belean, et elle est née à Poitiers, de parents huguenots. Mais son départ de France, dès l'âge de dix ans, dispense De Foe de parler de souvenirs d'enfance.

Son premier amant, un riche joaillier, l'emmène à Paris, *viâ* Calais. Elle y vit très retirée, se contentant, pour ses sorties, d'une voiture de louage : elle s'abstient donc de toute description. Mais le joaillier est assassiné sur la route de Versailles, alors qu'il allait chez le Prince de —. Pour le faire enterrer, elle se rend favorable le curé de Saint-Sulpice par un pieux mensonge : elle raconte qu'elle a déjà versé de l'argent à l'église de — pour des messes de neuvaine.

Le Prince de — ne tarde pas à tourner autour de "la belle veuve de Poitou". Pour le forcer à se déclarer, elle menace de partir dans son pays natal, près d'un de ses frères, abbé de —, près de Poitiers (que ces tirets sont donc commodes pour éviter toute dangereuse précision et donner un petit air de mystère !). Le Prince ayant pris la succession du joaillier, Roxana continue, par égard pour lui, une existence discrète et solitaire, laissant croire qu'elle est retournée à Londres: "For you are to note that the people of Paris, especially the women, are the most busy and impertinent inquirers into the conduct of their neighbours, especially that of a single woman, that are in the world, though there are no greater intriguers in the universe than themselves."

Roxana va faire ses couches au village de —, à quatre milles au sud de Paris. Elle a fait venir une sage-femme et une garde anglaises (Ainsi De Foe n'a pas à parler des tarifs des matrones françaises). Son amant, sous le nom (peu compromettant) de Comte de Clairac, lui rend de fréquentes visites. A son retour à Paris, elle fait quelques sorties prudentes. Elle va "take a tour into the gardens of the Thuilleries". Elle se trouve au palais de Meudon, résidence du Dauphin, un jour que le roi est venu voir Madame la Dauphine. Elle a l'honneur d'apercevoir Sa Majesté dans les jardins : mais elle a sans doute été si éblouie, qu'elle ne peut décrire cette auguste personne. De même,

elle remarque simplement au palais de Meudon une grande terrasse, un grand escalier, un grand hall, une grande salle de garde avec des "gens d'armes".

Quelques jours après, à Paris, elle assiste au défilé des "gens d'armes", venus faire bénir leurs étendards par l'archevêque. Elle remarque un soldat gigantesque, "who, it seems, was, however, a gentleman of a very good family in Gascoigne, and was called the giant of Gascoigne" (On reconnaît un de ces petits traits de génie par lesquels De Foe obtient la crédibilité pour ses récits). Comme son premier mari, un maître-chanteur, est parmi les soldats, elle le fait espionner: "I found out a fellow who was completely qualified for the work of a spy (for France has plenty of such people)." Cela lui coûte 150 livres par mois, mais le travail est bien fait et Roxana réussit à toujours éviter le gêneur.

Bientôt son amant l'emmène en Italie. Ils rentrent par les Alpes, leur coche les attendant "at Pont à Voisin, between Chambéry and Lyons". Un peu plus tard, le faux ménage se disloque et Roxana se rend en Hollande.....

Il saute aux yeux que, dans ce roman comme dans les autres, De Foe s'est contenté de flatter les préjugés anglais sur les Français, et de laisser courir son imagination, sauf là où une vérification eut pu être embarrassante: c'est ainsi qu'il ne décrit ni Paris ni Versailles, et donne sur Meudon des détails trop généraux pour n'être point vraisemblables. Il a peut-être utilisé un guide ou un récit de voyageur: en tout cas, la part de la mémoire et des souvenirs personnels est insignifiante dans ses œuvres, dès qu'il parle des pays ou des gens d'Outre-Manche.

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Ainsi donc, les Français ne trouvaient point dans l'œuvre de De Foe les deux sources d'intérêt qui eussent pu les attirer. Les personnages étaient grossiers, et leur mentalité peu compréhensible. Les allusions à la France étaient rares, imprécises, et généralement malveillantes. Pourquoi, au XVIII^e siècle, Paris fit-il un tel accueil à *Robinson Crusoe*? Pourquoi, de nos jours, les romans secondaires de De Foe ont-ils tant de lecteurs?

C'est d'abord que les Français s'intéressaient beaucoup plus au sujet qu'aux personnages, aux aventures de Robinson plus qu'à Robinson lui-même. La diffusion du livre fut d'ailleurs assez lente, le clergé l'ayant déclaré "très mauvais ouvrage pour les mœurs et la religion". *Robinson* s'infiltra en France par la Hollande, l'Allemagne rhénane et la Suisse: la première édition parisienne date de 1761. Mais la traduction d'Amsterdam (mars 1720), habile et relativement fidèle, obtint dès le début la faveur des lettrés.

Fait symptomatique, Saint-Hyacinthe (le premier traducteur) écrivit une préface pour se plaindre du style, "qui sent un peu trop le matelot pour satisfaire la délicatesse française", et déclarer peu intéressants les efforts de Robinson au cours de l'épisode de l'île, — épisode qui occupe par rapport à l'ensemble une place démesurée. En somme, il considérait l'ouvrage comme une simple relation de voyages, un "documentaire". Et Van Effen renchérit lorsqu'il présenta les *Nouvelles Aventures*: ceux des lecteurs qui avaient été "rebutés par le long séjour de Robinson dans son île" ne trouveraient cette fois-ci qu'une abondante série d'aventures, racontées en un langage plus noble, les voyages ayant formé le grossier matelot.....

Les *Sérieuses Réflexions* eurent un succès moindre, ce qui est normal, mais extraordinaire si l'on réfléchit que le livre dépérit immédiatement à Londres. Ce succès relatif est, lui aussi, symptomatique. Il prouve que le

sentiment des lecteurs avait déjà évolué: *Robinson* n'était plus regardé comme un récit d'aventures, mais comme un ouvrage à tendances philosophiques. Plusieurs critiques étudièrent les problèmes sociaux que pose la solitude de Robinson.

Quant au peuple, c'est le théâtre qui lui révéla Robinson. Or (bien que nous en soyons réduits à des conjectures) le seul épisode du livre qui offre de faibles possibilités dramatiques est la robinsonnade proprement dite. C'était aussi le seul épisode qui pût frapper l'imagination de ceux pour qui l'existence est une lutte quotidienne. Et ce qui frappe le peuple frappe aussi l'enfant, mais pour des raisons bien différentes: car l'enfant ne voit pas les difficultés matérielles de la situation de Robinson, tandis qu'il est séduit par la vie indépendante et solitaire.

Or, vers le milieu du siècle, ces points de vue opposés se concilièrent. Rousseau songea le premier à utiliser la robinsonnade comme leçon de morale. Déjà *Robinson* était le livre favori de l'adolescence. — "Qui est-ce qui n'a pas lu, dans sa jeunesse, les Aventures de Robinson?" s'écriait Fréron, en 1766. — Rousseau acclimata en France le roman de De Foe sous sa forme définitive. Il regarda comme seul intéressant l'épisode de l'île, et tout le rest des aventures comme un "fatras". Quel chemin parcouru depuis Saint-Hyacinthe! De même, il fit à jamais descendre ce *Robinson* simplifié dans la classe enfantine.

Evidemment, il fallait modifier le texte primitif. Car, ou bien Rousseau avait des souvenirs très vagues quand il composa sa fameuse tirade de l'*Emile*, ou bien il était décidé à n'employer qu'un *Robinson* très différent de l'original. Il étudiait uniquement le cas de Robinson "dans son île, seul, dépourvu de l'assistance de ses semblables et des instruments de tous les arts, pourvoyant cependant à sa subsistance, à sa conservation, et se procurant même une sorte de bien-être". En somme, il s'agissait de récrire *Robinson* à l'usage de la jeunesse. Rousseau montrait par là combien il connaissait mal la psychologie enfantine: car l'enfant se méfie des ouvrages qu'on lui destine et préfère ceux qui n'ont pas été composés à son intention.

L'idée de Rousseau était d'ailleurs d'une réalisation difficile. Les adaptations de Feutry et de Montreille débarrassèrent bien *Robinson* de tout son fatras, mais ne supprimèrent pas la providentielle épave. Ce fut l'Allemand Campe, qui, dix-sept ans plus tard, brava l'invraisemblance en obéissant à Rousseau: son *Nouveau Robinson*, aussitôt traduit en français, par ses soins, est un simple livre de classe, où, sous forme dialoguée, sont données des leçons de religion, de morale, de discipline militaire, de géographie, d'histoire naturelle, etc. Et le professeur français Goffaux, complétant la pédagogie de Rousseau, offrit aux apprentis latinistes les *Fata Robinsonis Crusoei*.

Le sort du *Nouveau Robinson* fut vite réglé. Les héros de Campe, sages et disciplinés, déplurent aux petits Français, instinctivement frondeurs. La forme dialoguée choqua au point qu'on fit des adaptations en narration suivie: mais cette opération de sauvetage était trop tardive. Le *Robinson Suisse* surgit (1814), se heurta d'abord à la méfiance, puis triompha définitivement de son rival. Et comme la robinsonnade familiale avait besoin d'une robinsonnade solitaire, ce fut le roman de De Foe, plus ou moins abrégé, qui rentra victorieusement en scène, tuant à jamais le bâtarde imaginé par Campe. On peut dire que, pendant tout le XIXe siècle, *Robinson Crusoe* et le *Robinson Suisse* se partagèrent équitablement les faveurs de l'enfance.

Il n'entre pas dans notre dessein de parler ici des innombrables rééditions,

imitations ou contrefaçons de *Robinson*. Aussi bien avons-nous sur la conscience de trop nombreuses pages jadis écrites sur ce sujet. Mais nous suivrons jusqu'au bout l'évolution de la vogue de notre auteur. Plus le temps avance, semble-t-il, et plus les enfants vieillissent. Les livres des "plus de dix ans", au bout de deux générations, tombent dans le domaine des "plus de cinq ans". Au début de notre siècle, *Robinson* connut la défaveur des adolescents, irrésistiblement attirés par le merveilleux scientifique de Jules Verne. Le *Robinson Suisse* descendit lui aussi la pente, tout en gardant l'estime des garçons sentimentaux. Et, puisque la mode est aux confessions littéraires, l'auteur de ces lignes avouera qu'il n'avait jamais lu *Robinson* avant de choisir De Foe comme sujet de thèse de doctorat.

Par contre, depuis la guerre, le chef-d'œuvre de De Foe a repris sa place au soleil, car l'énergie, les qualités de débrouillage, sont plus que jamais appréciées ; tandis que le *Robinson Suisse* tombe dans le gouffre de l'oubli. Mais De Foe ne reconnaîtrait pas son ouvrage dans les grands albums illustrés, imprimés en gros caractères, que des éditeurs avisés offrent aux tout petits.

Et même, une dangereuse offensive se dessine contre le pauvre solitaire : les pédagogues menacent de le porter à l'école, d'en faire une torture obligatoire. Dans son manuel, d'ailleurs fort ingénieux, *En lisant Robinson, ou Premières notions d'éducation sociale*, M. J. Blondot tire du texte du roman toute une série de leçons instructives : Quels sont les besoins matériels de l'homme ? La solitude est-elle désirable ? Quel est le rôle de la division du travail ? Que devons-nous à nos devanciers ? Pourquoi la solidarité sociale est-elle nécessaire ? etc. Des questionnaires, à la fin de chaque chapitre, permettent de mieux apprendre sa leçon..... *Alas, poor Robinson Crusoe !*

* * *

Et les autres romans de De Foe ? demandera-t-on. Comme en Angleterre, ils ont été complètement rejetés dans l'ombre par la popularité de Robinson. Le *Journal de l'Année de la Peste*, traduit seulement en 1923, intéresse beaucoup les milieux médicaux. Le *Capitaine Singleton* et le *Colonel Jack*, publiés dans une collection de romans d'aventures (1919), firent peu de bruit, que ce soit la faute de l'éditeur, des adaptateurs, ou du public. *Roxana* fut plus chanceuse : le livre, d'abord traduit par De Saint Heraye, tomba à plat (1885), mais, retraduit plus exactement par G. Garnier (1920), il eut un honnête succès dû à son genre, analogue à celui de *Moll Flanders*. Car *Moll Flanders* connaît, depuis 1895, une vogue continue. Cela tient au talent incomparable de Marcel Schwob qui, pastichant le style de Prévost, fit de sa traduction une œuvre d'art : les romanciers naturalistes l'accueillirent avec enthousiasme.

Ainsi, tandis que *Robinson Crusoe*, écrit pour les adultes, devenait la lecture des enfants, *Moll Flanders*, écrit pour le petit peuple de la rue, devenait la lecture des intellectuels et des raffinés. Les voies de la Providence sont décidément insondables.....

Toulouse.

PAUL DOTTIN.

De Foe and Cellini.

Lately it occurred to me that, if Benvenuto Cellini had not written his own memoirs, his life would have offered excellent material for a *biographie romancée*. When I wondered next what author would have best succeeded in writing such a biography, the name of De Foe came at once to my mind.

At first I was not prepared to take seriously this whim of mine: what could the violent, lawless Florentine artist have in common with the crafty Puritanical London merchant and pamphleteer? However, if for a moment I ceased to think of the most conspicuous contrasts between the characters of the two men, and reflected on the quality of their styles, similarities seemed to crop up so naturally, that I began to think it worth my while to draw a parallel between the two authors, in the hope that it would lead to a better appreciation of the characteristics of that kind of unpremeditated narrative which marks the beginning of modern novel-writing.

Both Cellini and De Foe were singularly unhampered by literary tradition: the classical precepts of prose-writing were not known to them. Though it is possible to quote sources and forerunners of De Foe's novels, he let himself go freely whenever he came to write down his stories. He wrote in the everyday language, the most universal and common to one and sundry; he did not study the rhythm of his sentences, but left them as they came out at first, now shapeless and long winded, now crisp and incisive. So that his novels give more the impression of oral narration than of deliberate composition.

Now in order that my parallel should not be thought a wiredrawn one, obtained through a skilful omission here, a deft addition there, I shall quote extensively from the works of two critics who have gone deeply into the study of the two authors, without ever thinking of comparing them to each other: I mean J. A. Symonds in his Introduction to his translation of Cellini's *Vita*, and P. Dottin in his monumental study of De Foe¹):

In point of language — says Symonds — Cellini possesses an advantage which places him at least upon the level of the most adroit romance-writers. Unspoiled by literary training, he wrote precisely as he talked, with all the sharp wit of a born Florentine, heedless of grammatical construction, indifferent to rhetorical effects, attaining unsurpassable vividness of narration by pure simplicity.

Ce qui rend *Robinson Crusoë* si clair, si varié, si agréable à lire, c'est que nous avons l'impression d'un livre parlé, non d'un livre écrit. Il nous semble que Robinson raconte ses aventures, un soir, au coin du feu, à un groupe d'auditeurs attentifs..... *Robinson Crusoë* gagnerait beaucoup à être lu à haute voix: De Foe ne rédige pas, il parle à son public... Ce conteur habile et expérimenté a compris qu'un style artistique ne serait pas de mise... Aventurier bourgeois et commerçant navigateur, Robinson écrit ses mémoires en toute simplicité. Il emploie les mots de la langue courante, ceux que tout le monde comprend... Nombreuses sont les phrases qui rappellent l'homme du peuple. Les comparaisons et les métaphores elles-mêmes sont celles que ferait n'importe quel ouvrier... Le réalisme de *Robinson Crusoë* tient aussi à sa composition désordonnée, ou plutôt à son absence de composition... Rien, dans *Robinson Crusoë*, ne semble artificiellement arrangé. (Dottin, pp. 481-486, 473-474).

¹) *Daniel De Foe et ses Romans*. Paris, Les Presses Universitaires de France, 1924. [Reviewed by Dr. Staverman in this journal, VIII (1926), pp. 189-193. — Ed.]

Dottin's description would require very little retouching to be true also of Cellini; so would Symonds', to be true of De Foe. In fact, the two critics use almost the same words: their appreciations are nearly interchangeable. If De Foe used to write post-haste, and did not bother about composition, Cellini went one better, for, having started to write down his own life, he thought he was wasting time in the process, which seemed to him *una smisurata vanità*, and in consequence decided to dictate his life to a boy of fourteen; this gave him more pleasure, because he was thus enabled to work with more assiduity and to get easily ahead. In a letter to Benedetto Varchi he described himself as "bad at dictating, and worse at composing".

How did they achieve the extraordinary vividness of their narrative? Here Symonds and Dottin are seen again laying their finger on the same characteristic:

Notwithstanding the plebeian simplicity of his language, he has described some scenes with a dramatic vigour and a richness of colouring rarely to be found upon the pages of romance or history... The literary result is not attained by external touches of description, but by the vigorous reproduction of a multitude of impressions made upon his eagerly observant nature.

Ce qui, dans *Robinson Crusoë*, contribue surtout à donner l'impression de présence, c'est le réalisme des détails... De Foe savait regarder et minutieusement observer... Rien n'échappe aux regards perçants de Robinson (Dottin, p. 472).

It is perhaps superfluous to remind the reader of the circumstantial character of De Foe's accounts; but here is a passage from *Colonel Jack* about a stolen pocket-book ¹):

The Book being open'd, the Paper of Diamonds was first taken out, and there they were every one, only the little Paper was by it self; and the rough Diamonds that were in it, were loose among the rest; but he own'd they were all there safe.

This pocket-book full of diamonds strikes the reader as being no less real than Cellini's minutely described jewels, for instance the necklace of the Duchess of Tuscany (Libro II, cap. 83); the same impression is conveyed to the reader in each case through an intense visualisation of the thing described. It should be noticed that De Foe's details, in this as well as in many other cases, are immaterial to the story, for the purpose of which it would have been enough to say: "The book being open'd, he own'd all the diamonds were there safe". But if they are immaterial to the story *qua* logical sequence of events, they are necessary to cause a vivid impression in the reader.

Both authors know spontaneously how to pick out the essential features of objects and persons, so that, without the least artifice on their part, the bare outline they give is suggestive to a degree. Take for instance one of the episodes from the *Journal of the Plague Year*: ²)

Passing thro' *Token-House-Yard* in *Lothbury*, of a sudden a Casement violently opened just over my Head, and a Woman gave three frightful Skreetches, and then cry'd, *Oh! Death, Death, Death!* in a most inimitable

¹) I am quoting from the *Shakespeare Head Edition of the Novels and Selected Writings of Daniel Defoe*. Oxford, Blackwell, 1927 ff. *Col. Jack* vol. I, p. 62.

²) P. 99.

Tone, and which struck me with Horror and a Chilnes, in my very Blood. There was no Body to be seen in the whole Street, neither did any other Window open; for People had no Curiosity now in any Case; nor could any Body help one another; so I went on to pass into *Beil-Alley*.

By what means has De Foe achieved here a powerful effect of utter desolation? Through the mere introduction of a significant detail: "There was nobody to be seen in the whole street; neither did any other window open." This remark provides, so to say, the proper acoustic medium for the screams to reach the ear of the reader. Cellini's effects are contrived in the same manner. When travelling in Switzerland, he writes,

Arrivammo a una terra di là da Vessa; qui riposammo la notte, dove noi sentimmo a tutte l'ore della notte una guardia, che cantava in molto piacevol modo; e per essere tutte quelle case di quella città di legno d'abeto, la guardia non diceva altra cosa, se non che s'avessi cura al fuoco.¹⁾

What Cellini seems to aim at is merely to give a detail of a practical, rather than picturesque, kind; just as De Foe, in the passage quoted above, tells that the street was deserted chiefly in order to show what was the condition of the poor woman. But although an artistic effect was not the deliberate aim of the two authors, they have achieved it in those passages, as the details referred to are not only useful for an understanding of the situation, but also so well selected as to be no less useful than beautiful. Since, far from it being always true that beauty is utterly useless, as the art-for-art's sake school maintained, supreme beauty is found to lie rather in what is structural, i.e. has a useful purpose, than in what is decorative only. No other, no matter how romantic, description would have better conveyed the character of the Alpine town than Cellini's brief account of that pleasant watchman's song resounding hour in hour out during the night among the timbered houses.

It may not be entirely irrelevant, although it takes me away for a while from the main subject of this essay, to show the difference in the treatment of the same episode by a writer clinging to reality, without a preconceived notion of the kind of effect to be achieved, and a novelist, though of an inferior rank, solely bent on picturesque effects. One of the most familiar episodes of the *Journal of the Plague Year* relates how the blind piper was thrown by mistake into the dead-cart. The whole episode is too long to be quoted, but here is the conclusion: ²⁾

...At length the Cart came to the Place where the Bodies were'to be thrown into the Ground, which, as I do remember, was at *Mount-mill*; and as the Cart usually stopt some time before they were to shoot out the melancholly Load they had in it, as soon as the Cart stop't, the Fellow awaked, and struggled a little to get his Head out from among the dead Bodies, when raising himself up in the Cart, he called out, *Hey! where am I!* This frightened the Fellow that attended about the Work, but after some Pause *John Hayward* recovering himself said, *Lord bless us. There's some Body in the Cart not quite dead!* So another call'd to him and said, *Who are you?* The Fellow answered, *I am the poor Piper. Where am I? Where*

¹⁾ Libro I, cap. 97: We reached a town beyond Vessa, where we passed the night, and heard a watchman through all the hours singing very agreeably; for all the houses of the city being built of pine wood, it was the watchman's only business to warn folk against fire. (Transl. Symonds).

²⁾ Pp. 111-112.

are you ! says *Hayward* ; why, you are in the *Dead-Cart*, and we are a-going to bury you. But *I an't dead tho', am I ?* says the *Piper* ; which made them laugh a little, tho' as *John* said, they were heartily frightened at first ; so they help'd the poor *Fellow* down, and he went about his *Business*.

De Foe adds very significantly :

I know the *Story* goes, he set up his *Pipes* in the *Cart*, and frighted the *Bearer*s, and others, so that they ran away ; but *John Hayward* did not tell the *Story* so, nor say any *Thing* of his *Piping* at all ; but that he was a poor *Piper*, and that he was carried away as above I am fully satisfied of the *Truth* of.

But *De Foe's* warning was lost on *Ainsworth*, who, borrowing the episode for his *Old Saint Paul's* (Book III, ch. 2), could not resist the temptation of rendering the picturesque contrast between the irresponsible playing of the piper and the grim reality of the dead bodies in the cart : a contrast, needless to say, so perfectly conforming to the literary canons of romantic beauty, as to prove not only too obvious, but mechanical like any *cliché*. *Ainsworth* did not hesitate to sacrifice the popular flavour of the story, which is as unpremeditated as any anecdote told by *Cellini*, for a spectacular effect of the cheapest kind :

He had not proceeded far when he heard a sound as of a pipe at a distance, furiously played, and accompanied by the barking of a dog. These sounds were followed by cries of alarm, and he presently perceived two persons running towards him, with a swiftness which could only be occasioned by terror. One of them carried a lantern, and grasping his arm, the apprentice detained him.

"What is the matter ?" he asked.

"The devil's the matter," replied the man — "the piper's ghost has appeared in that cart, and is playing his old tunes again."

"Ay, it's either his spirit, or he is come to life again," observed the other man, stopping likewise. "I tossed him into the cart myself, and will swear he was dead enough then."

"You have committed a dreadful mistake," cried *Leonard*. "You have tossed a living man into the cart instead of a dead one. Do you not hear those sounds ?" And as he spoke, the notes of the pipe swelled to a louder strain than ever.

"I tell you it is the devil — or a ghost," replied the driver ; — "I will stay here no longer."

"Lend me your lantern, and I will go to the cart," rejoined *Leonard*.

"Take it," replied the man ; "but I caution you to stay where you are. You may receive a shock you will never survive."

Paying no attention to what was said, *Leonard* ran towards the cart, and found the piper seated upon a pile of dead bodies, most of them stripped of their covering, with *Bell* by his side, and playing away at a prodigious rate.

Of course the almost happy-go-lucky way in which both *Cellini* and *De Foe* write, in utter contempt of a well thought-out composition, does not prove an advantage in all cases. One of the chief blemishes of *De Foe's* novels is repetition, frequently at the distance of a few pages only. A typical instance occurs in the *Journal of the Plague Year*, where the same statement, in slightly different versions, is repeated three times :

P. 194: It is true that shutting up of Houses had one Effect, which I am sensible was of Moment, namely, it confin'd the distemper'd People, who would otherwise have been both very troublesome and very dangerous in their running about Streets with the Distemper upon them, which when

they were delirious, they would have done in a most frightful manner; and as indeed they began to do at first very much, 'till they were thus restrain'd...

P. 196: It is most certain, that if by the Shutting up of Houses the sick had not been confin'd, multitudes who in the height of their Fever were Dilirious and Distracted, wou'd ha' been continually running up and down the Streets, and even as it was, a very great number did so...

P. 199: Had not this particular of the Sick's being restrain'd as above, been our Case at that time, *London* wou'd ha' been the most dreadful Place that ever was in the World, there wou'd for ought I kno' have as many People dy'd in the Streets as dy'd in their Houses; for when the Distemper was at its height, it generally made them Raving and Dilirious, and when they were so, etc.

Cellini has similar instances of almost word for word repetition at short intervals. For example, in the 108th chapter of the first Book:

Trovai un paio di tanaglie, che io avevo tolto a un Savoino il quale era delle guardie del Castello. Questo aveva cura alle botti ed alle citerne; ancora si diletta di lavorare di legname: e perché gli aveva parecchi paia di tanaglie, infra queste ve n'era un paio molto grosse e grande: pensando, che le fussino il fatto mio, io gliene tolsi e le nascosi drento in quel pagliericcio.¹⁾

The same passage is repeated after one page or so:

Ispazzato che io avevo, io rifacevo il mio letto tanto gentilmente, e con alcuni fiori, che quasi ogni mattina io mi facevo portare da un certo Savoino. Questo Savoino teneva cura della citerna e delle botte; e anche si diletta di lavorar di legname; e a lui io rubai le tanaglie, con che io sconficcai li chiodi di queste bandelle.²⁾

Repetitions of this kind are characteristic of a narration extemporised before an audience; they illustrate composition in the making, when a thought is likely to be echoed after a while, by a law similar to that which rules the motion of the waves. In our time Miss Gertrude Stein has found in this natural phenomenon the principle of her meandering repetitive style. Needless to say, repetitions are not deliberate in either De Foe or Cellini. Those repetitions simply show that their attitude while writing was substantially the same: they did not write, but talked, Cellini in actually dictating his story, De Foe in recording on paper the story he mentally addressed to an invisible audience.

But there are still more affinities between the two. One is, for instance, in the extraordinary *aplomb* with which they relate certain improbable events. Every reader of Cellini's *Life* is familiar with his naïve account of how, when a child, he received a great box on the ears from his father who wanted him to remember that that thing he was seeing in the fire was actually a

¹⁾ I looked out a pair of pincers which I had abstracted from a Savoyard belonging to the guard of the castle. This man superintended the casks and cisterns; he also amused himself with carpentering. Now he possessed several pairs of pincers, among which was one both big and heavy. I then, thinking it would suit my purpose, took it and hid it in my straw mattress.

²⁾ After sweeping up, I made my bed as daintily as I could, laying flowers upon it, which a Savoyard used to bring me nearly every morning. He had the care of the cisterns and the casks, and also amused himself with carpentering; it was from him I stole the pincers which I used in order to draw out the nails from the holdfasts of the hinges.

salamander, "a creature which has never been seen before by any one of whom we have credible information" (Libro I, cap. 4). And readers of *Robinson Crusoe* will hardly forget the strange creatures Robinson saw on the African coast, or the even more strange breeding of his tabby-cat in the desert island. But such naivety in accounts of unnatural history is only a minor point, likely to impress us moderns more than it ought really to do. A far more remarkable affinity between the two authors lies in the energetic rhythm of their stories, and in the consequent externality of their narrative.

The *activité débordante* which Dottin (p. 796) recognises as typical of De Foe's characters, is a no less typical feature of Cellini's autobiography. Everything, or nearly everything, is action with these two authors. Still, if ever conditions were favourable to an introspective and contemplative life, those offered by Robinson's island could hardly be surpassed. But although Robinson is constantly conversant with religious thoughts, the wonderful thing about him is not contemplation, but action : he has some work to do for every day, he is bent on creating afresh round him the conditions of a civilised life, and while aiming at instructing the reader in the ways of divine Providence, he really succeeds in holding his attention by unparalleled feats of human ingenuity. When Cellini was overtaken by a terrible hailstorm near Lyons, he began to sing a *Miserere*, but as this religious song did not go a long way towards protecting him from the monstrous hailstones, he not unreasonably thought *col Miserere bisognava far qualche opera*, that he ought to act as well as intone his *Misereres* ; and so he proceeded at once to wrap his mantle round his head. Now this is exactly what Robinson does : he prays a good deal, but he acts more. And so it happens that his actions are more captivating than his prayers.

There is practically no introspection in De Foe's characters ; his treatment of them has nothing of the psychological niceties of a Richardson, or, if we want to take into account the technique of story-telling such as it was known up to De Foe's time, nothing of Sir Philip Sidney's intricacies of motivation and feeling. De Foe's characters do not stop to analyse themselves ; in fact, they (and their creator) are so little aware of what is in each case at the back of their actions and thoughts, that they give themselves away in the most amusing fashion. When Roxana's maid Amy, during the sea-storm, begins to denounce loudly her own sins, Roxana, whose conscience is still more burdened, exhorts Amy to compose herself a little and not to let any of the people of the ship understand what she means, or what she says ; then, feeling herself very penitent, she cries out, *though softly*, two or three times : "Lord, have mercy upon me" : softly, so that her confessions may not damage her interests. The saddler of the *Journal of the Plague Year* finds a leather purse lying in the middle of a yard ; he does not pick it up, and explains : "I had no such Need of Money, nor was the Sum so big, that I had any Inclination to meddle with it, or to get the Money at the hazard it might be attended with." Robinson does not want to settle again in Brazil, fearing that his interests should compel him to renounce his faith and turn Catholic ; but at the same time he asks the friars who have looked after his lands to pray for him : those Roman prayers cannot do any harm, and who knows whether they may not be profitable ?

Such cases of contradictory behaviour are true to life to a degree ; but the author relates them without a touch of humour, for he obviously fails to perceive how the characters of his heroes are exposed by such little

sidelights. De Foe has no all-round idea of his characters ; he gives us more of their souls than he intends, thanks to his relentless observation ; he is unable to harmonise the glaring contradictions into which his characters occasionally lapse, simply because he is not aware of them. He gives us a wealth of symptoms and signs, and leaves to us the task of interpreting them. aetiology, introspection, are decidedly not his affair.

Caractéristique générale des romans de De Foe : — *says Dottin* (p. 708) — les descriptions sont faites de l'extérieur, non de l'intérieur. Nous ne connaissons les sentiments des personnages que par leurs manifestations visibles.

And, in the final survey of De Foe's characters (p. 798):

Ils ont... beaucoup observé sans pourtant chercher à pénétrer dans les profondeurs de l'âme. Ils en sont restés à l'apparence externe des choses et des êtres, mais ils les ont vus tels qu'ils sont, dans les moindres détails, avec la précision et l'exactitude d'un appareil photographique.

Complexes, les héros defoeiens le sont à l'extrême, sous la simplicité apparente de leurs actes : en eux le bien et le mal se mélangent, les qualités et les défauts les plus contradictoires se trouvent réunis. N'est-ce pas la preuve qu'ils viennent directement de la vie réelle et que leur cœur bat et palpite ?

Side by side with this appreciation of De Foe let us read Symonds' words on Cellini :

A man stands before us in his *Memoirs* unsophisticated, unembellished, with all his native faults upon him, and with all his potent energies portrayed in the veracious manner of Velasquez, with bold strokes and animated play of light and colour. No one was less introspective than this child of Italian Renaissance. No one was less occupied with thoughts about thinking or with the presentation of psychological experience. Vain, ostentatious, self-laudatory, and self-engrossed as Cellini was, he never stopped to analyse himself... A *Journal Intime* would have been incomprehensible to his fierce, virile spirit. His autobiography is the record of action and passion... It is this healthy externality which gives its great charm to Cellini's self-portrayal.

After having found so many concordant features in the works of the two authors, it may be tempting to push our investigation a little further, to see what substantial agreement there was in two characters apparently so different as Cellini's and De Foe's.

I must say from the very outset that the most conspicuous of the differences seem, in part, more due to the upbringing and the social *milieu* than to a native cast of the soul. In a lawless, violent Italy, Cellini outdid most, if not everybody, in lawlessness and violence ; in a crafty, Puritanical England, De Foe tried to surpass all others in cunning and in self-righteousness. Not a syllable of remorse escapes Cellini's lips, because remorse and penitence were not very popular in the Italy of those days ; De Foe, on the contrary, never seems tired of speaking of penitence and remorse, because he had been brought up in a strict nonconformist *milieu*, where such behaviour was highly appreciated. But De Foe's life, as illustrated by Dottin's searching study, reveals to us a fierce, virile, and overweening spirit not very unlike that of Cellini. "The one thing Cellini could not do" — Symonds says — "was to gain his ends by artifice and underhand transactions." This is the very thing De Foe tried to do, but the fact that he so lamentably failed in his political career is an indication that De Foe's machiavelism had something of a self-

imposed, imperfectly learnt method, adopted as the best possible means to achieve success.

Cellini is described by Symonds as "a man possessed by intense, absorbing egotism." These words may fit De Foe as well. In fact, here is Dottin's description of the *personnage defoeien* who, the French critic says, "est à peu près identique à son créateur":

L'esprit tendu vers un seul but, les personnages defoeiens sont des hommes de réalisation rapide et d'une activité débordante... Foin de l'amour et de toute passion qui affaiblit l'énergie de l'homme et le détourne des fins qu'il s'est proposées! Un commerçant digne de ce nom n'a pas le temps d'aimer... Il ne doit pas tomber amoureux s'il ne veut pas abdiquer sa personnalité devant cet être dangereux, à la fois calculateur et frivole, qu'est la femme. Qu'il n'oublie jamais qu'il est seul dans une société hostile, comme le solitaire dans son île, en face de la nature qu'il faut vaincre à tout prix!... Les personnages defoeiens n'ont ni égaux ni associés; ils n'ont que des Vendredis: et ils ne permettent pas à des soucis d'amour ou de famille de troubler leur marche vers la fortune; s'ils en ont, ils s'en excusent comme d'une faute presque impardonnable.

Much of this description suits also Cellini who, Symonds says, "without having read a line of Machiavelli, had formed the same idea of *virtù* or manly force of character as the author of the *Prince*."

Cellini's attitude towards love is not unlike De Foe's. Men of exuberant vitality, they both took delight in life; if Cellini's amours were numerous, volatile and indiscriminate, so were De Foe's at one period of his career. At one time De Foe wrote light verse in the manner of Rochester, and led a far from austere life:

Ce pasteur manqué mena au même moment une vie qui n'était pas précisément austère. Pour échapper aux reproches de sa femme, aux censures de ses graves amis non-conformistes, et aux poursuites de ses anciens créanciers, il avait loué plusieurs appartements et changeait si fréquemment de domicile que son cocher était incapable de dire où son maître avait passé la nuit. Enfin, comble d'horreur, il imita les grands seigneurs de l'époque, et entretenait à Tilbury une maîtresse attitrée, qui, s'il faut en croire Pope et Savage, exerçait l'honorable profession de marchande d'huîtres. De cette union illégitime naquit un fils, remords vivant du péché. (Dottin, pp. 79-80).

It is true that De Foe repented bitterly those years spent in dissipation. But do we not see in this repentant mood the influence of Puritan opinion to which he paid allegiance? At any rate love-making was only one among the various activities of his exuberant personality; so far from being the most important, that it plays a very small part in De Foe's novels. The chief strain of his character is interest, lust of success and of power. Robinson, in his island, considers himself perfectly happy when he has got Friday for his companion; during his twenty-eight years of solitude, he never seems to miss love. Colonel Jack knew nothing of love until an interested woman laid a regular siege to his chastity:

The Thoughts of a Wife, much less of a Mistress, had never so much as taken the least hold of my Head, and I had been till now as perfectly unacquainted with the Sex, and as unconcern'd about them, as I was when I was ten Year old.¹⁾

¹⁾ Vol. II, p. 2.

And although love-making is such a constant occurrence in *Moll Flanders* and *The Fortunate Mistress*, it is never an end in itself, but always a means to prosperity and power. Sensual as most of De Foe's characters are, and as their creator undoubtedly was himself, they take sex as a matter of course, not worth speculating about more than either food or sleep. Romance has no meaning for them. Theirs is a thoroughly healthy, unsophisticated attitude towards sex.

But so is Cellini's, although he went deeper into the ways of vice than De Foe. The only love-passion which Cellini seems to have taken at all seriously is that for the Sicilian girl, Angelica ; but he does not expatiate on it, and after having said that he did a multitude of mad things to follow her, he dismisses the story thus : "It would be too long to narrate them all in detail ; enough that I was on the point of losing my wits or dying." That love-passion proved after all to be only a vehement fit of sensuality, for, after Angelica had departed, Cellini began to work at a medal, and : "I was so absorbed and enamoured by my work" — he says — "that I thought no more about Angelica or anything of that kind, but gave my whole self up to it." Cellini's ambition was to become the leading artist of Italy, inferior only to Michelangelo ; De Foe's ambition was to become a wealthy merchant and a powerful politician : both were adventurers, *arrivistes*, both, in some way, were the quintessence of their respective races : Cellini came from a family and a nation of craftsmen and artists ; De Foe from a family and a nation of merchants. Indeed, their differences, as I was saying, seem to me chiefly due to adaptations of the same vital energy to different *milieux*.

Both see themselves isolated in the midst of enemies. Cellini's way with his enemies is that of a primitive : he attacks them face to face, and kills them if they resist him, just as does the mad bull to whom he was compared. De Foe uses the pen instead of the sword to get rid of his enemies ; he is not devoid of personal courage, and is a good sword if the occasion requires, as when he was assaulted by Mist ; but slander, contumely, and intrigue are his daily weapons. We cannot admire Cellini's bloodthirsty impulsiveness, but much less do we admire the livid, smouldering spirit of revenge which animated De Foe.

Both affect independence, but are really at the beck and call of people who pay them well and promise preferment ; both are relentless in persecution, and, when persecuted, feel perfectly convinced of their readily assumed role of martyrs.

He consistently posed as an injured man — writes Symonds — whom malevolent scoundrels and malignant stars conspired to persecute. Nor does he do this with any bad faith. His belief in himself remained as firm as adamant, and he candidly conceived that he was under the special providence of a merciful and loving God, who appreciated his high and virtuous qualities.

I cannot quote here a typical page from the issue of February 24, 1713 of the *Review*, in which De Foe represents himself as an injured man and a martyr. But De Foe's attitude towards God was in part not different from Cellini's. Dottin writes (p. 466):

Ce que nous reprocherions plutôt à Robinson, c'est de se croire le centre du monde... La principale occupation de Dieu semble être d'aider son cher Robinson.

And, in the conclusion, when speaking of the *personnage defoeien* (p. 797):

Ils ont... l'illusion qu'ils parlent à Dieu, et que Dieu leur porte un intérêt particulier; ils croient que des messagers de la pensée divine viennent mystérieusement leur indiquer le chemin à suivre.

As Robinson is most devout when most unhappy, so Cellini turns to God in his trials. Cellini's idea of God is a crude and primitive one ("his God", remarks Symonds, "was the fetish who protected him and understood him better than ungrateful men" — in other words, God was for him hardly distinguishable from his own personal Genius), but we are not justified in disbelieving his fits of devotion because his actions were frequently those of an unprincipled man, any more than we are justified in calling hypocrisy De Foe's religious fervour, because we perceive a contradiction between his course of life and his principles. Their lack of introspection causes their characters to appear to us arrayed in a composite garb of good and evil: they are essentially naïve. Each of them had the religion of the society to which he belonged. Why should Cellini worry about remorse, when the Pope "alzato le mane e fattomi un patente crocione sopra la mia figura, mi disse che mi benediceva, e che mi perdonava tutti gli omicidj che io avevo mai fatti, e tutti quelli che mai io farei in servizio della Chiesa apostolica"?¹⁾ De Foe's creed was not so accommodating: hence fear of God, self-reproach, and preaching, and penitence. But when we descend to the essentials of religion, we come across the same phenomena in both writers.

Cellini's religious crisis took place, naturally enough, in a moment of utter despondency, when he was imprisoned in Castel Sant' Angelo, at the mercy of the tyrannical son of Pope Paul III, Pier Luigi Farnese. After an unsuccessful attempt at escaping, in which he broke his leg, Cellini's thoughts became tinged with Christian reflections not unlike De Foe's: "My exploits up to this point had been too marvellous for a human being, and God was unwilling to encourage my vainglory; accordingly, for my own good, He chastised me a second time worse even than the first." We hardly need to remind the reader how De Foe's characters see the finger of God everywhere, and submit to the decrees of Providence, for whatever proceeds from her, even the worst afflictions, seems sent with a view to their future happiness. Helpless Benvenuto, then, thanks God in his evil hour: "Così a torto son io fatto morire, e santamente ne ringrazio Iddio." He begins to read the Bible from the commencement, "reading and reflecting on it so devoutly, and finding in it such deep treasures of delight, that, if he had been able, he should have done naught else but study it". The following passage (Libro I, cap. 119) might have been put in the mouth of any of De Foe's characters:

After this I recovered strength; and when I had heartened up myself, I continued reading the Bible, and my eyes became so used to that darkness that I could now read for three hours instead of the bare hour and a half I was able to employ before.

With profound astonishment I dwelt upon the force of God's Spirit in those men of great simplicity, who believed so fervently that He would bring all their heart's desire to pass. I then proceeded to reckon in my own case too on God's assistance, both because of His divine power and mercy,

¹⁾ Libro I, cap. 37: The Pope, raising his hand, and making a large sign of the cross upon my face, told me that he blessed me, and that he gave me pardon for all murders I had ever perpetrated, or should ever perpetrate, in the service of the Apostolic Church.

and also because of my own innocence; and at all hours, sometimes in prayer and sometimes in communion with God, I abode in those high thoughts on Him. There flowed into my soul so powerful a delight from those reflections upon God, that I took no further thought for all the anguish I had suffered, but rather spent the day in singing psalms and divers other compositions on the theme of His divinity.

Again, I look up Dottin's final chapter, and read there a sentence which suits Cellini in his religious mood no less than De Foe's heroes:

Et au milieu des pires afflictions, lorsque se sont calmés leurs mouvements instinctifs de désespoir et de révolte, ils sentent une grande sérénité se glisser dans leur âme quand ils prononcent avec ferveur: *Te Deum laudamus*.

I am reminded also of Colonel Jack's first acquaintance with the Bible.¹⁾ Cellini was not content with reading the Bible; in order to be able to write down the religious verse with which he felt inspired, he anticipated Robinson by composing a paste with fragments of rotten brick, to serve him instead of ink. This happened after he had seen a vision of an angel reproaching him for having attempted to put an end to his life:

During the following night there appeared to me in dreams a marvellous being in the form of a most lovely youth, who cried, as though he wanted to reprove me: "Knowest thou who lent thee that body, which thou wouldst have spoiled before its time?" I seemed to answer that I recognised all things pertaining to me as gifts from the God of nature. "So then," he said, "thou hast contempt for His handiwork, through this thy will to spoil it? Commit thyself unto His guidance, and lose not hope in His great goodness!" Much more he added, in words of marvellous efficacy, the thousandth part of which I cannot now remember.

I began to consider that the angel of my vision spoke the truth.

Cellini's reproachful angel is a more amiable spirit than the dreadful shape appearing to Robinson in his dreams, to threaten him because he had not repented, but the nature of both visions is the same. Cellini being an artist, it was only too natural that the messengers of God should take a beautiful shape to appear to him; whereas Robinson's Puritan angel has more the characteristics of a visible embodiment of the divine anger: "I saw a man descend from a great black cloud..... he was all over as bright as flame..... his countenance was most inexpressibly dreadful; impossible for words to describe".

That is not the only vision of Cellini, who records several such events during the critical moments of his life. Another dream he had in prison (described in the 122nd chapter of the first Book), of an angel leading him to see the sunshine and asking him to ascend some huge stairs, which he does, so that he gradually comes near the sun, and beholds in it the Crucifix and the Madonna, is too long to be quoted here, but must be noticed as providing an excellent illustration to Freud's theory of the dream as the fulfilment of a longing. Cellini, pent in a dark prison, had been yearning to see the sun for days. Cellini's mood after his beatific vision now referred to deserves also to be recorded, both because it resembles a mood of De Foe's characters, who believe themselves the object of God's special predilection, and because it illustrates another point Cellini has in common with De Foe, the superstition of dates:

¹⁾ Vol. I, p. 203.

I began at once to shout aloud: "The virtue of God deigned to show me all His glory, the which perchance no mortal eye hath ever seen before. Therefore I know surely that I am free and fortunate and in the grace of God; but you miscreants shall be miscreants still, accursed, and in the wrath of God. Mark this, for I am certain of it, that on the day of All Saints, the day upon which I was born in 1500, on the first of November, at four hours after nightfall, on that day which is coming you will be forced to lead me from this gloomy dungeon.

Imprisonment brought Cellini's religious feeling to a pitch of spiritual exaltation no less intense than the frenzy of homicidal lust he felt on other occasions. But fits of religious fervour are far from infrequent throughout the rest of his life. A passage in his second Book (ch. 66) shows us the transition from anger to devotion. Cellini has just refrained from killing his enemy Bandinelli, because this latter has been cowed into abject submission:

Being delivered from that fiendish fury, my spirits rose, and I said to myself: "If God but grant me to execute my work [i.e. the bronze statue of Perseus], I hope by its means to annihilate all my scoundrelly enemies; and thus I shall perform far greater and more glorious revenges than if I had vented my rage upon one single foe." Having this excellent resolve in heart, I reached my home. At the end of three days news was brought me that my only son had been smothered by his nurse, my gossip, which gave me greater grief than I have ever had in my whole life. However, I knelt upon the ground, and, not without tears, returned thanks to God, as I was wont, exclaiming: "Lord, Thou gavest me the child, and Thou hast taken him; for all Thy dealings I thank Thee with my whole heart."

Another religious sentiment, which Cellini displays in the sonnet introductory to his *Life*:

Sol mi duol grandemente or ch'io cognosco
Quel caro tempo in vanità perduto —¹⁾

is a commonplace of the Petrarchan lyrics of the time, and such a common feature, indeed, of Christian thought, that perhaps it is not worth while to compare it with similar passages in De Foe, for instance the conclusion of *Colonel Jack*: "O! had I with him sincerely repented of what was past, I had not for 24 years together liv'd a Life of Levity, and profligate Wickedness after it."

For this moral tag is little more than a meek afterthought. While the energy of life was in them — and they had more than an average share of vitality — both the Florentine artist and the London merchant enjoyed the full exercise of that wonderful activity, which here is despised as vanity and levity, with a gusto common to not many men, and to fewer literary people.

Indeed they were not literary persons: they were men of a virile, primitive cast — Cellini more so than De Foe, and more perhaps than even the most catholic mind is ready to tolerate —; and only such men, free from literary tradition, were likely to establish one. But Cellini's *Life* was written too early, when neither his times nor his nation were inclined to novel-writing; De Foe's autobiographical novels, instead, came out at the right moment. While commemorating the latter, it should be borne in mind that he had a forerunner in the Florentine artist of the Cinquecento, whose narrative, admired as it

¹⁾ Only it grieves me when I understand
What precious time in vanity I've spent.

was and is by his countrymen, has unfortunately remained without influence on Italian literature.

Liverpool-Florence.

MARIO PRAZ.

Notes and News.

Hermann Ullrich: A Bibliography. The list of contributors to this bicentenary number, fairly representative of continental Defoe-scholarship as it may claim to be, shows one obvious omission. Considerations of health have prevented Prof. Dr. Hermann Ullrich from accepting our invitation to collaborate. Students of Defoe all over the world will no doubt join us in expressing best wishes for the welfare of the veteran scholar, whose interest in his chosen field, in spite of age and infirmity, continues unabated. We are fortunate in being able to print a complete list of Professor Ullrich's publications on Defoe, Robinson and Robinsonades, from the year 1885 up to date, for assistance in compiling which we are indebted to Dr. Staverman and to the author himself. It constitutes an eloquent testimony of the activities of a life-time,¹⁾ as well as a fitting complement to the articles collected in this number.

1. Daniel Defoes Satire "*The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*". Zum ersten Mal ins Deutsche übersetzt. Beilage zum Programm von Dr. Zeidlers Realschule. Dresden. 1885.
2. Review of: Defoe, *The Compleat English Gentleman*, edited by K. D. Bülbring. London 1890: Literaturblatt für german. u. roman. Philologie. Jahrg. XI. 1890. No. 11.
3. Review of: *Soziale Fragen vor zweihundert Jahren (An Essay upon Projects)*. Von Daniel Defoe. Uebersetzt von H. Fischer, Leipzig 1890: Literarisches Zentralblatt 1890. No. 50.
4. Review of: A. Kippenberg, *Robinson in Deutschland bis zur Insel Felsenburg*. Hannover 1892: Zeitschrift für vergl. Literaturgeschichte. Neue Folge. Jahrg. VI. (1893). I. 259-266.
5. Reply to the article of Prof. J. ten Brink (Leyden) on U.'s review of Kippenberg's book: Zeitschrift f. vergl. Literaturgeschichte. Neue Folge. Jahrg. VII. 1894. S. 230/231.
6. Review of: Daniel Defoe, *On Royal Educacion*, edited by K. D. Bülbring. London 1895: Literaturblatt f. german. u. roman. Philologie. Jahrg. XIV. 1895. No. 12.
7. *Robinson und Robinsonaden. Bibliographie, Geschichte, Kritik*. Ein Beitrag zur vergleichenden Literaturgeschichte, im besonderen zur Geschichte der Jugendliteratur. Teil I. Bibliographie. Weimar 1898.
8. *Unbekannte Uebersetzungen von Schriften Daniel Defoes*: Zeitschrift f. Bücherfreunde. Jahrg. IV. 1900. S. 32-35.

¹⁾ Needless to say, only those books and articles are listed that concern Defoe and Robinson. Prof. Ullrich has several other publications to his credit dealing with English and German language and literature.

9. *Die Insel Felsenburg*. Von Johann Gottfried Schnabel. Erster Teil (1731) (mit historisch-kritischer Einleitung). Berlin 1902 (= Deutsche Literatur-Denkmale des 18. u. 19. Jahrh. Herausgegeben von A. Sauer, No. 108-120).
10. *Zur Textgeschichte von Defoes Robinson Crusoe*: Archiv f. d. Studium d. neueren Sprachen u. Literaturen. Bd. CXI 1903. S. 93-105.
11. Der Robinson-Mythus: Zeitschrift f. Bücherfreunde. Jahrg. VIII. 1904. S. 1-10.
12. Daniel Defoe, *Leben und Abenteuer des Robinson Crusoe*. Neu aus dem Englischen übersetzt und mit literarhistorischer Einleitung versehen. Halle, Hendel (1906) = Bibliothek der Gesamtliteratur. No. 1912-1915. Neuer verbesserter Abdruck: Berlin, Hillger 1923.
13. *Die Berechtigung einer neuen Robinsonübersetzung*: Englische Studien. Bd. XXXVI, 1906. S. 394-403.
14. *Zu den Quellen des 'Robinson'*: Literarisches Echo. Jahrg. 1908. Heft 2.
15. *Zur Bibliografie der Robinsonaden*. Nachträge u. Ergänzungen zu meiner Robinson-Bibliographie: Zeitschrift f. Bücherfreunde. Jahrg. XI. 1907/08. S. 444/456 u. S. 489/498.
16. *Robinson und Robinsonaden in der Jugendliteratur*: Enzyklopädisches Handbuch der Pädagogik, herausgegeben von W. Rein. 2. Auflage. Bd. VII. 1908. S. 567/576.
17. Review of: F. Wackwitz, *Die Entstehungsgeschichte von Defoes Robinson Crusoe*. Dissertation. Berlin 1909: Das Literarische Echo. Jahrg. XII. 1909. Heft 14.
18. Review of: Berthold Mildebrath, *Die deutschen Avanturiers des 18. Jahrhunderts*. Dissertation. Würzburg 1907: Euphorion. Zeitschrift f. Literaturgeschichte. Neuntes Ergänzungsheft. 1911. S. 21/23.
19. Review of: 1) Staverman, *Robinson Crusoe in Nederland*. Academisch proefschrift. Groningen 1907; 2) F. Wackwitz, *Entstehungsgeschichte von Defoes Robinson Crusoe*. Dissertation Berlin 1909; 3) M. Günther, *Entstehungsgeschichte von Defoes Robinson Crusoe*. Dissertation Greifswald 1909; 4) *Robinson Crusoe Ins Deutsche übersetzt*. Hamburg 1731. Neudruck, Leipzig, Insel-Verlag 1909; [contains as 'Nachwort' a sketch of the 'Robinsonliteratur', by H. U.]; 5) Zora Prica, *Defoes Robinson Crusoe und Robert Poltocks Peter Wilkins*. Dissertation Zürich 1909; 6) Ψυχάρης, Ζωή, *η άγάπη στη μοναξιά*. 'Αθήνα 1904: Literaturblatt f. german. u. roman. Philologie. Jahrg. XXXIII. 1912. No. 3/4. Sp. 105-113.
20. Review of: *Robinson Crusoe nach der ältesten deutschen Uebersetzung*. Leipzig, Insel-Verlag. o. J., und Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*. Für den Schulgebrauch herausgegeben von L. Brandl. Wien u. Leipzig 1912: Zeitschrift f. französ. u. engl. Unterricht. Jahrg. XIII. 1914. S. 549/551.
21. Review of: F. K. Becker, *Die Romane J. G. Schnabels*. Dissertation. Bonn 1911; K. Schröder, *J. G. Schnabels Insel Felsenburg*. Dissertation. Marburg 1912; F. Brüggemann, *Utopie und Robinsonade*. Untersuchungen zu Schnabels *Insel Felsenburg*. Weimar 1914: Literaturblatt f. german. u. roman. Philologie. Jahrg. XXXVI. 1915. No. 1/2. Sp. 6-11.
22. Review of: W. Grünewald, *The Robinson Reader*. Lehrgang der engl. Sprache im Anschluss an Defoes Robinson Crusoe. Braunschweig 1914: Zeitschrift f. franz. u. engl. Unterricht. Bd. XVI. 1917. S. 230/232.
23. Review of: Gustav L:son Lannert, *An Investigation into the Language of Robinson Crusoe as compared with that of other 18th Century Writers*. Upsala 1910, and Franz Horten, *Studien über die Sprache Defoes*. Bonn 1914: Zeitschrift f. franz. u. engl. Unterricht Bd. XVI. 1917. S. 227/230.
24. *Robinson Crusoe. Zur 200 Wiederkehr seines Erscheinungstages*: Illustrierte Zeitung. Leipzig, J. J. Weber 1919. No. 3955. Mit 4 Illustrationen.

25. *Der zweihundertste Geburtstag von Defoes Robinson* (25 April 1919): Zeitschrift f. Bücherfreunde. 1919/20. Heft 1/2. Neue Folge, 11. Jahrg. S. 35/41.
26. Review of: Joh. Meyer, *Robinson Crusoe. Seine Geschichte, Eigenart und pädagogische Bewertung. Zum 200. Geburtstag seines Erscheinens*. Langensalza 1919: Zeitschrift f. Geschichte der Erziehung u. des Unterrichts. Bd. VIII/IX. 1918/19. S. 154/155.
27. Review of: *Robinsonaden. Abenteuergeschichten früherer Jahrhunderte aus aller Herren Länder*. Eine Serie von 10 Banden. Berlin. Harrwitz. o. J. Bd. I. II. III/IV: Zeitschrift f. Bücherfreunde. 1920/21. Neue Folge. 12 Jahrg.
28. *Einführung in das Studium Daniel Defoes*: Zeitschrift f. franz. u. engl. Unterricht. Jahrg. XIX. S. 6/28.
29. *Zum Robinsonproblem*. Englische Studien. Bd. LV. S. 231/236.
30. *Zum Defoeproblem*: Englische Studien. Bd. LVII. S. 309/315.
31. *Duplik für S. B. Liljegren*: Englische Studien. Bd. LVIII. S. 156/158.
32. Review of: *Sjouke Gabbes. A dutch Source for Robinson Crusoe*. By Lucius L. Hubbard. Haag 1921: Literaturblatt f. german. u. roman. Philologie. 1923. No. 1/2
33. *Defoes Robinson Crusoe. Die Geschichte eines Weltbuchs*. Für den weiteren Leserkreis dargestellt. Leipzig 1924. Mit einem Titelbild.
34. Review of: Secord, *Studies in the narrative Method of Defoe*. Urbana 1924: Englische Studien. Bd. LIX. (1925) S. 457/467.
35. Review of: 1) *Robinson Crusoe examin'd and criticis'd; or a new edition of Charles Gildon's famous Pamphlet now published with an introduction and explanatory Notes together with an Essay on Gildon's Life by P. Dottin*. London, Dent 1923; 2) P. Dottin, *Daniel Defoe et ses romans*. Paris. Presses universitaires de France 1924: Englische Studien. Bd. LX (1926) S. 364/370.
36. Review of: Henry Clinton Hutchins, *Robinson Crusoe and its Printing 1719-1731. A bibliographical Study*. New York, Columbia University Press. 1925. 4.: Literaturblatt f. german. u. roman. Philologie. 1926. No. 9/10.
37. Review of: Yrjö Hirn, *On i världshavet*. Helsingfors. o. J. (1929): Literaturblatt f. german. u. roman. Philologie. Jahrg. L (1929). No. 9/10.
38. *Zwölf Jahre Defoeforschung* (1916-1928): Germanisch-romanische Monatsschrift. Bd. XVII. No. 11/12.

A. C. E. Vechtman--Veth.

1883—1931.

Op de 26e Februarie van dit jaar is Mevrouw A. C. E. Vechtman-Veth gestorven. Het zou ondankbaar zijn als in dit tijdschrift niet enige woorden werden gewijd aan de nagedachtenis van deze merkwaardige vrouw.

Mevrouw Vechtman werd de 18e Junie 1883 te Dordrecht geboren. Hier bezocht ze een neutrale biezondere school voor lager onderwijs en vervolgens de Middelbare Meisjesschool. Op deze school bleek spoedig dat ze veel geërfd had van de begaafdheid van haar moeder, een uiterst bescheiden en zachtmoedige vrouw aan wie ze zeer gehecht was. De Middelbare School te Dordrecht stond toen onder de bekwame leiding van mej. Häring, een Zwitserse van afkomst. Van deze vrouw sprak Mevr. Vechtman steeds met de meeste

hoogachting en zolang mej. Häring leefde, bleef ze met haar korresponderen. Het was ook te danken aan de lessen van de directrice, dat Mevr. Vechtman later besloot Frans te gaan studeren. Het geeft een aardige kijk op haar karakter, te horen, dat ze een zeer weerbarstige leerling was als het vak van studie niet haar belangstelling had. De vakken, waarbij het vooral op het geheugen aankomt, verwaarloosde ze zoveel mogelijk, van aardrijkskunde had ze een bijna komiese afkeer.

Toen ze zestien jaar was, slaagde ze voor het eindexamen. Daar het de bedoeling was dat ze onderwijzeres zou worden, zonden haar ouders haar naar de Kweekschool te Leiden, waar ze een jaar doorbracht in het gezin van haar oom, prof. Lorentz. In 1902 behaalde ze de akte voor lager onderwijs en deed in hetzelfde jaar examen voor Frans. Reeds een jaar later (bij het examen voor L. O. had ze schitterende cijfers behaald) slaagde ze voor Frans M. O. A. en werd kort daarna onderwijzeres aan de partikuliere jongensschool en kostschool van Van Dongen. Wie iets van dat soort van scholen weet, begrijpt dat ze geen gemakkelijke taak had, maar ze sloeg er zich goed door, vooral ook omdat de leider een bekwaam man was, die haar met verstandige raad en met veel welwillendheid ter zijde stond. Intussen was haar taak thuis ook niet gemakkelijk. Haar moeder was ernstig ziek en stierf spoedig daarna.

Mevrouw Vechtman was na het A-examen begonnen aan de B-studie. Misschien trof ze het niet heel goed met de leiding die ze hierbij vond, misschien ook was er te veel bij de studie voor het Franse B-examen, dat niet met haar aard overeenkwam. In elk geval was ze zeer teleurgesteld in haar verwachting nu dieper te kunnen ingaan op de studie van de Franse letterkunde. Een grote verandering in haar leven kwam in 1906, toen ze trouwde met de Dordse arts A. N. Vechtman. Ruim een jaar later werd haar zoon geboren, en gedurende de eerstvolgende jaren wijdde ze zich geheel aan haar gezin. Eerst later kwam de lust tot studie weer bij haar op en besloot ze Engels te gaan studeren. Ze behaalde achtereenvolgens de akten Engels Lager Onderwijs, en, na lessen te hebben gevolgd van de Heer van Neck te Utrecht, de akte Engels M. O. A. Toen in 1915 in den Haag gelegenheid kwam opgeleid te worden voor de akte Engels M. O. B. aan de toenmalige kursussen, nu de School voor Taal en Letterkunde, van de Vereniging Moderne Talen, besloot ze haar studie daar voort te zetten. Intussen had ze ook wat les genomen, naar ik meen voor Latijn, van Dr. Hoogvliet, één van de miskenden in den lande, aan wie ze veel te danken had. Hij waardeerde haar oorspronkelijkheid en zette haar tot verdere studie aan. Tot zijn dood heeft ze met hem in briefwisseling gestaan. In Den Haag onderscheidde ze zich spoedig door haar brandende belangstelling en haar helderheid van geest. Het waren bovenal de lessen van Dr. Barnouw, die toen historische taalkunde aan de School doceerde, die haar aantrokken, zozeer dat ze aanvankelijk dacht dat haar verdere studie in zuiver taalkundige richting moest gaan. Maar vòòr het einde van haar studie was het haar toch wel duidelijk geworden dat haar aanleg in wezen literair was. In 1919 behaalde ze de B-akte. Reeds in het volgende jaar werd ze geroepen, de Heer Koolhoven, die naar Indië vertrok, op te volgen als docent in de Engelse letterkunde. Later werden haar ook lessen opgedragen voor de A-opleiding. Aan de School voor Taal en Letterkunde vond ze gelegenheid haar krachten volledig te ontplooiën. Alles wat ze in de tien jaren die haar toen nog restten, heeft gepubliceerd, vond zijn oorsprong in de lessen die ze op de School gaf.

Haar belangrijkste publikatie is ongetwijfeld de *Syntax of Living English*

in 1928 bij Kemink verschenen. Zelfs een oppervlakkige kennismaking met dit boek, in binnen- en buitenland gunstig beoordeeld, leert dat hier, zoals ook een van haar beoordelaars zei, een ervaren docente aan het woord was. Mij is altans geen spraakkunst bekend, waarin de docent zoveel materiaal bijeen vindt dat hem gelegenheid geeft taalverschijnselen uit de taal zelf te bestuderen. Men zie bijv. hoofdstukken als die over het gerund en de infinitief, waar de besproken verschijnselen door de student zelf kunnen worden opgespoord uit zeer goed gekozen fragmenten van levende schrijvers. In vele korte „notes" worden de lezers opgewekt zich rekenschap te geven van de geestelijke achtergrond van taalverschijnselen. In het kort, Mevr. Vechtman gaf blijk dat ze zich volkomen had vertrouwd gemaakt met de nieuwere taalinzichten; de oude dogmatiese spraakkunst, erfenis van de humanisten, had voor haar afgedaan, en de leerlingen, op deze wijze ingeleid in de spraakkunst, namen iets mee, dat hen meer dan ze beseften in staat zou stellen hun taalonderwijs aan Middelbare of M. U. L. O. School op hoger peil te brengen. Het was haar ideaal om een dergelijk boek te schrijven voor het Frans, omdat naar haar mening de algemeen gebruikte Franse spraakkunsten nog bitter weinig rekening hielden met de vorderingen in de laatste decennien gemaakt door de algemene taalwetenschap. Ze hoopte ook, hiermee iets beters te leveren dan wat ze zelf als een produkt van jeugdige overmoed beschouwde, het mislukte boekje voor het onderwijs in het Frans dat ze jaren geleden bij Wolters had uitgegeven — een mislukt boekje, ja, maar dat voor wie lezen kan, de belofte inhield van beter werk dat zou komen.

Zeer goed werk deed Mevr. Vechtman ook door de bewerking van twee uitgaven voor de serie *Selections from English Literature*: George Eliot's *Silas Marner*, en Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*. Ik heb nog eens weer de inleidingen tot deze boeken doorgelezen, en heb me afgevraagd hoe het toch mogelijk is dat zulk goed werk bijna onopgemerkt aan onze middelbare schoolwereld kan voorbijgaan. Bij de inleiding van *Jane Eyre* is men een enkele keer geneigd te denken, dat de schrijfster wat al te veel afdaalt in biografiese bijzonderheden, maar "she knew what she was about". Wie meent *Jane Eyre* te kennen, raad ik aan deze inleiding nog eens rustig door te lezen, en hij zal ontdekken, hoeveel mooier en echter het boek voor hem is geworden. Ook de passages die betrekking hebben op de literaire waarde van *Jane Eyre* zijn uitstekend; telkens weer wordt precies datgene gezegd waar het op aankomt. En bovenal in deze inleidingen spreekt een levend diepvoelend mens tot ons. Als literatuuronderwijs eens zo door velen kon worden gegeven! Haar grote belezenheid bleek toen haar werd gevraagd een kollektie prozastukken met verhalende inhoud samen te stellen, die geschikt waren voor het maken van opstellen in vreemde talen. Het aardige boekje verscheen in 1930 onder de titel *Teksten voor Opstellen in de Vreemde Talen*.

Van haar wetenschappelijke belangstelling getuigen veel boekbesprekingen in *English Studies* en *Het Museum*. Een van haar laatste bijdragen tot *English Studies* gold een studie van Dr. Jacob over de man aan wiens herinnering dit nummer is gewijd.

Al het opgenoemde is echter slechts een klein deel van het vele dat Mevr. Vechtman in de laatste tien jaren van haar leven heeft gedaan. De grootste plaats wordt ingenomen door haar werk aan de School voor Taal en Letterkunde, waaraan ze zich gaf met onbegrensde toewijding. Teleurstellingen zijn haar hierbij niet gespaard gebleven. Ze was buitengewoon fijngevoelig, bang anderen te kwetsen, maar zelf ook zeer kwetsbaar. Niets werkte meer ver-

lammend op haar dan gebrek aan belangstelling bij haar leerlingen, dom vond ze andere mensen niet zo gauw. Het type van jonge mensen dat alleen studeerde om een diploma te behalen en een maatschappelijke positie te verwerven, was haar onuitstaanbaar. „Er zijn maar twee soorten mensen”, zei ze op haar sterfbed tegen me, „idealisten en anderen”. Maar de School heeft haar ook veel voldoening gegeven, want hoe langer hoe meer, naar mate ze zelf met haar werk meegroeide, merkten haar leerlingen dat mevr. Vechtman een zeer bijzondere vrouw was, een vrouw met grote geestelijke gaven, maar nog meer een vrouw met een groot karakter. Vele ontroerende brieven van oud-leerlingen én leerlingen hebben haar laatste droevige weken verhelderd. Wat haar leerlingen van haar meekregen is niet in de eerste plaats wetenschappelijke zin, maar wel iets dat voor de latere leraar of lerares van minstens evenveel waarde is: Mevr. Vechtman verstond de kunst van een stuk literatuur te doen door-leven, doorleven in zijn innerlijke betekenis en in zijn schoonheid. Zeer kwam haar hierbij te stade haar artistieke natuur. Wie haar éénmaal iets heeft horen voorlezen dat haar gegrepen had, weet hoe onvergetelik zo iets werd. Haar sterk imitatief talent en haar gevoel voor humor maakten haar lessen over het werk van George Eliot tot iets zeer bijzonders. Haar voorlezingen over dezelfde schrijfster voor de Volksuniversiteit werden zeer gewaardeerd. Overigens bekende ze een van de laatste keren dat ik met haar sprak, dat haar bewondering voor George Eliot in de laatste jaren niet groter was geworden: „Ik heb sedert ik haar bestudeerde, zooveel gelezen dat groter is”, zei ze, daarbij vooral doelende op het werk van de Russiese schrijvers van de negentiende eeuw.

Aan het einde van dit overzicht gekomen, wordt het mij bewust hoe weinig ik eigenlijk heb kunnen schrijven over de mens, zoals zij die haar beter gekend hebben, weten dat ze was. Maar dat is niet geschikt voor publikatie. In al haar ware grootheid, ik weet er geen ander woord voor, heeft ze zich getoond in haar laatste weken van hevig lijden. En van haar eigen leven geldt in zijn volle betekenis wat ze schreef van Charlotte Brontë:

She knew that self-abandonment, *absorption* ¹⁾ in a being or a task that one loves better than oneself, is the only thing that can fill a life.

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Dorothy Osborne and William Temple.

The Letters of Dorothy Osborne to William Temple. Edited by G. C. MOORE SMITH. li + 331 pp. Clarendon Press 1928. Pr. 21 sh.

The Early Essays and Romances of Sir William Temple, Bt., with the Life and Character of Sir William Temple by his sister Lady Giffard. Edited by G. C. MOORE SMITH. xxviii + 215 pp. Clarendon Press 1930. Pr. 16 sh.

The above publications are no doubt alike valuable to students of Temple. The second of them is a collection of odds and ends about or by Temple which have either never before been published, like the romances and four poems, or only incompletely and inaccurately, like the *Life and Character* and the early essays. They are here made readily accessible, they have been furnished with a useful introduction and abundant scholarly notes, and something can no doubt be learned of Temple's early interests, early quality of mind, his youthful cynicism, the scepticism of which Burnet accused him and for which the Osbornes opposed his marriage to Dorothy, and comparison is made possible between his early and late prose. The romances in particular show a Temple hitherto unknown though suspected from Dorothy Osborne's letters — not Temple of the Triple Alliance, nor Swift's patron the elegant essayist, nor the philosophic grower of the nectarines and melons at Moorpark that John Evelyn so much admired; but Dorothy Osborne's Temple, romantic and rather love-sick. If they will scarcely add much to his reputation, they certainly render him more human and alive. *The Letters of Dorothy Osborne* on the other hand are an old and treasured possession. They have been printed again and again, comparatively recently in the Everyman edition with an admirable introduction by Sir E. Parry. But being a treasured possession, they cannot be too handsomely published or carefully annotated. Mr. Moore Smith has not failed in piety. He has reproduced the letters *verbatim et literatim*, old spelling, misspelling, abbreviations, capitals, wrong punctuation or no punctuation, exactly as Dorothy wrote them. It may be sometimes the question whether this modern fashion of faithful reproduction is advisable. In the latest edition of Keats' letters, the misspells and slips of the pen, which are meticulously reproduced, are only hindbersome — they serve no scholarly purpose and throw no light on Keats' character or habits that would not have been got by a single facsimile. The practice in his case only takes the reader's attention away from what Keats meant his correspondent to attend to. This is the case with Dorothy's spelling too, but then Dorothy's spelling was all her own, an idiosyncrasy of the charming, brilliant girl which it would be sheer vandalism to iron out into commonplace correctness. Mr. Moore Smith has also tried to explain every puzzle and allusion in the letters, and the notes and appendices make the letters more intelligible and consequently more interesting than ever before.

It is in the nature of things that love-letters should be rare in any literature. In English literature they are almost non-existent. One casts about in thought and finds examples with difficulty. Swift's letters to Stella are not love-letters. They tell of politics, not passion. The Clarinda correspondence is

little better than a bad specimen of eighteenth century sentimentalism. The inferiority of Keats' letters to Fanny Brawne springs from the opposite cause — the intensity of feeling submerged the faculty of thought. The Brownings' love-letters and Dorothy Osborne's alone fulfil the high demands of intimacy, reticence, beauty.

Dorothy Osborne's have more of the second quality than the first. A maidenly reserve belonged to her time and was accentuated by her situation. Their charm has never been questioned and after the lapse of nearly three centuries, has but little faded. They still present to us a strong-minded, spirited, sensible girl, with robust humour and great power of loving, at times too an arch coquettishness to complete the womanliness. The collection consists of seventy-six letters written by Dorothy between Christmas 1652 and October 1654, besides one by Temple which, for no very clear reason, was excepted by him from the destruction of his own letters, — the only love-letter of his we possess.

Dorothy Osborne of a good Bedfordshire family and William Temple of Emmanuel, Cambridge, met under somewhat romantic circumstances four years before the correspondence began, when she was 21 and he 20. Temple had just left Cambridge and was starting on his travels in France. On his way he stayed with his uncle Sir John Dingley (grandfather of Stella's friend) in the Isle of Wight and there met Dorothy, who with her younger brother was travelling to their father at St. Malo. An incident happened which shows Dorothy for the first time in the character of heroine. "The spite he" (Dorothy's brother) "had to see the king imprison'd, and treated by the Governour Coll Hammond soe unlike what was due to him, provoked him to step back after all His company were gon before him out of the Inne and write these words with a Diamond in the window, (And Hamman was hang'd upon the Gallows he had prepar'd for Mordecai. Twas easy to imagin what hast he made after his company when he had done; but had no sooner overtaken them then he was seisd himselfe, & brought back to ye Governour, & only escap'd by his sister takeing it upon her selfe." ¹)

Temple accompanied Dorothy and her brother in a little sailing-boat to St. Malo and lingered so long beside her that Sir John "was unsatisfied at the long stay (his son) made at Snt. Maloes, & more at the account that was sent of the occasion of it, sent him orders to go immediately to Paris." ²)

Temple travelled two years in France, learning French, and reading the romances which were then so popular and of which his Dorothy was so fond. It was perhaps at this time that he adapted from the French a series of short stories which he named oddly enough *A True Romance, or The disastrous changes of Love and Fortune*, and dedicated in a long letter "To my Lady" — who can only be Dorothy. "Madame", he begins, "Having so good a title to my heart you may justly lay claime to all that comes from it."

Originally there were nine, for Temple gives nine separate titles, but four have been lost. They are all adapted from the *Histoires Tragiques de notre temps* of François de Rosset, though Temple omits to say so.³) This book had

¹) Lady Giffard's *Char. of Sir W. Temple. Early Essays*, p. 5.

²) *Ib.*, p. 6.

³) Mr. Moore Smith did not know this source when he wrote his introduction. G. Hainsworth's article on Rosset in the *French Quarterly* of September 1930 came just in time to enable him to add a valuable Postscript on the sources, in which he compares Temple's adaptations with their originals (pp. 208-215).

appeared in 1613 and contained nineteen stories of actual events which had taken place within twenty or thirty years of Rosset's time, the work being thus "allied to the roman à clef so popular at the beginning of the seventeenth century." ¹⁾ The romances belong to the class of languid and artificial novels of lustless sentiment which were a relic in France of the medieval romance. Of Temple's five tales, one, *The Force of Custome*, is a *fabliau* of a thief who came first to the galleys and then to the tree because he could not get out of the habit of stealing; and consequently falls outside of this category. The others have at least the merit of comparative brevity, and also a credibility of incident which they probably owe to their historical origin. This, in spite of their shadowy Cleanthes and Amaryllis', makes them just readable. *The Disloyall Wife*, it is interesting to note, is a version of the famous story of Vittoria Accoramboni, treated with incomparably more power by Webster in *The White Devil*. ²⁾ What concerns us here is less their character than their value to Temple. Why did he translate these stories, and how did he do it?

Young Temple read and then translated them to obtain, he declares, relief to his unhappiness at the compulsory separation from Dorothy, by a species of vicarious suffering. "I found it to no purpose to fly from my thought and that the best way was to deceive them with the likeness of objects and by representing others misfortunes to them instead of my owne." The statement is not a mere literary gesture. Numerous personal touches, especially a passionate love-letter introduced into the first tale and a private note clearly intended for Dorothy at the end of the tale, show that what these stories of tragic love meant to him was contact with his mistress. He wrote them to her, and while so doing, lived with her in thought. "Twas a vent for my passion, all I made others say was what I should have said to you upon the like occasion". ³⁾ So he invents passages expressing his love, he underlines passages bearing on their situation, he alters descriptions knowing she will understand the connection with herself and the implied compliment. The description of Callirea, for example, is altered from the original to "eyes black as the night", "brown hair curl'd in rings" in which he was painting Dorothy and wooing her at the same time. ⁴⁾ He underlines "*Love is a fire and so not to bee conceal'd tis blinde and therefore can the hardlyer hide it selfe*". He is applying the story to their own hard case when he throws the blame of "The Disloyall Wife's" infidelity on her parents who have sacrificed her to their worldly aims, and the long reflection in that story on the fault of parents and its fatal consequence was not only underlined but largely written by him. ⁵⁾ It was all done with the thought of Dorothy in his mind.

This lively personal interest humanised the sentiment and freshened the style. Where Rosset was conventional and moral, Temple had made himself independent by putting himself in the position of the lovers. He saw that human nature will not be denied and was inclined to explain and excuse the sin of lovers rather than to condemn and moralise. He adds — too rarely — a much-needed touch of humour and satire, he substitutes for the artificial periphrases of Rosset brief and simple statements — for example, instead of

¹⁾ Hainsworth, quoted from *Early Essays* p. 208.

²⁾ *Early Essays*, p. 209.

³⁾ *Ib.* p. 68.

⁴⁾ *Ib.* p. 44 and note, p. 210.

⁵⁾ *Ib.* p. 115, and see note to p. 122.

"Scarcely had Aurora begun to sow her lilies and her roses on the horizon", he has "Our lover is up with the sun", and occasionally enlivens the description with little human details. A fine instance is Fleuria's afterthought when dismissing the servant at the gate in *The Maid's Revenge*.¹⁾ Temple's style is here and there simple and terse as in the striking passage already referred to on the relations of children and parents in *The Disloyall Wife* which is mostly Temple's and evidently reflects his own experience. "'Tis too common a fault in parents and too often of most unhappy consequence; for those children are seldome found who can intirely deny themselves and their owne satisfaction in conformity to their parents desires, nor can thees bee admitted as soveraign iudges of what agrees with their humors and inclinacons. for besides that no man can take any certain measure how to iudge what pleases another, for the most part, parents of all people know their children the least, so constrained are wee in our demanours toward them by our respect, and an awfull sense of their arbitrary power over us, wch though first printed in us in our childish age, yet yeares of discretion seldome wholly weare out. besides a certaine straungeness wrought between those relations by the disagreement of age and consequently of customes which is hardly so farr wrought out by the greatest kindness, as to admitt such a freedome and confidence as is common between friends of our owne choice, for kindred are friends chosen to our hands.'" ²⁾

In general however his style is still very unlike that which has given him a reputation as a writer. It has the tendency of all the minor prose-writers of the time to write sentences which look like lame flies dragging several limp legs after them, or Scotch hills where you surmount one peak only to find a higher beyond; and though he has omitted many of Rosset's conceits, he has made up for them by some of his own. Of Temple's Gallicisms, Mr. Moore Smith says, "In stories produced in France after a long absence from England, Gallicisms were inevitable",³⁾ but an absence of little more than a year cannot account for these numerous and gross borrowings. A factor was probably the still somewhat experimental, undefined state of English itself, and Temple's consequent uncertainty of the accepted range of vocabulary. It was in that period difficult to decide whether "she advertises Callirea" and "an incarnate sattin petticoate" (de satin incarnat) were not possible English. Temple's apology indicates this uncertainty. "Many French words *not yet* usuall among us are slipt in" ⁴⁾. They may yet become usual, he thought.

Whether Dorothy ever received these romances it is impossible to say. There is no mention of them anywhere in the letters she wrote two years later and in which one would expect some casual reference or other. As the subject is often French romance — she sent him *Le Grand Cyrus* and others, and discussed with her lover the relative merits of heroes and heroines by letter, — what would have been more natural than for Dorothy to recall some character or incident in the romances which Temple had written for her and which, if she received them, she undoubtedly treasured?

It was probably in 1650 that Temple was back in London. Dorothy was able to be in town occasionally from her Bedfordshire home, and the love

¹⁾ Ib. p. 111 and n. 212.

²⁾ Ib. p. 115.

³⁾ Ib. Intr. xix.

⁴⁾ Ib. p. 35.

affair ran its course till Sir John got wind of it and dispatched his son to the Low Countries to prevent a hasty marriage. In the third letter, Dorothy speaks of "our parting at Goreing house" — where Buckingham Palace now stands. For some reason unexplained, Dorothy heard from Temple during his fifteen months' absence only once, from Breda, and his silence, joined to her brother's persevering attempts to marry her off to the highest bidder, threw Dorothy into "a Scurvy Spleen", for which she went "to Ebsham (Epsom) to drink the waters".¹⁾ Then, just before Christmas 1652, Dorothy receives a letter from Temple in London. He is back from the Low Countries and writes to know if a wager she once made with him to pay him £10 if she married, was not due. She replies in the same playful vein that it is not, and advises him "to putt it in the Number of his desperate debts, for 'tis a very uncertain one... And now Sr [Sir] let me tell you that I am extreemly glad to heare from you, since (without complement) there are very few Person's in the world I am more concern'd in". So the letters begin to pass backward and forward once a week by carrier between London and Chicksands, forty miles away, near Bedford. Dorothy despatched hers on Monday addressed "For Mrs. Painter in Covent Garden Keep this letter till it bee call'd for." This was therefore not Temple's lodging. Temple fetched the letter and sent off his on Thursday morning — sometimes having to rise at three in the morning to get the carrier before he started. Dorothy for her part sometimes walked a mile to meet the man coming in. The letters had to be secret and the go-betweens discreet, for Dorothy's brother was suspicious and hostile, and on one occasion at least was prevented from intercepting Temple's letter only by the carrier's shrewdness.²⁾

The situation was a difficult one for the lovers, and put a severe strain on their patience and prudence. There existed between them only a secret understanding. Even in their own eyes they were not betrothed. Dorothy insists more than once that she will never marry in opposition to her father's wishes. To pressure from without, therefore, was added the irritant of their own uncertainty about each other, which sometimes vented itself in mutual reproaches. There were both political and pecuniary reasons against the match. Dorothy's father and brothers were ardent royalists. An account of old Sir Peter Osborne's heroic defence of Castle Cornet in Guernsey for three years against Cromwell's troops may be read in Sir E. Parry's *Everyman* edition; and briefly in Mr. Moore Smith's. Temple's father was a Cromwellian and a member of the Long Parliament. Sir Peter Osborne had impoverished himself in the service of the king — Dorothy tells Temple in one of the letters that her father was reduced from £4000 to £400 — so that a rich marriage was needed for her. Sir John Temple however was poor and for the moment in disgrace with the parliament. It is naturally the Osbornes' dislike to the match that appears most in Dorothy's letters, but it is clear that Sir John Temple too had a better dowered lady in view for his son, though he was otherwise a sympathetic and generous father. Dorothy's case was worse. She was in a lonely sombre old mansion, with no company but that of her beloved but ailing father. Some of her letters are written at night from her father's sickroom, while watching him along with two servants. "The turning of my paper has waked mee", she writes in the seventeenth letter, "all this while

¹⁾ *Letters*, n. 13, pp. 210-211.

²⁾ *Letter* 30.

I was in a dream. but tis noe matter, I am content you should know they are of you, and that when my thoughts are most at liberty they are the kindest. ile swear my Eys are soe heavy that I hardly see what or how I write, nor doe I think you will bee able to read it when I have done... my fellow watchers have bin a sleep too till just now, they begin to stretch and yawne, they are goeing to try if eating and drinking can keep them awake and I am kindly invited to bee of theire company. my fathers man had gott one of the mayd's to talk nonsense to to night, and they have gott between them a botle of Ale, I shall loose my share if I doe not take them at theire first offer, your patience till I have drunk and then I am for you againe. and now in the strength of this Ale I beleeve I shall bee able to fill up this Paper that's left with something or other." ¹⁾ A strange night scene painted with humorous restraint.

Sometimes the solitude was relieved by a visit from her brother Henry, usually however to urge a new suitor on her, and sometimes with the suitor himself in tow. Dorothy was beautiful and she was good company, and it is small wonder that she was much sought after. One of her suitors had been Henry Cromwell, the Protector's son, who sent her a present of greyhounds from Ireland; another, just before the letters begin, was her cousin Sir T. Osborne, afterwards Earl of Danby and one of Charles II's best ministers. She deals humorously with her suitors in her letters. Here is her account of one wooing. "..... some freinds that had observed a Gravity in my face, which might become an Elderly man's wife (as they termed it) and a Mother in Law, proposed a Widower to mee, that had fower daughters, all old enough to bee my Sisters: But hee had a great Estate, was as fine a Gentleman as ever England bred, and the very Patterne of Wisdome. I that knew how much I wanted it, thought this the saffest place for mee to ingage in, and was mightily pleased to think, I had mett wth one at last that had witt enough for himself and mee too; But shall I tell you what I thought when I knew him, (you will say nothing on't) 'twas the vainest, Impertinent, self conceated, Learned, Coxcombe, that ever yet I saw." In her next letter she tells Temple she would have given him one of her daughters. "You should have had your Choice, and truste mee, they say some of them are handsome..... and 'tis certaine I had proved a most Excellent Mother in Law". ²⁾

But if she shows a laughing face to Temple, it becomes more and more clear as time passed and their marriage remained uncertain, that the constant persecution wore upon her. All her tact and temper were needed to fend off her brother and his well-meaning but unwelcome schemes, and high words sometimes passed between them. One passage at arms is both characteristic of Dorothy and a picture of seventeenth century manners. Henry had said he believed Temple was devoid both of religion and honour. "I had noe patience for this, to say you were a begger, Your Father not worth £ 4000 in the whole world, was nothing in comparison of haveing noe Religion nor noe honnour. I forgott all my disguise and wee talked our selves weary, hee renounced mee againe and I defyed him, but both in as Civill Language as it would permitt, and parted in great Anger with the Usuall Ceremony of a Leg and a Courtesy, that you would have dyed wth Laughing to have seen us." ³⁾

¹⁾ Letters, pp. 36-37.

²⁾ Letters 3 and 4.

³⁾ Letter 57.

Once only during this time did Dorothy succeed in going to London to see her lover and, judging by the undated notes which Mr. Moore Smith allots to these few weeks, it was an emotional experience, quarrels and reconciliations

himmelhoch jauchzend, zu Tode betrübt. The letters written thereafter are different from the early ones. Hitherto they had been concerned with the tittle-tattle of her household and the countryside, a ridiculous sermon, a new seal she wants Temple to order for her, *Le Grand Cyrus* or *Cléopâtre*, a recipe for a husband, her view of marriage. She had been chatty, droll, often mocking, deliberately superficial — avoiding the subject of their love. Suddenly in the first letter after her return from London, an astonishing change is noticeable. It is not so much that the barrier is down, though that is true. She now makes no secret of her entire devotion to Temple. "I think I need not tell you how dear you have bin to mee nor that in your kindness I placed all the satisfaction of my life, 'twas the only happinesse I proposed to my selfe, and had sett my heart soe much upon it, that it was therefore made my punishment". ¹⁾ It is the note of despair and torment. Passion is madness, "'t has bin the ruine of us both", there is no such thing as happiness. "If I could help it I would not love you — as long as I live I shall strive against it". "I shall in a short time have disingaged my self of all my little affaires in it (the world) and settled my self in a condition to aprehend nothing but too long a life, therefore I wish you would forgett mee". ²⁾ The reaction was proving too great from the intimacy with Temple in London to the lonely life at Chicksands where a new suitor was being pressed on her. To this cause for depression were evidently added reproaches from Temple because she refused to end the vexation by marrying him. She fell into a state of melancholia, in which her religion had its share. Henry's diary has the entry at this point: "Nov. 29. My sister resolved not to marry Temple". She had decided to free herself and him from distraction; and no letter that week was written. The fifty-first letter is a passionate plea to him for forgiveness for the injury her love has done him: "I would not dye without it".

In this crisis Temple showed energy and sense. He rode down to Chicksands, saw Dorothy alone, made everything right between them, and betrothed himself formally (though still secretly) to her. Henry inopportunely arrived in on them from London and his diary contains this entry: "Friday morninge. I came to Chicksands before dinner. I found Mr. temple here and *my sister broke with him, God be praised*". Dorothy, as she says in a letter to her lover written an hour after he left, had told her brother "a great lye"!

That was the climax and turning-point in their story. The dramatic curve from now onwards takes the fortunate upward bend. The letters again become sane and bright, and are now frankly loving. She demands a ring and a lock of his hair, dreams of living with him in a cottage she knows on one of the Channel Islands like Baucis and Philemon, the "Sir" with which she had hitherto commenced her letters, disappears though her modesty finds no substitute, and the word "dearest" begins to occur. Also their affair made progress. Temple went to Ireland, where his father then was, and got his consent to the marriage. About the same time Dorothy's father died and she found herself free. The last letter, on Oct. 2, is written on the eve of Temple's return. "Pray come hither and try whither you shall bee welcome

¹⁾ Letter 47.

²⁾ Letter 50.

or not..... I will not hinder you comming away, soe much as the making this letter a little longer might take away from your time in reading it ; 'tis enough to tell you I am Ever Yours". The marriage settlements were soon being drawn up but presented unexpected difficulties, the latent hostility between the two families finding expression in the negotiations, and it took Chancery proceedings after the wedding to get Dorothy's portion out of her brother's hands. The final catastrophe may be told from Lady Giffard's narrative. "The misfortunes of this amour were not yet ended. The week before they were to be married she fell soe desperately ill there was little hopes of her life and nothing, the Doctors said, but its proving the small pox could have sav'd her. He was happy when he saw yt [sc. her life] secure, his kindness haveing greater tyes then that of her beauty though that Loss was too great to leave him wholly insensible. He saw her constantly while she was ill, & married her soon after"¹⁾. They were married on Christmas Day, 1654.

The extracts from the letters here quoted give a very fair notion of Dorothy's character and literary style. They reveal a profoundly affectionate nature, capable of great tenderness, great patience, but capable also of spirited self-assertion. At certain times one can read between the lines that Temple has accused her of want of courage, even of inconstancy. She answers him with dignity and sobriety, sometimes touched with irony, never with temper. The psychology of the love-letter is probably *Sehnsucht*, the desire for re-union, with meantime the union in thought. It is certainly the ground tone of all Dorothy's letters after the disturbing meeting in London — but it is kept in check. When she does give passion free rein, as in that touching fifty-first letter, a note "writt in much hast and distraction" at the crisis in their story, it is of a most impressive quality. Her strength was due to her strongly moral and sincere nature. But she is also shrewd in the ways of the world — she will not hear of what she calls a "love marriage", by which she meant a runaway marriage, though Temple seems to have pressed that on her ; and she analyses situations and persons acutely, and with a delightful sense of the ridiculous.

The letters, especially the earlier which Dorothy kept as impersonal as possible, frequently brush the skirts of history. Events and figures appear in her pages which belong to a greater stage. She asks Temple for particulars of the scene between Cromwell and Algernon Sidney in April, 1653. It is Cromwell's celebrated "Take away that Bauble" dissolution of parliament. Lady Newcastle — Charles Lamb's "thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical, and original-brain'd, generous, Margaret Newcastle" — has just written a book "ten times more Extravagant than her dresse". She is "sattisfyed that there are many soberer People in Bedlam". Hudibras — Sir Samuel Luke — suddenly turns up as Dorothy's near neighbour, "a nice florist" too, wanting to exchange garden plants with her.

Dorothy's style is in keeping with her own sensible theory of letter-writing. "all Letters mee thinks should bee free and Easy as ones discourse, not studdyed, as an Oration, nor made up of hard words like a Charme". She is spontaneous and "speaks her heart" freely, as she says, but she has a natural neatness and wittiness of phrase which raise her far above the common level. Her spelling, punctuation, and idiom are a little archaic, and a good deal personal. Some of her phrases are quaint. "I have lost a collop", she says

¹⁾ Quoted in *Letters*, p. 184.

when she means she has lost weight. "Can there be a more Romance Story than ours" — the word occurs twice thus. French words like "malicieusement" (slyly) and "surprenant" (surprising) she is rather fond of, like Temple — and young ladies today. The odd use of "wife" to mean, apparently, intimate female friend, occurs three times. She says a certain lady "has bin my wife this Seven year". She asks Temple, "But will not *your wife* beleieve there is such a friendship?"¹)

Dorothy wrote letters after her marriage — eight of these "scrips" belonging to 1654-1657 have been preserved and are printed in an epilogue here — and they are still love-letters. They are a wife's and like every busy wife's full of the thousand and one little cares of the household, yet have room for the expression of her affection. They tell Temple away in London on business that his horses are being well looked after, that she can get a good midwife in the town, that the new servant had proved a rogue, — she had broken open his box and found there Temple's plush cloak which she sends him lest he might want it, — about the pulling down of the great wall of Reading Abbey near by. "Heer com's Creeper that will lett mee say noe more" (Creeper was probably her infant son). Temple once reproached her with not writing the same kind of letter as before marriage. She retorted with her old playfulness: "You would have such letters as I used to write before we were married, there are a great many such in yr cabinet yt I can send you if you please". And she shows the same passionate tenderness. "My dear dear heart make hast home, I doe soe want thee that I cannot imagin how I did to Endure your being soe long away when your buisnesse was in hand. good night my dearest."

Temple kept his wife's love-letters in the cabinet, probably the same as Dorothy mentions, which is now at Chicksands, along with the MS. romances and essays. In 1890 all but seven of the love-letters went to the British Museum. In 1836 extracts from these were published in J. D. Courtenay's *Memoirs of Sir William Temple*. These extracts it was which aroused the admiration of Macaulay.²) "We only wish that there were twice as many. — She really seems to have been a very charming young woman". He even forgives her being a royalist. Macaulay's essay aroused the interest of Judge Parry and by him in 1888 the letters were printed for the first time in their entirety, but in modernised spelling. Mr. Moore Smith's is the first to give us all the letters (including the seven originally withheld), in their original form. And so through the love of her husband who valued the letters at their true worth, and the love of her editors, Dorothy is preserved to us more vividly alive than any other man or woman of the seventeenth century.

Groningen.

J. A. FALCONER.

¹) Letters 44 and 60. See for another example Mr. Moore Smith's note 22 on p. 26. All these are better than the examples in the Oxford Dictionary.

²) Essay on Sir William Temple in *Edinb. Rev.* 1838.

Notes and News.

A Note on American Pronunciation. The increasing importance of American English, spoken as well as written, makes it desirable for students and teachers of English to devote rather more attention to its peculiar features than they have hitherto been accustomed to. It will no longer do to look upon American pronunciation, for one thing, as merely a debased form of English. In matters of language as elsewhere public opinion in the United States refuses to admit the cultural hegemony of England, and signs are not lacking that the English, implicitly if not explicitly, are coming to recognize the right of Americans to be their own arbiters. Thus in Tract No. XXX of the Society for Pure English, whose founder was the late Poet Laureate, and whose headquarters are at Oxford, Professor Hans Kurath, of the University of Ohio, is allowed to write: "It is nothing short of foolhardy to advocate the adoption of the British standard of pronunciation, as some enthusiasts have done"; and further on: "Enthusiasts advocating a common standard of pronunciation for England and America ignore history. They forget that political and economic separation of the United States from the mother-country has been attended by a conscious striving for a distinctive national culture of which language is an integral part." If one may be allowed to coin the word, Americans are rapidly becoming, have indeed largely become, 'language-conscious'; and students of English in Europe will have to reckon with the fact.

To those wishing to form some idea of the main features of American pronunciation, Professor Kurath's paper may be recommended as a compendious and authoritative survey.¹⁾ After a general introduction, the author discusses, first, certain characteristics that are common to all American (i.e. United States) English, as distinguished from British English; next the peculiarities of Western, Eastern and Southern pronunciation, in that order. Quite recently, in the *Curme* Volume of *Linguistic Studies*, reviewed elsewhere in this number, Prof. Kurath has published 'A Specimen of Ohio Speech': a story from Sweet's *Primer of Spoken English*, read by a student of Ohio State University, born and bred in Columbus, Ohio. The story was recorded phonographically, after which a phonetic text was prepared, each phrase being played as often as necessary. An interesting feature of this text is that the intonation is marked throughout, and analysed in a special section of the paper.

On May 4th and 5th, Dr. Henry Goddard, Professor of Psychology in the same university, who is travelling in Europe, gave two lectures on educational subjects before the Foundation for Child Study at The Hague. Though a resident of the 'Middle West', Prof. Goddard was born in New England. His pronunciation appeared to be neither purely Eastern, nor, as might be expected, typically Western, as these two varieties are described in Prof. Kurath's paper in the S. P. E. tract referred to above. This makes it, perhaps, all the more representative, at least to continental Europeans, of the pronunciation of the average cultured American.

In drawing up the following record of the salient features of Prof. Goddard's pronunciation, I had the benefit of the assistance of Dr. L. J. Guittart, who attended the second lecture, and who kindly put his notes at my disposal.

¹⁾ Clarendon Press, 1928. 2/6 net. Pp. 279-297.

What first struck both Dr. Guittart and myself about Prof. Goddard's pronunciation was its strong nasality; though this was more evident in some words than in others. It was especially noticeable in words containing a vowel + nasal consonant, like *want*, *long*, *gone*, *rampant* ['ræm'pænt], *stand*. In the first three words, the vowel, apart from its nasal character, resembled that of English *law* in quality as well as length. According to Kurath, this is the usual pronunciation all over the United States.¹⁾ The three words were, moreover, pronounced with a rising-falling intonation.

In words like *last*, *after*, *asked* [æ:st], *half*, *rather*, we often hesitated whether to transcribe the vowel as [æ:] or as a very advanced [a:]. According to Kurath, [æ:] is universal in these words in the West and South, the British sound, but farther forward, being heard in New England. [æ:], or very advanced [a:], was also heard in *cannot* [kæ:nt], *ranch*; short [æ] in *advance*, *answer*, *example*. In *classes* and *mentality* we hesitated between short [æ] and short [a]. Before *r*, as in *art*, *hard*, *marvelous*, the vowel sounded slightly coronal, and not quite so far advanced as in *half* etc.; yet in *the drafted army* no difference was perceptible. Kurath states as the first salient feature of the Western type of speaking, the presence of [r] in final position and before consonants, where in the East, and to a less extent in the South, of the United States, it has been weakened to an obscure vowel, or lost. In Prof. Goddard's pronunciation, post-vocalic *r* did not appear as a separate element, but left its trace on the vowel.²⁾ That Western [r] is coronal is borne out by Kurath's statement that 'Westerners curl back the tip of the tongue.'

In words like *make*, *made*, *traits* [tre:ts], *scale*, *ways*, *homes*, *go*, *know*, *be*, *either* [i:ðə], *do*, *new* [nu:], the vowels were tense and practically or entirely pure, slight diphthongization occurring sporadically in final position. This feature, according to Kurath, is Western rather than Eastern. The [o:] often made the effect of being over-rounded.

In words like *course*, *source*, *born*, *stores*, *foresee*, *board*, *more*, Prof. Goddard pronounced a murmur-diphthong the first part of which was much higher and more fully rounded than is the case in Standard Southern English. The pronunciation with the vowel of *law* seems to be confined to a minority on the North Atlantic seaboard, chiefly in Boston and among certain groups in New York City. *Story* and *morons* were pronounced with the same vowel, minus the [ə] sound.

The stressed vowel of *probably*, *progress*, *process*, *doctor*, *not*, *God*, etc. sounded intermediate between Du. [a] in *nat* and British English [ɔ] in *not*. It seemed to us to approximate to the Western rather than to the Eastern type, as described by Kurath.

The stressed vowel in *developed*, *intelligence*, *energy* sounded rather more open than is customary in Standard Southern English. Kurath is silent on this point.

¹⁾ Nothing is said of the American pronunciation of these words in the *Dictionary of English Pronunciation with American Variants* by Palmer, Martin and Blanchford, which is, indeed, criticized by Kurath as uninformed and careless as far as the American variants are concerned.

²⁾ Cf. I. C. Ward, *The Phonetics of English* (1929), pp. 128-129: "Recent experiments carried out in a Phonetics Laboratory prove that in some American speech, what sounds like an inverted *r* is in reality not a consonant at all — i.e. the space between the tongue and the roof of the mouth is too wide to allow any friction — but a vowel made with the tip of the tongue slightly curled up."

In *students, new, New York, knew, Dewey, duty, due, dupe, neutralize, institution, constitution, during, opportunity, immature* the stressed vowel was invariably [u:], without the [j] or [i] element. According to Prof. Kurath, [iu:, ju:] occurs in both Eastern and Western pronunciation, by the side of [u:], after *t, d, n*, the South always having [ju:]. In unstressed medial syllables the [j] element is preserved, as in Prof. Goddard's *education* [edjə'ke:n]. Syllables with medium stress had [u:] in Prof. G.s' pronunciation: *constituted, attitude*; but *literature* ['litərə,tʃʊə]. *Unusual* [ʌnju:ʒʊəl] of course followed *usual*. *Why don't you* was pronounced [ʍaɪ do:ntʃu] with slight assimilation.

After *s* [u:] was also used throughout: *assume, supersede*, as is the common practice after *s, z, l*, all over the United States. (No examples with *z* or *l* were noted.)

It remains to mention the following peculiarities as regards the vowels:

The words *Americans, very, inherited* were pronounced with a clearly inverted *r*. It is probable that, as Kurath states, the vowel in these words 'is more or less lowered towards the vowel of *mat*'; though occasionally *American* had the purely British pronunciation. The spelling *Amurrican* certainly fails to do justice to Prof. Goddard's pronunciation of the word; Kurath states that it only represents the dialectal pronunciation of rural districts in the West.

The vowel in *present* was pronounced in a similar way to that frequently heard in British English *pretty*, usually represented as [prʊti].

In accordance with Kurath's statement on the point, the vowel in the last syllable but one of *unnecessary* had medium stress and was pronounced [e]. Much the same sound was heard in *various*; in 'ordi'narily the vowel in the third syllable, paradoxical as it may sound, made the impression of a strong-stressed [ə], the first syllable being likewise strong-stressed.

The first element of the diphthong in *night* sounded like [æi] rather than [ai].

Glottal stops were frequently used. We noted *to ? indicate, the ? animal, the ? influences*.

The unstressed vowel of *to* was practically dropped in such positions as *trained t'read, I had t'come t'Europe, I had t'sit down*.

Lastly, the pronunciation of the following words may be noted: *stimuli* ['stɪməli:]; *imbecile* ['ɪmbəsɪl]; *cerebral* [sɪ'ri:brəl]; *Chicago* [ʃɪkə:go] (but the first syllable really contained no more than an *i* or *ə* glide); *Los Angeles* ['æŋɡəlɪz]. *Been* was invariably [bɪn].

The most striking feature of Professor Goddard's pronunciation of consonants was his weak articulation of voiceless consonants between voiced sounds. The following are some typical examples: *we have goiten; a little; mathematics; sometimes; we look at him* [ædɪm]; *that is; right angle; want to make* [wɒndʊme:k]; *make out of him; satisfies*, almost [sædɪzvaɪz]; *special; another thing; nothing; acquaintance; even final* [s] was weakened in *yes, place*.

On the other hand, the final off-glide in such words as *things*, which is normally whispered in British Standard English, was noticeably stronger in Prof. Goddard's pronunciation.

wh was always voiceless: *when, why, what, which, while, overwhelmed*.

A distinct [r] was heard in *his quota[r]of*; according to Kurath, the insertion in similar groups is common in the East and South.

th was voiceless in *with*, *with her*, even in *with this energy*, in which it appeared to unvoice the [ð] of *this*. In *with an*, on the other hand, *th* sounded distinctly weak. Prof. Kurath records the voiceless pronunciation for the South only.

In conclusion, a few remarks as to stress. A distinguishing feature of Prof. Goddard's pronunciation — and this is probably not a merely individual peculiarity, though Kurath is silent on the point — was his frequent use of even stress in words where British English normally has medium or even weak stress on one of the syllables: 'O'hio, 'psy'chology, 'imma'ture, 'ram'pant, to 'super'sede, 'ten'tatively, 'i'deal, 'labora'tory, even 'Wis'con'sin. I also noted 'San Fran'cisco, a 'Christmas 'play (with the intonation of a good play), 'wrong-'doer; further, 'auto'mo'bile, 'diffi,culties (with Δ). 'Museum and 'idea were noted with strong stress on the first syllable; similarly our 'ideal; but the second syllable was stressed in *with i'deas*, *sell him the i'dea*.

The Hague.

R. W. ZANDVOORT.

A-Examen 1930. De *Ned. Staatscourant* van 6 en 7 Februarie 1931, no. 26, bevat het verslag der commissie in 1930 belast geweest met het afnemen van de examens in de Engelse taal (l.o. en m.o., akte A). Wij ontlener er de volgende opmerkingen aan betreffende het examen middelbaar onderwijs:

„Evenals haar voorgangster de vertaling uit het Engelsch in het Nederlandsch, heeft deze commissie het opstel, dit jaar voor het eerst van de examinandi geëischt, een belangrijk criterium bevonden. Dat zoovele opstellen onvoldoende geacht moesten worden, is in hoofdzaak hieraan toe te schrijven, dat een groot aantal kandidaten, in plaats van het verhaal in beknopten vorm in hun eigen woorden in het Engelsch weer te geven, voor een gedeelte een vertaling leverde van zinnen, die zij bij het overlezen van den Nederlandschen tekst kans gezien hadden uit het hoofd te leeren; bovendien kwam het herhaaldelijk voor, dat het logisch verband verbroken werd, doordat de kandidaat een aantal uit het hoofd geleerde uitdrukkingen te onpas gebruikte; zij, die waarschijnlijk in de meening verkeerden, dat de lengte van het opstel van het grootste belang was, voegden er zelfs geheele zinnen in buiten elk verband met het onderwerp.

Bij het onderzoek naar de kennis van de spraakkunst kreeg de commissie tot haar genoegen den indruk, dat de kandidaten er geleidelijk aan gewend raken, dat de commissie meer waarde hecht aan de goede grammatische interpretatie van een gegeven zin dan aan het opzeggen van regels.

Wat de resultaten van het onderzoek naar de kennis van het taaleigen betreft, kan de commissie in hoofdzaak volstaan met te verwijzen naar hetgeen daaromtrent in vorige verslagen is gezegd; alleen meent zij er nog eens den nadruk op te moeten leggen, dat de kandidaten zich toch vooral niet moeten beperken tot belletristische lectuur, maar ook kennis moeten nemen van de geschiedenis, de zeden en gewoonten, en de instellingen van het Vereenigd Koninkrijk.

Het verheugt de commissie te kunnen verklaren, dat de kennis der candidaten van de klankleer, in vergelijking met de resultaten van het onderzoek, daarnaar ingesteld door haar laatste twee voorgangsters, meer bevredigend is; de gunstige gevolgen van die betere kennis van de theorie blijken uit de betere cijfers, welke de commissie heeft kunnen toekennen voor de praktische uitspraak.

Een goede uitspraak wordt door de commissie van zulk een groot belang voor het onderwijs geacht, dat zij het nuttig vindt er hier toekomstige candidaten aan te herinneren, dat een onvoldoend cijfer alleen voor de uitspraak een candidaat de kans van slagen kan benemen. De candidaat legge zich vooral toe op vlot, hardop lezen."

B-Examen 1930. De *Ned. Staatscourant* van 22 April 1931, no. 77, bevat het verslag der kommissie in 1930 belast geweest met het afnemen van de examens in de Engelse taal en letterkunde, middelbaar onderwijs B. Wij nemen er het volgende uit over:

„De uitslag van de vertaling in en uit het Nederlandsch was zeer teleurstellend. De commissie wijst er nogmaals op, dat de candidaten ook gedurende hun studie voor de B-akte het hedendaagsch Engelsch niet moeten verwaarloozen. Betreffende de vele onvoldoende vertalingen in het Nederlandsch — bij de vrouwen was dit zelfs de meerderheid; geen enkele maal kon het praedicaat „goed” worden toegekend — heeft de commissie zich afgevraagd, of hier de oorzaak niet moet worden gezocht bij de onvoldoende vooropleiding en het gebrek aan algemeene ontwikkeling van sommige candidaten.

Ook de uitslag van het examen in de historische spraakkunst was niet bevredigend. De opgedane ervaringen nopen de commissie er de candidaten aan te herinneren toch vooral de hulpmiddelen, die de moedertaal en het Duitsch hun bieden bij de studie van dit onderdeel, niet te verwaarloozen.

Dezelfde opmerking kan worden gemaakt betreffende de syntaxis. Telkens kwam aan het licht, dat vele candidaten zich nooit hadden afgevraagd, hoe het met bepaalde syntactische verschijnselen, die ze in het Engelsch wel ongeveer begrepen en konden verklaren, in de eigen taal gesteld was. Ook hier is het niet onmogelijk, dat onvoldoend onderwijs in het Nederlandsch, vóórdat aan de studie van het Engelsch werd begonnen, van ongunstigen invloed is geweest op den uitslag van het examen.

Bij het examen in de geschiedenis der letterkunde merkte de commissie herhaaldelijk op, dat sommige candidaten zich van den inhoud van door hen als „gelezen” of zelfs als „bestudeerd” opgegeven werken zoo goed als niets herinnerden. De oorzaak zal eensdeels moeten worden gezocht in het reeds in het verslag van 1929 vermelde feit, dat de leeslijsten meer dan eens te uitvoerig waren, anderdeels daarin, dat de candidaten, te recht veronderstellend dat de inhoud niet het belangrijkste is en dat in elk geval deze niet in alle bijzonderheden behoeft te worden gememoriseerd, nu in het andere uiterste zijn vervallen en zich van den inhoud van de door hen bestudeerde werken volkomen onvoldoende rekenschap hebben gegeven. De commissie verklaart daarom nadrukkelijk, dat ze zich met een dergelijke opvatting van literatuurstudie, die moet leiden tot vage en nuttelooze kennis, niet kan vereenigen.

Met genoegen werd geconstateerd, dat vele candidaten de ten vorigen jare gemaakte opmerking betreffende de bibliographie van hun vak ter harte

hadden genomen : van enkele kandidaten was de bibliographische kennis zelfs zeer goed. Daarentegen bleek meer dan eens een verbluffende onbekendheid met de geographische gesteldheid van Engeland, om van andere landen niet te spreken. De in de Everyman's Library uitgegeven *Literary and Historical Atlas of Europe* is toch binnen ieders bereik en behoort door de kandidaten doorlopend te worden geraadpleegd.

De klacht in het verslag van 1929 betreffende de stijlleur behoeft niet te worden herhaald. Bijna alle kandidaten bleken in staat een hun voorgelegde tekst prosodisch te bekijken. Met verwondering ontdekte de commissie, dat één van de kandidaten geen middel-Engelsche poëzie kon lezen en dat enkele anderen dit zeer gebrekkig deden.

Over de uitspraak van de meeste kandidaten is de commissie nog steeds weinig tevreden. Het aantal onvoldoende cijfers is wel is waar zeer gering, maar de commissie heeft zich ernstig afgevraagd, of ze over dit onderdeel, van zoo groot belang voor den toekomstigen leeraar, niet herhaaldelijk te clement is geweest. De commissie raadt de kandidaten aan bij hun A-studie te zorgen voor bekwame leiding. Verder is een herhaald en niet te kort verblijf in Engeland, ook gedurende de B-studie, noodzakelijk. Ook het lezen van phonetische teksten en het nauwkeurig luisteren naar de uitzendingen van de Engelsche radio-stations kan er toe bijdragen de kandidaten teleurstellingen te besparen."

Malvern Festival. We draw our readers' attention to the prospectus of the Malvern Festival enclosed with this number. The programme should be very attractive to students of English drama, and to lovers of the stage and of English literature generally. A special feature of the first week will be a series of lectures to be delivered by recognized authorities on the history of the drama; while the amenities of Malvern and its surroundings set forth in the folder, contribute to mark the place as an ideal holiday resort for the foreign student visiting or revisiting England. We shall probably publish a report of the Festival in our October number.

Reviews.

Shakespeare's Tragic Heroes, Slaves of Passion. By LILY B. CAMPBELL. 9 × 5 $\frac{3}{4}$, xii + 248 pp. Cambridge University Press, 1930. 16s. net.

This business of viewing writers of the past against the background of the period in which they lived can be overdone. I had long suspected it, and now Miss Campbell's book has confirmed my worst suspicions. The method is sound only within certain limits: overstep these and it becomes inapplicable. It is obvious, for example, that one's appreciation of the accuracy and liveliness of Chaucer's portraiture will be increased by a knowledge of the social position of the franklin or of the religious activities of the friar in the second half of the 14th century. The reader of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* will undoubtedly benefit by a study of agricultural conditions in England round about 1770.

In such cases we are dealing with the poet's representation of concrete matters, and a comparison between the poetic portrait and the historical original will clearly be helpful.

The case is widely different, however, when we are concerned with abstract values such as moral philosophy and psychology. It is in these very provinces that giants like Shakespeare, Goethe or Molière have achieved greatness. It is their genius in tackling these subjects that raises them so immeasurably above their fellow-men. To study the psychology of *Hamlet* in connection with the standard of psychology generally attained in Shakespeare's time is as fruitless as the effort to contemplate the lonely figure on the top of Nelson's column against the background of Trafalgar Square. Its only background is the sky, which is changeless through the ages. Men like Shakespeare can only be viewed in relation to eternity.

If we look for help in the interpretation of Shakespeare's moral philosophy or psychology, it is to the greatest philosophers and psychologists in the whole of history that we must turn. For light on the fundamental philosophical truths antiquity and the Middle Ages will be far more valuable than the 16th century. To steer us through the bewildering complexities of the soul the psychologists of our own time are surely the most competent guides. And lastly, who could be better qualified to expound the poetic verities than those few figures in the world's literature who have brought to bear on their study of Shakespeare's work mental and artistic gifts that were not too unlike his own? The disdain in which the Shakespeare criticism of such writers as Johnson, Coleridge, and the German romantics is often held to-day seems to me symptomatic of an inadequate respect for the potentialities of the human mind and of a curious, though not inexplicable, inability to appreciate the kinship between the great of all ages.

To prove the fallaciousness — postulated above — of trying to bring a philosophical and psychological genius *en rapport* with the philosophical and psychological mediocrities or pigmies of his own time one could scarcely wish for more convincing material than Miss Campbell's book on Shakespeare's tragic heroes. Her method is sure and well-defined, her researches have been thorough. Therefore, when her conclusions fail to convince, and her findings seem slight, or even tend towards the opposite of what she has set out to prove, it follows that her starting-point must be wrong.

That I may not be accused of imputing to the authoress a design which she herself does not harbour let me quote from the first page of the section on *Moral Philosophy in Shakespeare's Day* the following sentence :

'(Rather) I purpose to trace in the works on moral philosophy published in England during the sixteenth century the main ideas which seem to me to have formed the background of the conception of tragedy which is shown in the tragedies of Shakespeare, ideas which were fundamental ideas held by Shakespeare in common with the best philosophical thinkers of his generation.'

Miss Campbell must have felt chilled when, as she tells us in the preface, she trustingly went to her philosophical friends for guidance, 'only to be told that the researches of the historians of philosophy ended with the Middle Ages and began again with Descartes.' Descartes lived just a little too late for Shakespeare to have been influenced by his work, and Bacon's *Novum Organum* was published in 1620. The title of Bacon's work carries, besides, more than a suggestion that he considered himself under little obligation to his immediate predecessors.

What, then, are the main currents of 16th century philosophy by the study of which Shakespeare might possibly have profited? There is, first of all, the insistence on the fundamental relationship between body and soul. Of the body little was known. The four elements and the corresponding humours in every man formed the basis of all sixteenth century physiology. On this Miss Campbell lays great stress. True, the instances where Shakespeare mentions the effects of blood, choler, phlegm and melancholy on the temperament are numerous and well-known. But are these references — none the less crude and half-baked because they occur in Shakespeare — part of 'the background of the conception of tragedy', are they 'fundamental ideas?' Yet it is on this crude and half-baked sixteenth century physiology that Miss Campbell attempts to re-construct the marvellously complex soul of Hamlet or Macbeth. Thomas Walkington's picture of a man of sanguine humour (in *The Optick Glasse of Humors*) seems to her to sum up Hamlet's character more consistently than any analysis of it she has ever read. 'Furthermore, blood makes a man of too, too solid flesh, and no melancholy man was ever fat, as King James rightly argued.' Iago, on the other hand, 'is of the melancholy humour, fitly chosen for the villain in a tragedy of jealousy. As ¹⁾ Tofte says, the sallow complexioned fellow, with a blacke beard, beeing hee that is most prone, as well to suspect, as to be suspected about Womens matters.' Melancholy people were apt to see or hear ghosts. Hamlet, sanguine though he was, saw them also, but then Hamlet was 'the victim of melancholy adust as it is derived from the sanguine humour.' Macbeth had visions, too, of ghosts and other things. For some reason, best known to the authoress, he is not called melancholy, but fearful. And did not Lavater (in his book *Of Ghostes and Spirites Walking by Nyght*) say that 'if any man bee timorous by nature, or subject to feare through great daungers, or by some other wayes, he also imagineth straunge things which in deede are not so, especially if he have in him any store of melancholie.' Thus, when the vision of the dagger appears, Macbeth 'reasons in the traditional strain of the melancholy man questioning his illusions', (p. 219) or, as it is expressed on the next page, with characteristic reverence for these early quacks, and lack thereof for the dramatist, Macbeth 'speaks by the book'. Strange that Iago, who was of the melancholy humour pure and simple, and not one of your by-products such as melancholy adust or timorousness, should have forgotten all obligation to 'the book', and simply refused to have any supernatural visions at all.

That drink has the power to make reason inoperative and hence let passion rule, who shall dispute it? But why make this an Elizabethan conception of drunkenness? Aristotle speaks of false courage achieved by drink and Lady Macbeth on the night of the murder says:

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.

Therefore Miss Campbell feels moved to talk of Lady Macbeth's 'drunken courage.' Most readers will, I think, agree that in such a case quotation as a substitute for argument is a justifiable and time-saving expedient.

It is the zeal of the author to put Shakespeare's work, both in its general outlines and in verbal detail, against a background of Elizabethan lore and

¹⁾ Italics are mine. J. K.

wisdom that is responsible for the fanciful inferences and wild statements of which a few have been quoted above.

This zeal is not the only instance of a false starting-point in Miss Campbell's book. The very first sentences of the first chapter are :

'The problem of tragedy has always been the problem of evil in the world. The presentation of the evil that befalls men is but one of the concerns of tragedy; the other and the more important is the explanation of the why of the evil so presented. Thus it is that tragedy and philosophy, tragedy and religion, must always have much in common.'

I submit that each of these three sentences contains a highly subjective and therefore debatable statement. Yet it is from these statements that the authoress proceeds towards her conclusions a) that Shakespeare meant his tragedies to convey a moral lesson, b) that this moral lesson was in accordance with Renaissance ethics, which were largely based upon the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church.

Ever since the *Monk's Tale* 'tragedies were considered as *exempla* to warn men of the fickleness of fortune and of the causes why men fell from weal to woe.' That this is true for the *Monk's Tale*, for Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*, and for the *Myrroure for Magistrates* no one will dispute. Yet, on Miss Campbell's own evidence, dissentient voices were not altogether wanting. 'As Professor Farnham has pointed out, however, Lydgate was not thoroughly consistent in his relating of misfortune to desert, and "dwells lovingly on the evidence that even the valiant and the virtuous come to grief".' (*Journal of Eng. and Ger. Phil.* vol. xxv, pp. 66-78). From William Baldwin's *Treatise of Morall Philosophy* (1547), the authoress quotes: 'And although you shall finde in it, that sum have for their vertue been envied and murdered, yet cease not you to be vertuous.' Thomas Beard in *The Theatre of Gods Judgements* is quoted to have said: 'For though it may seeme for a time that God sleepeeth, and regardeth not the wrongs and oppressions of his servants, yet he never faileth to carry a watchfull eie upon them.' — It is well worthy of note that in Shakespeare's tragedies the instances where men come to grief through no apparent fault of their own are by no means rare: Macduff's loss of wife and children, Brabantio's loss of his daughter, Laertes' loss of his father, Caesar's loss of his life.

The Renaissance doctrine, says Miss Campbell (p. 27), 'holds that poetry is imitation; that dramatic poetry is the most lively and hence the most impressive form of imitation; that men naturally learn by imitation and are pleased by imitation; and therefore that tragedies teach by lively examples a willing and receptive audience.' And on p. 38: 'Dramatic tragedies are, therefore, the most effective method of teaching by *exempla* the lessons of moral philosophy.' This may be so. It certainly was Bacon's view of poetry in general. But the numerous defences of poetry, quoted by Miss Campbell as being motivated by this doctrine, signify that not everybody was convinced of the moral purity of the poets' purposes. What is morally pure needs no defence. There has never yet been a poet in history who did not mean to please. And the frequency of the occasions when Renaissance poets felt the necessity of defending themselves or each other leads one to think that in the minds of a considerable part of the public there must have existed certain misgivings with regard to the means employed to afford such pleasure. Who is to

say that Shakespeare was on the side of the angels, and did, indeed, write his plays to enforce a moral lesson? The lines in *Hamlet*

I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.

are first adduced by the authoress in evidence of 'this philosophy of tragedy as the stimulus to conscience', and next almost dismissed as non-pertinent: 'The conception of tragedies as moral teaching was, however... much more than a conception of plays as mouse-traps for unwary consciences.' Indeed, the circumstances under which the 'play within the play' is performed are so exceptional that no one can regard the King's reaction to it as typical of the immediate purgative effect of tragedies on the uneasy consciences among the audience. The only other instance in *Hamlet* where the object of acting is stated, though quoted by Miss Campbell as proof of her contention that tragedy was meant to edify, seems to me to prove that such was, at least, not Shakespeare's intention. I refer, of course, to the well-known passage:

For anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.

A mirror can have but one function: to reflect; it can never teach a lesson. It may help a man to get a clearer view of himself, and so, indirectly, modify his moral behaviour in future. But that is a very different matter.

On the assumption that Shakespeare meant to impart moral instruction in his plays, Miss Campbell proceeds to argue that such instruction was in accordance with Renaissance thought. In so far as this was built up on Plato's, Aristotle's and Cicero's conception of virtue, its penetration into Shakespearian tragedy can, perhaps, be proved. This is not for me to say, as I am no philosopher, any more than Miss Campbell (p. 47). But, even if this penetration can be proved, how does it illustrate Shakespeare's indebtedness to contemporary thought? For during the Renaissance 'the whole treatment of virtue was chaotic, mere echoes of earlier and often discordant thinking' (p. 93).

But side by side with pagan philosophy ran the Catholic teaching in regard to venial and mortal sins. On this doctrine, says the authoress, the contemporaries had been brought up, 'or at least their religious teachers had been brought up.' Though Shakespeare was, therefore, twice removed from this influence, Miss Campbell does not hesitate to say: 'This distinction it is absolutely necessary to make if we are to see the difference between the villain and the tragic hero in Shakespeare.'

How Shakespeare, or rather how Miss Campbell, applies the distinction becomes clear in the latter half of her book, where four Shakespearian tragedies are analysed as mirrors of four distinct passions. Thus *Hamlet* is viewed as a tragedy of grief, *Othello* as a tragedy of jealousy, *Lear* as a tragedy of wrath in old age, and *Macbeth* as 'a study in fear'.

First a word about the arbitrary choice of the subtitles. Having scorched herself in the frying-pan of false starts, which inevitably lead to *hinein-inter-*

pretierung, untidy argument, and feeble or fallacious conclusions, the authoress now plunges headlong into the fire of artificial classification, with equally unsatisfactory and, indeed, similar results.

As grief has been seized on as the pivotal passion round which the tragedy of *Hamlet* moves, the lines in III, ii :

What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy.
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

are proclaimed to contain the 'dominant idea' of the play, with a 'profound truth' in them. Truly the dominant idea has been very successfully hidden by the playwright in a spot where no one but Miss Campbell would be likely to look for it. Upon having made this discovery, essentially her own, the authoress widens her territory by remarking: 'As every one is fully aware, the play of *Hamlet* is concerned with the story of three young men — Hamlet, Fortinbras and Laertes — each called upon to mourn the death of a father, each feeling himself summoned to revenge wrongs suffered by his father.' [I must confess, though it be to my shame, that I have never been aware, not even dimly, let alone fully, that *Hamlet* is a story of three young men.]. 'But each must act according to the dictates of his own temperament and his own humour. The fundamental problem that Shakespeare undertook to answer in *Hamlet*, then, is the problem of the way men accept sorrow when it comes to them.' [in which sentence the most remarkable word, to my mind, is *then*]. 'And it is evident throughout the play that the grief of Fortinbras is being presented as a grief dominated by reason, while it is equally evident that the grief of Hamlet and Laertes is excessive grief leading to destruction.' The reader is invited to furnish his own comment on this statement. It may, however, be worth my while to call attention to the extraordinary re-shuffling of traditional sympathies and antipathies, which the authoress's handling of the arbitrary grief-motif imposes upon us. The King's first speech

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief — etc.

has always struck me, and I take it, most readers and spectators of the play, as a piece of hypocrisy, and utterly artificial. The authoress, thanks to her grief-theory, is obliged to refer to its wisdom, and calls it a challenge of philosophy to grief. The Queen's platitude

Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity

is similarly exalted to the dignity of 'consolation of philosophy'. The King's further words are mere shameless moralizing — surely not too strong a term if we remember what he has done — and are meant to be taken for such by the author, as is clear from the pedantic and empty phraseology employed. ('It shows a will most incorrect to heaven'..... 'Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven, A fault against the dead, a fault to nature'). Yet Miss Campbell calls this 'taking up the burden of philosophic discourse' and finds 'excellent authority' for it in Seneca and Plutarch.

Hamlet's heart-rending outburst

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,

is rebuked as a 'cry of passion disregarding the message of consolation offered by philosophy through the King'. And seeing that *The French Academie*, a Renaissance work on ethics, contains the following passage,

'When griefe is in great measure, it bringeth withal a kind of loathing and tediousnes, which causeth a man to hate and to be weary of all things, even of the light and of a mans selfe, so that he shal take pleasure in nothing but in melancholy, in feeding himselfe therewithall, in plunging himselfe deeper into it, and refusing all joy and consolation. To conclude, some grow so farre as to hate themselves, and so fall to despaire, yea many kill and destroy themselves

Miss Campbell reiterates her favourite phrase that here, too, Hamlet is speaking by the book.

So much for strained interpretations and unauthorised re-valuations which are the direct outcome of arbitrary nomenclature.

Finally, we will briefly point out the curious results of Miss Campbell's application of the doctrine of venial and mortal sin to the fate that ultimately befalls Shakespeare's tragic heroes and villains.

'The tragic hero sins under the influence of passion, his reason failing to check his passion. His passion may lead him to madness, but as long as his passion is in conflict with reason, he has not committed mortal sin. When, however, passion has taken possession of his will, has perverted his will, when in perfect accord with passion his reason directs evil through the will, then we have a villain, one who is dyed in sin, and one whose sin is mortal.'

This time it is Miss Campbell who 'speaks by the book', and the author of the book being Thomas Aquinas, the lucidity of her exposition is beyond cavil. Let us see how this differentiation affects her conception of some leading figures in Shakespearean tragedy.

Hamlet kills Polonius 'under the stress of passion' and the King 'in passionate anger'. Laertes is 'punished for the excessive anger which has desired to make revenge more sure by the device of the poisoned foils.' Neither of them, one gathers, was guilty of mortal sin. It is different with the King and the Queen. Theirs is the sin which has come as the effect of passion which has perverted the will. They are, therefore, villains both. The same applies to Iago, but not to Roderigo, in whom 'there is still a fight between passion and reason', while in Iago 'there is no fight, for the higher is made to serve the lower.' Othello's sin was that his passion, to which he was a slave, made him 'try to take the place of God, and by private revenge execute the laws of God'. The authoress refrains from labelling it, but the general trend of her reasoning implies fairly clearly that it is not mortal sin. There seems to be less hope for Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. 'Even more than Macbeth, she wills to do evil.' Yet in a note on p. 233 we read that 'from the first of the play, Lady Macbeth's reason was subdued by passion. Passion determined the end. Reason but determined the means to that end. Now Reason no longer functions at all. Passion reigns alone.' So that, perhaps, after all —

I have no desire to carry the discussion into the realms of theology. The above extracts must therefore be let speak for themselves. There is, however, a passage in Miss Campbell's book which deserves to be contrasted with one in Shakespeare. Miss Campbell writes :

'And though God's vengeance is slow, there is no doubt in the mind of any reader of *Hamlet* that the King has suffered punishment from the moment when he committed his crime, — in the fear and suspicion and unrest of his days, in the increasing battalions of his troubles, in the sick soul which could not rid itself of passion or of the fruit of passion to find peace with God. Nor can any reader doubt that the eternal vengeance of God is to fall upon the King.'

This positive whoop of triumph sounds strangely out of harmony with Shakespeare's humble prayer put into the mouth of the physician in *Macbeth*:
God, God forgive us all.

Amsterdam.

J. KOOISTRA.

The Development of English Humour. By LOUIS CAZAMIAN.¹⁾
Part I. From the Early Times to the Renaissance. 7¾ × 5¼, vii + 160 pp. New York, The Macmillan Company. London, Macmillan & Co. 1930 8s. 6d. net.

To expect a book on humour to be necessarily humorous is perhaps as unreasonable as to expect that a book on tragedy — apart from the possibility of its being a tragic failure — must needs be tragical itself. And yet I know from experience that most readers do anticipate some fun, when they see the word "humour" on the title-page of a book, even if it is accompanied by the austere term: "development". Professor Cazamian seems to have had the same experience. At any rate he has thought fit to warn us in his foreword that his purpose is strictly historical, that he is engaged on a serious enquiry and that all hopes which the word humour may raise, will be surely and sadly disappointed. It would almost seem as if he has tried to divest the subject of all humorous glamour, to make his study as grave as ever possible. If so he has succeeded to a remarkable degree. Even when one reads the quotations, the examples of humour adduced, it is really not very difficult to keep one's countenance. This is only partly due to the author's rigour, for in this volume his investigation does not extend beyond the 16th century, and whatever excellent qualities the Anglo-Saxon and Mediæval writers possess, their most fervent admirers will admit that their humour is but rarely of a type that can be readily appreciated by a modern reader. Beowulf, the Riddles, Langland, Gower, Occleve etc., do not unduly disturb the serious tone of the book. Chaucer, of course, might have proved much more dangerous. But then in his case the author has relied more upon allusion than upon quotation, since "a

¹⁾ We take this opportunity to offer a public apology to Prof. Cazamian and his colleague, Prof. Legouis, for our failure to give a review of the *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise* published by the two eminent French Anglicists as long ago as 1924. Like King Lear, however, we may plead being more sinned against than sinning, the real culprit being the reviewer who undertook to discuss the work in this journal, but who, instead of either doing so or returning it, put us off with promises one year after another, until it had become too late to entrust the work to someone else. We can, however, assure the authors that this unintentional neglect on our part has not damaged the circulation of the book in Holland, where, either in the original or in the English translation, it has become probably the most widely used handbook for students of English literature. And this, we submit, surely testifies to the value of the work more convincingly than any review of ours could have done. — Ed.

fair acquaintance with the *Canterbury Tales* can be taken for granted". Another reason why this volume yields little fun is that Prof. C. has excluded from his research the merely comic. To him humour is not simply what causes laughter. There is no humour unless a peculiar shade is superadded to the bare quality of the comic. And though he has himself contributed an article to the "*Revue Germanique*" entitled: "*Pourquoi nous ne pouvons définir l'humour*" he is brave enough to attempt a definition here, saying that all things considered we should lose more by trying to run away from a definition than we shall do by committing ourselves to one. He holds that we make a thing humorous by expressing it with a certain twist, a queer reserve, an inappropriateness and as it were an unconsciousness of what we all the time feel it to be. And he goes on to say that: "A kind of mastery over one's feelings is thus among the conditions of humour; but that repression, that negative power is not of course sufficient; along with it there must be a positive virtue, the shrewdness that perceives the actual paradoxes of experience, and the agility that allows one to think on two different planes."

Of this sort of humour there are but few examples to be found in the period under discussion. It is indeed largely a one-man show, all the other humorists dwindling into insignificance when compared with Chaucer, so that unless we exclude him from view as an unaccountable phenomenon, a sort of spoil-sport, the possibility of detecting a gradual growth, a development of humour throughout the centuries is seriously disturbed. Of course Professor Cazamian does not ignore him. On the contrary, he devotes a separate chapter to him, and as he is fully aware of Chaucer's unique qualities and the difficulty of connecting him as a humorist either with his predecessors or his followers, this chapter stands apart among the others even as Chaucer himself "solitary in his greatness stands apart from his contemporaries, and above them." It is a really clever, penetrating little essay, in which the growth and characteristics of Chaucer's humour are very clearly expounded. And it is, I think, highly commendable that, though his general theme invited him to it, Prof. Cazamian has withstood the temptation of theorizing about causes, origins or influences, but lays full stress on the fact that Chaucer's humour must be considered as essentially a pure gift of individuality. Still, as he says, a share must be granted to the "milieu". But though the evidence in favour of the French derivation and descent of his humour is impressive, it is, as Professor Cazamian points out, by no means conclusive. Too much has been made of this French influence; he reduces it here to its true proportions and comes to the conclusion that neither the French nor the Italian phase in Chaucer's career had much to do with the development of his humour.

In the other chapters of the book the author's gifts as a literary critic and commentator find less scope owing to the scarcity of the material. Still they are interesting as a historical survey and many remarks testify to the author's literary and especially to his psychological insight. The first chapter mainly deals with the question whether the Anglo-Saxons were quite destitute of a sense of humour. Professor Cazamian thinks they were not or at least he has grave doubts about the matter. It is true that the literature that has come down to us shows but the very faintest traces of humour, if there are any at all, but much work may have been lost and it is also very possible that they considered light, jocular things unworthy of being recorded in writing. He finds support for this view in certain remarks made by Professor Ker in his *History of the Ballads*, and also alleges that what we can gather about the

Anglo-Saxon temperament points to its being in several respects "fitted by nature for the self-command of humour."

The second chapter gives a good descriptive survey of Mediæval French humour, as does the third of the Humour before Chaucer, while the last part of this volume, though dealing with "an almost unrelieved anti-climax", is no less valuable, the comparisons the author draws between the minor poets and Chaucer and his remarks on the distinguishing qualities of the Scottish writers being very instructive. In the outline he gives of the general aim and scope of this volume and the two that are to follow it, he has been less felicitous, and not quite consistent. After stating that the "history of English humour falls roughly into three phases, each of which has its predominant issue to settle", he goes on to say: "From the early times to the Renaissance, the main point is to explain the apparent lateness in the growth of English humour, and to apportion their respective shares in that becoming to the two nations whose cultures and languages lived on the same soil after the Norman conquest: England and France". A printer's error has apparently crept into this sentence, but at any rate we can gather from it that it is the author's intention to deal with the qualities and aspects of humour itself as it appears in literary works of the times. But from what he says about the following period it would seem that there it will be his chief occupation to trace the history of the *word* humour, which would mean the starting on a different quest and one of less importance than the one hitherto pursued: "The second period shows us the word 'humour' undergoing a process of specialization, which gradually brought it to denote the attitude of the humorist in the modern sense; and the difficulty is to follow that subtly graded change of meaning". He has forgotten to indicate what will be the aim, the "main point to explain" or the "difficulty" in the third period, when, as he says: "the word and the attitude were completely fused", though a little later he speaks of *three* main questions again.

But though this programme is thus somewhat vague and barren, we look forward to the following volumes with sanguine expectation, for Professor Cazamian has already proved in this first part that his practice is better than his theory and that he performs much more than he promises.

Delft.

A. G. VAN KRANENDONK.

Johannes Secundus, his Life, Work, and Influence on English Literature. By DOUGALL CRANE. Leipzig, Tauchnitz, 1931, pp. 96. (Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie hrsg. von M. Förster, Heft XVI). M. 6.

In the first section of his study Prof. Crane collects and reviews all the available information on the life of the Dutch neo-Latin poet. An interesting life. At one end stands a peaceful and ornate Dutch house:

sparsaque coctilibus candentia saxa rubricis,
ardua caeruleo tecta colore regit:
sustinet at summis pueros de marmore, tectis,
auratus volucer quos micat inter amor.

"White stones are intermixed with red brick, and a steep roof, blue in colour,

dominates the building. It supports on the gables marble statues of boys, among which shines a gilded winged Cupid." Winged Cupid, who crowned the front of Secundus's paternal home in Mechlin, thus described in the lines of one of his brothers, proved also the dominating influence in the poet's life and work. Secundus loved Julia — a buxom, Rubensian beauty, if we may trust the medallion of her carved by the poet who, like many Renaissance men, was a many-sided artist. As is often the case with poets, Secundus saw his lady married to another, but remained sincerely attached to her. Travel now came in as a partial substitute for love. Secundus went to Bourges to study under Alciat, later on to Spain where he was appointed secretary to Cardinal Tavera. But he found little in barren Spain to please his far from ascetic taste :

Arragonum montes, excocataque gypsa calore,
arvaque nec Baccho cognita, nec Cereri...

And he longed after the fat fields of the North, the abode of blonde Ceres and of blonde Julia. His brother Marius replied with a delightful parody of this elegy, giving a contrasting picture of the traditionally romantic Spanish scenery. However, boredom proved only a minor ill of the Spanish sojourn. Secundus was soon stricken with a fever which in two years' time consumed his life. The probability of a journey to Italy in 1536 is denied by Prof. Crane.

After a brief appreciation of the poet's sensuous lyrics, some of which are given in an admirable English verse translation, Prof. Crane makes a detailed study of Secundus's influence on English poets. He partly ascribes to Secundus the change of spirit which intervenes in English lyric verse by the end of the sixteenth century: dreamy idealism ceases to charm, and there is a return to the far less ethereal temper of the classical amatory poets. And undoubtedly Secundus played his part in this change, but mostly through the medium of Ronsard. It is indeed difficult to say whether many themes, common in the English seventeenth century, were borrowed from Secundus, or from his classical models, or from the French and Italian poets who imitated Secundus. This latter case is the most frequent; and I wonder, for instance, why Prof. Crane hesitates about the source of Sherburne's *Love's Arithmetic*, when I have already pointed out the immediate source (Marino's *Numeri amorosi*) in a study, published in the *Modern Language Review* (XX, p. 280 ff., 419 ff.), which Prof. Crane quotes; and why he supposes that Philip Ayres derived from Secundus the *Proem* to his *Poems*, whose source was clearly indicated in the same study: Marino's *proemio* to the First Part of his *Lira*. But these are minor points. Prof. Crane's survey is a valuable contribution to the study of foreign influence on English poetry during the seventeenth century: Campion, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Drummond, Jonson, Herrick, Crashaw, and many others, are shown indebted to the Dutch poet. The study of the "echo" and the "gather ye roses" themes is particularly convincing. Among the various imitations of Secundus's *Viator et Echo* none is perhaps so close to the model as a poem by M. de Mosnier in *Delitiæ Poëtarum Gallorum*, 1609 (Vol. II, p. 624: *Martialis Monerii In amorem suum, Echo*), which may be added to Prof. Crane's list: there we find the same echo-groups as in Secundus: *vita est—ita est; tanget—anget; amori—mori; furit—urit*. Prof. Crane concludes with a survey of the English translations of Secundus and of the fortune of the poet down to our time.

Prof. F. A. Wright has called Secundus the only genius among the neo-Latin poets of the Renaissance. But already Marullus and Pontanus had anticipated him in many respects.

I may note here a few misprints which I have come across in this otherwise well printed book. P. 35, 1.16: *Guaradas* should be *Gauradas*; p. 71, l. 8 from the end, *Bssia* should be *Basia*. On p. 20, note 1, read 93 instead of 83, note 2, read 84 instead of 83; on p. 52 notes 1 and 2 have both been given the number 3.

Liverpool.

MARIO PRAZ.

Curme Volume of Linguistic Studies. Language Monographs published by the Linguistic Society of America. Number VII. Pp. 178. Baltimore, Waverly Press, Inc. 1930.

On the occasion of the seventieth birthday of Professor Curme, the well-known author of the *Grammar of the German Language*, friends and pupils have not been satisfied with a private celebration, but have also published a series of essays in his honour. The volume has been edited by James Taft Hatfield, Werner Leopold, and A. J. F. Zieglschmid, his colleagues in the Northwestern University and in the State University of Iowa; the book has been published as a supplement to the American periodical *Language* for December 1930. The result of the activity of the editors has been a book that shows more unity than these collections generally possess: it is purely linguistic, and the languages dealt with are as good as exclusively English and German. To students of English, moreover, the articles on German are quite as valuable as those on their 'proper' subject, and it is to be hoped that the same may be said of the English articles.

The present reviewer had promised to contribute an article to the book, and greatly regrets that he has been prevented from performing this self-imposed and pleasant duty of showing his appreciation of the work done by Curme. But there is fortunately a Dutch contribution: by Mr. Poutma, who worthily represents our country. He deals with *Expedients to Express Intensity and Emphasis in English*, such as are exemplified by *briefest mention*, *of the homeliest*, *the best of tempers*, and similar uses of the degrees of comparison; repetition, as in *a Tommy of the Tommies*, and other adjuncts with *of*; also *of the earth earthy*, etc. One of the shortest contributions is by Behaghel, *Zur Wortstellung des Deutschen*: it is an article that no student of English can neglect without real loss to his own studies. It sums up, in five pages, the result of lifelong observation in a way that is completely convincing. Another article that seems to me specially good is by one of the editors: Professor Leopold's study of *Polarity in Language*. He points out that the antagonism between formal and functional grammar as well as the adherents of Wundt and Marty, is based on the fundamental dualism of speaker and hearer. Linguistic development, he holds, follows not one tendency, but two opposing ones: towards distinctness and towards economy; either of these poles may prevail at any given time but both are at all times at work towards modifying a language. The chief cause of one tendency proceeds from the speaker, who tries to gain his object, i.e. to be understood, with a minimum

of trouble, the other from the hearer, who compels him not to transgress a certain limit on pain of being misunderstood, or not understood at all. The theory of Professor Leopold is well expressed, and may help to solve apparently endless controversies.

Another article of a general linguistic kind is by Frank R. Blake, of Johns Hopkins University, *A Semantic Analysis of Case*. He tries strictly to distinguish case form, i.e. cases in the traditional sense, from the case relationships, i.e. the meanings or functions that cases express in various languages. He starts from the supposition that "every language has approximately the same case relationships, though they differ widely in their use of case forms." I am afraid that this starting-point is far from being so certain as the author supposes; and if it were, is it really a matter of form only when languages differ in their case forms? This seems to assume a community of ideas in spite of difference of forms, as if grammatical forms could change as a woman changes her clothes. But if the forms of a language are inextricably bound up with, even identical with, the ideas they express, if each language by and in its forms decides in what way the speaker of it is educated or trained to think from childhood, the forms become something more important than the accidental details they are in Mr. Blake's theory. The problem seems to me much more complicated than one would infer from this article, although it is undoubtedly instructive.

Professor Zieglschmid deals with a much-discussed problem: the loss of the old preterite in many Indogermanic languages. He rightly rejects the view that is probably held by few students of general linguistics now, that it may be due to accidental identity of some forms of the present and preterite of the old weak verbs, and similar phenomena. Most students will agree with the conclusion that there must be a psychological reason why the process is so frequent in independent languages that it cannot be an accident due to formal developments. The author expresses his agreement with the explanation suggested by Meillet that the loss of the simple preterite and the substitution of a verb group with the 'auxiliary' *have* is only one of many steps by which languages of the Indogermanic group pass from what Meillet calls the *mot-forme* variable to the *mot-fixé*. If the writers of French grammars would begin to describe French forms and sentence-structure such as it is, not as it is pretended to be, and if they would recognize the facts of the spoken language instead of the vagaries of the traditional spelling, which to a student of language is of very inferior value if any, they would certainly make it possible for students to understand this result of linguistic development instead of hiding it, as they now only too frequently do. As to the psychological aspect of the problem of the substitution of a perfect for an older preterite, and the consequent loss of the real perfect as a present tense to express a past action or occurrence thought of in its connection with the present, Professor Z. also quotes Meillet's instructive observations with complete approval. His additional examples are fresh supports to the truth of the theory.

We have no space to deal with all the articles, but students of English will find something to interest them in the articles by Kemp Malone (showing that the Middle English substitution of *-e* for the older final vowels really began at least as early as the tenth century), by Louise Pound (a note on the use of *it* as a substantive, with the derivatives *itty* and *itfulness* in colloquial American), by H. Kurath (*A Specimen of Ohio Speech*), by L. Bloomfield (a careful collection and discussion of OHG *eino* and O.E. *ana* 'solus'),

by A. W. Aron (*The Gender of English Loan-Words in Colloquial American German*). A few articles travel wider afield, such as the one by Sturtevant, the well-known student of Hittite, and of K. Zemen on experimental investigation with regard to accent. Finally, there is an article that should certainly find a place in a miscellany in honour of the brave defender of Wulfila as a translator: Collitz on two hapax legomena in Wulfila's translation.

The volume offered to Professor Curme is a gratifying proof of his own many-sided linguistic activities, but also of the important place that American scholars have begun to occupy in matters linguistic.

The Hague.

E. KRUISINGA.

Brief Mention.

MARIO PRAZ, *La Carne, la Morte e il Diavolo nella letteratura romantica*. Con 14 tavole fuori testo. x + 505 pp. Milano-Roma, Soc. Editrice "La Cultura". 1930. Lire 40.— [Edition limited to 1000 copies.]

It may seem strange that a work by one of our most valued contributors, which was thought worthy of a leading article in *The Times Literary Supplement* (Febr. 19, 1931), should be dismissed in a brief note in this journal. We, therefore, hasten to assure both the author and our readers that this is no more than a provisional announcement. The book is at present being translated for the Oxford University Press, and is expected to appear in its English garb some time next winter. As a knowledge of Italian is, perhaps, not very common among students of English in Holland, a review of the English edition will probably be more useful than an analysis of the contents of the original could be.

While postponing any detailed discussion of the body of the work — which we hope we shall be able to entrust to more competent hands — we should like to record our special admiration for the introductory chapter: *Un'Approssimazione: "Romantico"*. After all that has been written on the nature of romanticism one would hardly have supposed it possible for anyone to make such a valuable as well as individual contribution to the subject. Terms like *romanticism*, *renaissance* and others have frequently suffered from being stretched far beyond their real significance; and Praz' essay may be fitly placed beside Huizinga's study of the use and abuse of the word *renaissance*. If these 'approximations' cannot be defined to everybody's satisfaction, they should at least be confined to their proper area. If the term *romantic* — such is Praz' conclusion — is to continue to serve any useful purpose (and his initial contention is that we cannot do without it) it should be taken to denote a kind of sensibility *peculiar to a definite historical period*. It may be that something similar will have to be done for the term *renaissance* — only there the restriction may have to affect its extension in *space* as well as *time*. But this is no subject for a short notice like the present. — R. W. Z.

A Dictionary of the Low-Dutch Element in the English Vocabulary.
By J. F. BENSE. Part II (Doxy-Keeler), pp. (iv +) 81-160. The Hague, Nijhoff, 1929. Price f 3.75.

The first instalment of Bense's *Dictionary* was discussed in this journal, vol. x, pp. 183 ff., where something was said on the scope and system of the work. This second instalment is continued on the same plan. Perhaps the only thing that calls for special mention is the article on the adjective *Dutch*, in which the author, not content with designating it as a loan-word, adds a classified list of combinations in which the word occurs. Group 4 contains those fairly numerous English expressions alluding to a habit or quality of Dutchmen, the

majority of which are not exactly flattering. Among the expressions with *Flanders* and *Flemish* only a few depreciatory ones are found, whereas those with *Holland* — not, indeed, very numerous — are quite neutral.

In our announcement of the first instalment we mentioned as an advantage of Bense's work the detailed discussion of doubtful cases which makes it easy for the reader to form his own opinion. The student will value this method especially when Bense's view differs from that of his principal source: the *New English Dictionary*. This happens now and then, among others, in the case of words that may be of French as well as of Dutch origin. In such cases Bense strongly inclines to prefer the latter possibility. Also for words usually looked upon as Scandinavian borrowings Bense likes to claim Dutch origin, when the English word in question is not recorded in a very early text, and an identical Dutch word is available. This is far from being a blemish on his work: the student may thus rest assured that no word that can possibly have been borrowed from Dutch, has been passed over. In a compilation like this, too much is better than too little.

When in the first half of this *Dictionary* that has now appeared everything is cancelled that is doubtful or uncertain, a surprisingly large number of words remain that can with certainly or a high degree of probability be looked upon as borrowings from Dutch.

May the remaining second half of Bense's useful work soon follow.

The Hague.

C. B. VAN HAERINGEN.

Corrigendum.

Readers of the April (Defoe) Number are requested to correct the following misprints:

Page 75, l. 21, *long winded* should be *long-winded*; same page, l. 7 from bottom, *language* should be *langue*; page 80, l. 5, *unnatural history* should be *unnatural natural history*; page 86, l. 28, *vanita* should be *vanità*.

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R. Greene's *Alphonsus*.

For the textual critic there are three classes of Elizabethan printed plays. The worst is the pirated edition which is worked up from stenographic notes taken during a performance. Such a play contains the following deviations from the author's text :

1. The adapter's alterations all made with the intention of rendering the stage production more successful. He shortens or suppresses the less necessary speeches when the play is too long ; he smoothes the text where it is too abrupt ; he elucidates the language where it is not easily understandable ; and he freely adds where he thinks he can enliven the action. The adapter may have been the manager of the troupe or an experienced actor or a composite, viz. the body of actors when studying or rehearsing a play. The latter possibility is less probable because the play had to go to the censor. Therefore, whatever changes were desirable, they ought to be made before the play went to that authority, and it is not likely that a troupe would study a play before the licence had been obtained.

2. The transcriber's mistakes if it was necessary to have a 'fair copy'.
3. The censor's cancellings and ordered alterations.
4. The players' shortcomings in reciting their parts.
5. The stenographer's failures in note-taking and in working out his notes.
6. The compositor's misprints.

According to the latest bibliographers the piracies depend on memorial reports attributed to disloyal actors. In our *Hamlet* edition and in this periodical, Dec. 1929, and June 1930, we have given our arguments why we are obliged to reject this hypothesis. However, for the textual critic, the difference between stenographic notes of a performance and actors' memorial reports is scarcely of any importance. Either origin makes the text so unreliable that it is time and trouble wasted for an editor even to attempt to fulfil his first and foremost task, that is, to produce a text or at least a conjectural text of what the author wrote.

Another class of plays consists of those printed from prompt-books. All the good Shakespeare texts belong to it. When the play is in prose, though in this case the deviations under 4 and 5 fall away, an editor's main task remains about as hopeless as it is in regard to the piracies. But when a play is written in verse many misprints, miswritings, and arbitrary changes, not to be detected in prose, at once reveal their existence. This fact and the study of how far the adapter's and the censor's meddling disturb the author's metrical structure afford a sound basis of conjecture and inference, and have already led, in combination with an enhanced knowledge of misprints, to a formerly unimagined purification of texts based on prompt-books. For example, we refer to our article on *The Taming of the Shrew* (this periodical, Dec. 1928) which claims some 150 new corrections of the F text.

The best class of printed plays consists of those whose mss. did not pass through the theatre but were handed down from the author to the printer directly or indirectly. They contain only printer's errors, perhaps miswritings which cannot be distinguished from misprints, and, at the very worst, a

few issues of a printer's arbitrary or idiosyncratic mind. For instance, Richard Ihones, the printer of *Tamburlaine*, 1590, stated in his prefatory letter 'to the gentlemen readers' that he had '(purposely) omitted and left out some fond and friuolous lectures'.

From Robert Greene's prolific pen only four plays entirely written by him have come down to us, and as chance will have it in those four plays our three classes are represented. *Orlando Furioso* was recognized as a piracy by Dr. Greg, see our article in this periodical, Oct. and Dec. 1929. *James IV* and *Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay* were printed from prompt-books, as we hope to prove in our next article, and *Alphonsus* was printed from Greene's ms. without passing through the theatre. This our contention can be established because there is no prose in the play, and Greene's metrical system is nowhere disturbed in such a way that we have to suspect the adapter's or the censor's interference; on the contrary, all detectable errors and especially all deviations from regular verse lines can be easily explained as quite common misprints. Of course, these misprints do not differ in nature from printer's errors of to-day, only their amount is remarkable, and can be accounted for by the assumption or rather the fact that the old printer of plays was his own press-reader, and frequently neglected to check his production with the author's ms.. Our study of misprints based on their psychological origin has made their detection more easy and their emendation more sure. Therefore, in addition to our reasoning that *Alphonsus* represents an unadulterated author's text, we hope to bring forward several new and interesting emendations.

Our basic text of *The Comicall Historie of Alphonsus, King of Aragon*, 1599, is the *Malone Society Reprint*, 1926, edited by Dr. Greg: we assume its reliability, we quote from it, and follow its line-numbering.

The play contains 1935 verse lines, 18 per cent. are in rime. With the exception of three short lines all verse lines have ten syllables, if not, a misprint may be assumed, as we intend to show. Not only the lack of eleventh unstressed syllables but also the very regular distribution of the stressed syllables make Greene's verses monotonous. Fortunately, there is at least one inversion, the inversion of the first accent, he indulges in at the rate of 15 per cent. of the lines, e. g.:

Póets are ícárle when Góddéffés themfélués

4

Inversions of the third accent total about 1 per cent., e. g.:

Calliópé thóu which fo óft dídft cráke,

58

Other inversions there are none, except in two lines which show the concurrent inversion of the first and the third verse accent:

Villain fayest thóu, tráitor & dúnghil knight,
Yéelded to mé, márke what I prómíft yóu,

1860

1907

In Shakespeare's *Hamlet* there are about 18 per cent. hendecasyllabic lines, 14 per cent. inversions of the first verse accent, 2 per cent. of the third, 3 per cent. of the fourth, 1 per cent. of the concurrent inversion of the first and third, and 1 per cent. of the first and fourth.

The scanner of verse lines, and every editor and critic ought to be a good scanner, has to know a few facts. Some words have an accentuation differing

from the modern one: *Amázoné* (Amazonia) 1148 & 1215, *Amázonés* (Amazons) 1042 etc., *bla[phémous* 1621 & 1835 (see *Par. Lost* V, 806), *Cónstantinoplé* 919, *Erráto* 88, *Hypérion* 1365 (see *Hamlet* III, 4, 56), *'Ixión* 146, *Páctolús* 1763, *púr[ue* 1037 (see *Merch. of Ven.* IV, 1, 298), *solé[mnizéd* 1443 & 2084 (see *L.L.L.* II, 1, 42), and *trí[umph* (verb) 185 (see *Ant. & Cl.* IV, 8, 16).

The verbal ending *-est* may be syllabic, e.g.: *[shoulde]st* 1037, *[ette]st* 1761. The verbal ending *-ed*, in the case of verbs whose infinitive does not end in *d* or *t*, is often syllabic. In the first 300 lines of *Alphonsus* there are twelve cases as against four in the same lines of *Hamlet*.

The endings *-ial*, *-ience*, *-ion*, etc. may be pronounced disyllabically, e.g.: *preiudiciall* 516, *patience* 1600, *obliuion* 33 & 34.

The *r* may be vocalized and constitute a syllable by itself, e.g.: *[ure* 651, *enquire* 961, *firefide* 986.

Where two vowel sounds meet, the fainter may be dropped, e.g.: *marying* (marr'ing) 1674, *prowe[ff]e* (prow's) 744, *prowes* 1681 & 1742, *any* (an') offence 124, *the* (th') *apple* 1062, *the* (th') *occafion* 627 & 1440, *the* (th') *other* 936, *many* (man') *a* 897 & 1566, *he is* (he's) 1721; and similarly the *-ia* and *-ius* endings and such words as *power* and *prayer* are either monosyllabic or disyllabic.

In tri- and polysyllables in which two vowel sounds are separated by a liquid consonant the preceding vowel sound may be dropped if it is unstressed, e.g.: *blubbring* 137, *Babylon* (Bab'lon) 911, *Claramount* (Clar'mount) 1496.

In many words the pronunciation of *-ve-* and *-the-* may be dropped, e.g.: *giuen* (gi'n) 857 & 2056, *driuen* (dri'n) 1075, *heauen* (hea'n) oft, *nere* 73 & 74.

Some monosyllables may coalesce with adjoining words, e.g.: *Captaine is* (captain's) 1523, *ere it* (ere't) 1389, *in his* (in's) 185, *hopes* (=hope is) 1846, *of his* (of's) 418, *you had* (y'ad) 1637, *do you* (d'ee) 595.

A more circumstantial and thoroughly documented exposition of the rules of prosody is found in our *Hamlet* edition, pp. 191/241.

After these necessary preliminaries we proceed with registering the misprints. Punctuation, capitalization, and all misprints less than a wrong letter we disregard.

The mildest form of **line-shifting** is the printing of one verse line in two halves. It happens four times: 1513/4, 1516/7, 1534/5, and 1990/1, and was, of course, corrected by the first editor. Further there is only one line-shifting, and it is an interesting one:

Fabi. But will you be content to ferue Belinus in his wars?

Alphon. I if he will reward me as I do deferue,
And grant what ere I winne, it shall be mine incontinent.

348/50

Dyce miscorrected in this way:

Fabi. But will you be
Content to serve Belinus in his wars?

Alphon. Ay,
If he'll reward me as I do deserve,
And grant whate'er I win, it shall be mine
Incontinent.

The real correction is simplicity itself:

Fabi. But will you be content to ferue Beli-
nus in his wars? **Alphon.** I if he will reward
Me as I do deferue, and grant what ere
I winne, it shall be mine incontinent.

Greene is known for the abundance of his end-stopped lines, but run-on lines occur, and here we have the unstopped line *par excellence*. However, the printer did not believe in its excellency, and tried to improve upon it. Dyce tried to improve upon the printer's failure, and failed himself, because, as we have reason to assume, he had never looked at page 382 of Ben Jonson's Folio, 1616, where he could have seen and read:

That for her owne, great CAESARS, and the pub-
lique safetie, she be pleas'd to vрге these dangers.

Misreadings corrected by Dyce:

flea for flei (fly = gnat)	20	Dulce for duke	1398
Milos „ Miles	624	bodies „ boores	1575
couch „ coach	1365	Tiuole „ Tmolus	1764

It is doubtful whether *couch* for *coach* may be reckoned as a misprint, at least in nautical language both forms are legitimate, see *NED*. The misprints due to misreading are the only ones to which the doctrine of the *ductus litterarum* may be applied. Their number, as a rule, is very limited, the bulk of misprints is due to the printer's faulty recollection, when he sets up type, of the words he has committed to memory.

Transposition of letters corrected by Dyce:

Deineth for Denieth 613 *Alphnosus* for *Alphonfus* 1737

Transposition of words. Collins corrected 'Act. 2. || *Of the Historie of Alphonfus.*' placed before l. 377 instead of after l. 371, see below. And we have to add three emendations:

The Indian foyle shalbe thine at command, 1760

Read: 'shal thine be at command'. The inversion of the usual order of words we assume in this line is frequent in Greene, and represented in our quotations below.

Med. Nay *Amurack* this is no time to iarre,
Although thy wife did in her franticke moode
Vfe speeches which might better haue bene sparde,
Yet do thou not iudge the same time to be
A season to requite that iniurie:

1787/91

At l. 1790 *thou* stands in contraposition to *thy wife* at l. 1788, and must have the strongest stress of all the words of the line. Read:

Yet dó not thóu iudge this same time to bé

That the compositor was inattentive is also proved by the other slip, *the* for *this*, which was corrected by Dyce. We said the compositor was inattentive, but it is more to the purpose to say that his memory failed when setting up type. A composing printer is in the same position as a person who quotes from memory. In such a case, how often does one produce synonyms or synonymous phrases! In fact, these transpositions of words belong to the next class of misprints, and, knowing the cause, we understand why that class is so numerous. In the following line we have to read *pressed were*:

When all our fellowes were preffed in the warres.

2024

Synonymous misprints. We place the emended text in italics after the quoted line. Dyce corrected:

Seeke to flout me with his counterfait?
Wil nothing else satisfie thy conquering mind

Seeke for to 203
nought elfe 498

Dr. Greg says he does not record passages in which some irregularity of metre is the only ground for suspicion'. This is a safe attitude when an editor does not feel up to his task. Nevertheless he records l. 498, and thinks that we have to omit the word *elfe*. Dyce thought that we have to read *nought* for *nothing*. Which emendation is the best? Undoubtedly Dyce's. The word *nought* is very frequent in Greene, and it is much more plausible that in the printer's memory *nought* changed into *nothing* than that the printer's brain produced the fresh word *elfe*. We proceed with Dyce's corrections:

And then I meane to vaunt of our victorie. vaunt our 584

The *NED* quotes this line in Dyce's version as a sample of Greene's transitive use of the verb *vaunt*!

And therfore *Fabius* stand not lingring,
But Marble stoness needs no colouring, lingring 589
do need 1207

Collins read *needeth*. He may be right. His emendation makes the smallest change but implies the less common inversion of the third verse accent which, however, is also very possible.

Iphigina, she sayth nought but truth,
To spend the day in such vaine threatnings,
With hellish hags to performe the same.
And then you need not to feare this hap.
At length obtained fayre *Iphigina* layeth 1212
threatnings 1553
for to perf. 1638
needed 1889
obtained 2098

Sidney Walker corrected:

Thankes worthie Miles, leaft all the world
And giue thee that which thou well haft wonne.
Of this [str]ange and sudden banishment?
Make haste Kings, leaft when the fates do see, leaft that all 774
that the which 785
this your [str. 1120
ye Kings 1320

In this line Dyce repeated *haste*, but we think that the printer rather failed in remembering *ye* or *you*, which are unnecessary for the sense, than the impressive doubling of *haste*. Grosart read *then kings* which does not sound well enough. To these corrections we have to add more new cases than have been detected:

His bodie like to Alphonfus framed is:
What newes my friend? why are you so blanke
That runnagate, that rachell, yea that theefe,
For well I wot he hath robd me of a Crowne.
Is neither rachel nor runnagate like Alphonfus 204
forwhy (=why) 221
wot, hath 564/5
neither ... neither 572

Dyce read *nor a runnagate*, and Collins *no nor runnagate*, but our obsolete *neither* *neither*, see *NED*, has the much better chance to be genuine.

Vnto the which he willingly did consent,
To know god *Mahomets* pleasure in the same:
The worst of you doo deferue such mickle praife,
With Amurack to displeafe the Gods,
Against *Amuracke*, for to maintaine the right.
A thousand examples, I could bring hereof.
And for my pillow stuffed with downe, willing 731
Mahounds (often) 733
doo [erue] (see *NED*) 762
for to displ. 889
Gainst 1045
samples (Cym. I, 1, 48) 1206
stuffed out with 1402

If there are more possibilities than one of correcting a faulty line, and this often happens, an editor has to make out not which correction yields to his modern ear and modern idiom the seemingly best literary line but which emendation restores the fault by the smallest legitimate change. Sidney Walker read at l. 1402 *with soft down*, and this emendation was accepted by all editors except Dr. Greg who did not record that the line was corrupt. Our emendation must be preferred before Sidney Walker's, for it is more likely that the compositor forgot an unobtrusive and for the sense unnecessary *out* than that he should have forgotten such a prominent adjective as *soft* is. *To stuff out* occurs twice in Shakespeare. In doubtful cases a synonymous emendation has the preference over any other, firstly because the synonymous misprints surpass in frequency all other classes of errors, and for that reason such an emendation is the most legitimate of all; and secondly because, speaking generally, it makes the smallest change, the meaning of the text remaining quite unchanged. At l. 889 where we read *for to*, Dyce read *so to*. If Dyce was right, the compositor would have forgotten not only the word *so* but also the sense of the words he had memorized, and, of course, it is much more probable that he only missed out a small word of which the presence or absence did not make any difference to the sense. About the same may be said of Dyce's reading *this so strange* at l. 1120:

Mercie high Monarch, tis no time now
And do they come you kins of *Turkie*?

time as now 1552
Turkia (?) 1562

Our obsolete phrase *as now* at l. 1552 means *just now*, see *NED* under *now* 5. a. After *Turkia* we placed a query mark because we cannot prove the more than probable existence of a trisyllabic *Tur-ki-a*. Dyce conjectured *Turkie land*.

To be the Loadstone of his life.

his very life 1951

Here Grosart proposed *guiding Loadstone*, though Dyce's *very Loadstone* was more probable. Our *very life* seems to be more idiomatic and more expressive.

You shall perceiue how kindly he doth take
Your forwardneffe in this his happie chance.

doth glance
2044/5

These last lines must be riming because the preceding and following lines are couplets as well. Non-rimes are pretty frequent in the plays of the time. and that they may be due to the compositor is proved by their occurrence in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and even in the first English riming dictionary, Levins's *Manipulus Vocabulorum*, 1570; see our *Chapters on English Printing*, etc.

Vnto the which, in paine of his displeasure

displeafe (?) 2093

Line 2093 is more than suspect, for it is the *only* blank verse line with an eleventh syllable. From the fact that the noun *please* (= pleasure) is recorded in the *NED* we guess that the noun *displease* also existed or at least could have been used by Greene. Shakespeare used many verbs as nouns that became obsolete, for instance: *accuse*, *amaze*, *disclose*, *dispose*, etc. Greene did the same, and only the other day we met the noun *invoke* (not mentioned in *NED*) in *Richard II* or *Thomas of Woodstock*, *Malone Soc. Repr.*, l. 61.

Homonymous misprints corrected by Dyce :

their for there	568	him for 'em (them)	902
And Collins corrected :		him „ 'em „	1291

Omissions of letters and words corrected by former editors :

<i>souldier</i> for <i>souldiers</i>	372	<i>selfe</i> for <i>selues</i>	1332
<i>Iweare</i> „ <i>Iweares</i>	514	<i>Icare</i> „ <i>Icarce</i>	1489
<i>ener</i> „ <i>enter</i>	623	<i>Srike</i> „ <i>Strike</i>	1655
<i>Priest</i> „ <i>Priefts</i>	1283		

I know full oft you haue [in] Authors red,	67
His Countrey for to gather vp [his] men,	250
No traytor no, for [though] as now I lie	1855
As <i>Citherea</i> did [vs] lately will.	2114

And Dyce restored the following omitted prefixes :

<i>Alphon.</i> before	369	<i>Læli.</i> before	428	<i>Albi.</i> before	580
<i>Du.</i> „	1424	<i>Amu.</i> „	1632		

The following stage-direction is puzzling :

I shall obtaine the Crowne of *Aragon*. *Exeunt.*
Enter Belinus, Albinus, Fabius, Alphonfus, *with the souldier,*
a[ff]oone as they are in, [strike vp] alarum a while, and then enter
Venus.

Act. 2.

II. Chor.

Of the Historie of Alphonfus.

Venus. Thus from the pit of pilgrimes pouertie, 371/7

Says Dr. Greg :

The error at l. 372 is an interesting one. We have a formal 'Exeunt' followed by a descriptive direction beginning 'Enter', which is again followed by the heading and Chorus of Act II. That the direction is one for clearing the stage is made certain by the phrase 'assoone as they are in', the technical meaning of which is not open to doubt. Dyce, who understood this, took 'Enter' to mean 'go in', the possibility of which one may be allowed to doubt. Churton Collins, who did not, placed the direction after the heading to Act II, and apparently supposed that the army was on the stage during the Chorus, in spite of the fact that Alphonfus is noted as entering immediately after it. There can be little doubt that 'Enter' is a mere slip, and that this caused the subsequent insertion of the preceding 'Exeunt'. It may be remarked that in some Italian hands 'Ext.' (i.e. 'Exeunt') and 'Ent.' (i.e. 'Enter') are easily confused.

Dr. Greg's solution of the puzzle has no merit. His great mistake is that he assumes an impossible stage-direction ; if it must have had the meaning he attaches to it, Greene would have left out the whole of l. 372, and have written : *Exeunt, a[ff]oone as ... etc.* Dr. Greg's second mistake is the assumption that the action goes on, without a break, from the first Act into the second. To avoid this Collins most rightly transposed ll. 375/6 before l. 372. A transposition of this kind is easily understandable because the ll. 375/6 may have stood in the margin of the ms.. The puzzling stage-direction suffers from an omission, and that is all. Read : ... Alphonfus, *with the souldiers, [marching ouer the stage ;] a[ff]oone ...* This amended direction fits most logically into the context. The second Act begins with the dumb show of the passing army and the alarm comes after its disappearance ; these two facts nicely introduce the next fight after the exit of Venus. In passing we may remark that according to the directions ... *with their souldiers* 284/5, 456/7, 741, and 1782 and *and their souldiers* 1585, the *souldier* very probably has to be *their souldiers*.

Compare the stage-direction in the Q of *Hamlet* at IV, 4: after *ouer the [tage]* an *exeunt* is unnecessary.

With another probable omission at l. 451 we deal below, p. 140.

Tautological misprints. Pure repetitions of right letters and words corrected by former editors:

<i>vp-</i> <i>vp</i> on	<i>for vp-</i> on	44/5	holds ... hands	<i>for</i> hold ... hands (?)	1224
any any	„ any	60	damfel damfel	„ damfel	1904
Didft ... erft	„ Did ... erft	1062	haue haue	„ haue	1936
<i>Enter two Priests.</i> 1. Pr. My fellow Priests					1248/9
			„ fellow Priest		

In the next line the faulty *s* in *deaths* is due to the *s* in *depends*:

Clapt vp in chaines, whole life and deaths depends 1804

because the genuineness of *depends* is proved by:

Thy life and death dependeth on thy words, 2062
Now life and death dependeth on my fword: James IV, 2129

As ought to be known, a plural subject did not necessarily take a plural verb form; Dyce and his followers were certainly wrong in altering *depends*, and so they may be in altering *dares*:

Or who are they amongft the mortall troupes,
That dares prefume to use fuch threats to me? 1053/4

but it is possible that *dares* is a tautological misprint caused by *troupes*. The case is as doubtful as Dr. Greg's correction at l. 1224. Dyce rightly read *bedeck* and *tent* in the next lines:

What art thou come to view thy wretched kings
Whofe traiterous heads bedeckt my tents fo well? 1591/2

The *-t* and *-s* may be tautologically caused by *tent* and *heads*. Dyce cured the following line by reading *idless* for *Idels*:

But now a dayes fo yrkfome Idels flights, 14

Though Dyce may be right, we prefer accepting a tautological *-s* in *Idels*: the phrase *yrkfome Idel* (= idle) *[lights]* sounds much better.

Repetitions which replace genuine letters and words, and were corrected by former editors:

Ittiue	<i>for</i> Itriue	152	Itrnng	<i>for</i> Itrange	1120
Albinus and Fabius go toward Alphonfus.					337
Albinus go towards Alphonfus.					354

The last word *Alphonfus* at l. 354 is wrong, it ought to be *Belinus*, and Dyce corrected it. Here we see that a similar stage-direction, 17 lines higher up, still stuck in the compositor's memory, and influenced his setting-up. However, before we had explained this kind of misprint as a tautological process, it was commonly said to be an 'error of the eye': when setting up l. 354 it was thought the printer had looked at l. 337. If so, why did not he go on printing l. 338 once more? All the same, we do not deny that some such cause, for instance a second glance at the ms., may exceptionally lead to a wrong repetition, and, though we do not think it, this repetition at l. 354 may be a case in point.

The fillie serpent found by Country swaine,
And cut in peeces by his furious blowes,
Yet if his head do scape away vntoucht,

306/8

Dyce's emendation *her head for his head* is above cavil, for the text has *her body* and *her life* at ll. 316 & 317. The wrong *his* is the tautological repetition of *his* in the preceding line.

Like simple sheep when shepheard absent is,
Farre from his flock, affaild by greedie Wolfe,
Do scattring flie about, fome here, fome there,
To keepe their bodies from their rauening iawes,

458/61

Instead of reading *his* for the second *their* in the last line, the editors read *wolves* at l. 459. We think that the omission of the article, though they had *shepheard* without it before their eyes, might have heightened their suspicion of a single wolf. But this omission was common in the poetry of the time; cf. the following hexameters at B 3 *verso* of *The Lamentations of Amintas for the death of Phillis* by A. France, 1596 :

Trife had fhining funne withdrawn his face fro the heauens,
And earth all darkned, since *Phillis* friendly departed,
And when fourth day came, then againe true louer *Amintas*,
Mindfull of old loue still, tooke no ioy flocke to be feeding, etc.

At Greene's time this was not archaic poetry as Abbott says in his *Shakespearian Grammar*. Nor did Shakespeare ridicule the practice when he wrote *MND* I, l. 184.

Against *Alphonfus* with so small a troupe,
Whole number farre exceeds king *Xerxes* troupe,

1491/2

Dyce judiciously conjectured *host* for *troupe* at l. 1492, for it is an unmistakable tautological misprint.

Looke to thy selfe, and if you fare amis
Remember that *Medea* counsell gaue,
Which might you safe from all those perils faue.

1816/8

Dyce read, and made sense by reading :

Which might you sav'd from all those perils have.

but, of course, it is very unlikely that these two hardly accountable misprints have corrupted the line. The puzzle can easily and certainly been solved: 'safe ... faue' must be a tautological misprint. Either the first or the second word is *safe*, but the second being the rime-word is pretty safe; therefore, the first *safe* is the wrong word which has ousted the genuine word *keepe* from the printer's memory. Note Greene's inversion.

Other wrong letters and words corrected by former editors :

Brinted	for Printed	title p.	Act. 3	for Act. 4	1220
Clarinus	„ Carinus	115	withffand	„ withstand	1732
fot	„ for	275	proue	„ prone	1964

Most of these remaining literal errors are due to careless sorting of the types. The types *r* and *t* do not differ greatly, neither do the ligatures *ff* and *ft*. It follows that the compartment containing the *r* may contain *t* types, etc., and that the compositor may take the wrong type from the right compartment.

With only few misprints the reason of the printer's slip is not capable of demonstration. Why did the compositor set up *the* for *their* 372, see above, and *the* for *this* 1790, see above, *thee* for *me* 1601, and *Alphonfus* for *Arcaftus* 1230? They show how unaccountably a word may be replaced by another in a printer's or, perhaps also, in an author's brain. At times, some special reasons may be detected or guessed at. At page C 1 Dr. Greg saw that the catch-word *Kneele* (part of a stage-direction) 427 ought to be *The*. Here the mistake may be due to the marginal place of the direction between the ll. 427 and 428. When printing the last word of p. C 1 the compositor intended to begin the next page with the direction; when printing p. C 1 verso he began with l. 428, and put the stage-direction after it.

Non-errors. Our dealing with misprints must include a discussion of the would-be cases former editors have assumed. However, though it may be instructive, it is not necessary to strive after completeness.

In a time when there was not a settled orthography in our sense of the word, every author indulged in variations and irregularities of spelling. Dyce quasi-corrected *vilde* 555, though *vilde* is about as common as *vile* is. Collins miscorrected *too blame* 75, though *too blame* seems to be more usual than *to blame*. And when Dr. Greg carped at *quight*, riming with *might* 1611/2, he gave us to understand that he did not know how common a practice it was to make an eye-rime when, as a rule, the rime-sounds were differently spelled. Even Dr. Greg's suspicion of misprints in the following words is unreasonable and indefensible:

horizons (orisons)	178	<i>Morphei</i> (Morpheus)	1360	fun (son)	1748
Albelston (Albestos)	611	wretcheds (wretchedst)	1517	Theile (They'l)	1859
<i>Auarne</i> (Averne)	1193				

In the *NED* four of these obsolete spellings are duly registered as legitimate variants. *Auarne* is not there, but Dr. Greg could have found in the *NED*: *farne* (fern), *lern* and *larn* (learn), *tavarn* (tavern), etc. *Wretcheds* is a phonetic spelling; final *-d* and *-t* was often not pronounced, and the non-pronunciation gave rise to an excrescent *d* (and *t*) in such words as *andvil*, *anvild*, *heiferd*, *scholard*, *vild*, etc., etc. About *Morphei* there is something more interesting to say. *Morpheus*, *Orpheus*, *Peleus*, *Perseus*, etc. are either trisyllabic or disyllabic. When disyllabic the pronunciation was *Mor-phe*, not *Mor-pheus*, and it is this disyllabic pronunciation which is indicated by the form *Morphei* or *Morphey*, cf. the following fourteeners from Arthur Golding's *Metamorphosis*, 1587:

And Perfey bearing in his hand the monfter Gorgons head,	p. 60 verso
The horned oxen, backe againe to Orphey ward they went,	p. 140
Said: Pelie Pelie I doo bring fad tidings vnto thee:	
Declare it man (quoth Peleus) what euer thing it bee.	p. 145

Note trisyllabic *Peleus* in the last line. And note the form *Theile* for *They'll* 1859 which is as common as blackberries though unknown to Dr. Greg!

L. 917 has 'on the twentie day', and this *twentie* is a legitimate variant of *twentieth*.

It goes without saying that it is often difficult to distinguish between misprints and legitimate variants; therefore, a modern editor has to study the spelling of the time. And he has to study the grammar. Dyce and his followers read *subjects* in:

If which shoulde happe, *Belinus* were vndone,
His contrey fpoyle, and all his subiect flaine :

298/9

but here *subiect* is a collective noun. The *NED* wrongly limits this use of the word to Shakespeare. The word *corpes*, a variant spelling of modern *corps*, is often met as a plural :

To swallow vp those cankered corpes of thine.

1623

and Dyce wrongly altered *those* into *that*.

Before all, a modern editor has to study the prosody of the time. When he does not, a host of misprints will escape him, and at times he may be tempted to cure a most healthy line. Dyce read *to the death* in this line :

As where thou shouldest pursue him to death,

1037

because he did not take into consideration that *shouldest* may be disyllabic, and that *pursue* may be accented on the first syllable.

Some words have been held to be misprinted because the editor did not understand the text. Dyce most unnecessarily altered *do* 481 into *did*. He miscorrected *friendly* 643 into *fiendly*, though ll. 658/68 clearly show that *friendly* is the genuine word. He changed *When* 751 into *Who*, though *When* gives as good a meaning. He changed *clearly* 1034 to *cleanly*, though *clearly* in this case means the same as *cleanly*, viz. *completely*, see *NED* under 8. He replaced *eafe* 1075 by *care*, but *eafe*, meaning *easement*, *relief*, *aid*, see *NED*, is unexceptionable. At l. 1498 he made *triumphes* singular, but *triumph* at l. 1499 is no reason to deny the plurality of the shouts of acclamation to *Belinus*. At l. 1538 he replaced *these tidings* with *his tidings* because he thought that *his* refers to Mahomet, but *his* refers to the messenger. At l. 1661 he changed *it* into *they* because he did not see that *it* refers to the *cannon* [hot, the act of shooting, which had the effect of overspreading the infernal regions with a layer of souls. Nevertheless Dyce, the first editor, deserves to be remembered most respectfully. Later editors did not much improve upon his text. And, though they corrected a very few of Dyce's mistakes, they made others. It is horrible to hear from Collins that such words as *seeke* 203, *friend* 221, and *needs* 1207, see our quotations, are disyllabic, but a few of such mistakes are at any rate not so bad as Dr. Greg's disregard of metrical irregularities. What to say of an editor of Homer or Vergil, if that editor confesses himself to be a total-abstainer from questions of prosody ?

Taking into consideration the misprints we have dealt with, all lines of *Alphonsus* are tenners, in Nashe's phrase *drumming decasyllabons*, with the exception of these three lines :

Læli. I will my Lord.
To armes my mates.
March on my mates.

Exit Lælius.

451

1650

Exeunt omnes.

1722/3

Are these lines genuine, are they corrupt, or are they interpolated ? Interpolations are characterized by their redundancy, and these lines seem to be necessary, the text would lose something if we left them out. Besides, a play containing but three interpolations, and all of them good ones, is more than our experience can vouch for. Even in studying the stage-directions, no other

trace of an adapter's meddling can be found, they all show the selfsame peculiar author's style which may be most typically illustrated by this direction :

*Exit Venus. Or if you can conueniently, let a chaire come downe
from the top of the [stage, and draw her vp.*

2109/10

Still, Dr. Greg suspects and believes in 'some cutting of the dialogue' by a manager-adapter : 'It certainly looks as though the demands of the author had somewhat outrun the resources of the cast' he says. But he does not, and cannot, point to a dialogue which seems to be imperfect ; his suspicion and belief are based on the one and only fact 'that three characters, important enough to be named in the stage-directions, have no parts assigned to them'. They have no spoken parts assigned to them, but the resources of the cast were sufficient, for those characters act, are fought with, spoken to, gazed at, and, in this reasoning it is of importance, their names are mentioned in the spoken text. Why, then, is it unnatural that their names are also mentioned in the stage-directions ? And what is more imaginary than to build a belief in an adapter's pruning on the solitary and harmless fact that mute characters are mentioned in the stage-directions ? If the characters were 'ghosts' it would be another question but, even then, the argument would be most debatable.

Corruptness of our three short lines is not altogether impossible : the printer may have missed out the words that, perhaps, complemented the lines. However, in such a good text as *Alphonsus* exhibits, it does not seem likely that such omission would have happened three times. Moreover, there is something which directly pleads in favour of the genuineness of the ll. 1650 and 1722. Both lines end a scene, and each time the flow of the verse is interrupted by and drowned in the tumult of an alarm. In the middle of a verse line there is in these cases a natural end of speech. In this connexion we quote a remarkable line from *James IV* :

Be Gad fhees blyth, faire lewely, bony, &c.
Exeunt

631/2

L. 631 has nine syllables and, instead of the tenth, *etcetera*. Grosart, and we think he is right, explains this 'Ec.' with 'goes out talking'. Here we see that the verse line ending the first Act of *James IV* remains imperfect, and that the regular verse structure gives way to an actor's undistinguishable talk when leaving the stage. This line 631 is a perfect analogy to the ll. 1650 and 1722. Therefore, we conclude that these short lines are genuine. Shakespeare, too, has his genuine short or broken lines which he uses as transitions to song, music, or prose.

What of l. 451 ? This short line does not end a scene, it is the only one in the midst of tenners. Wherever short lines surrounded by regular blank verse occur in Shakespeare we have learned to look out for a corruption of the text, and our study of the structure of Greene's blank verse, including his non-dramatic poetry, has led to an even stronger conviction that Greene of all dramatists did not write short lines in the midst of regular ones. We cannot explain l. 451 but by the assumption that the compositor, for some reason or other, missed out the complementary words. The line as it stands is rather abrupt. *I will my Lord accomphish your behest* sounds much better.

In his Introduction to *Alphonsus* the late Professor Collins says : 'The

text of the Quarto... is remarkably free from corruptions'. Dr. Greg says : ... 'there can be no doubt that the printer set up his edition from a perfectly authentic and probably very accurate manuscript.' We agree, but it must be clearly understood that this freedom from corruption and this printing from a very accurate ms. coincide with one error in every twenty lines :

Errors corrected by	former editors	present writer	total
Line-shiftings	4	1	5
Misreadings	6		6
Transposition of letters	2		2
" " words (no syn. mispr.)	1		1
Synonymous misprints	14	19	33
Homonymous "	3		3
Omissions of letters	7		7
" " words (no syn. mispr.)	9	2	11
Tautological misprints (pure repetitions)	10	1	11
" " (replacing repetitions)	5	2	7
Other wrong letters	7		7
" " words	4	1	5
	<hr/> 72	<hr/> 26	<hr/> 98

Literary exercises are not mathematics, and, of course, there may be a good deal of subjectivity among these quasi-objective statistics. Nevertheless, if we do not like to speak *ins Blaue hinein* we have to argue with figures, figures as accurate as we can make them and as circumstances allow, and those figures show that the printer of *Alphonsus* worked just five times better than the scribe of Alleyn's player's part did who made one actual error in about every four lines, see this periodical, 1929, p. 203. Indeed, *Alphonsus* is not badly printed, if we keep in mind the general inexactness of those days. The latest bibliographers have a general tendency to acquit the Elizabethan printer of inaccuracy ; if there are many errors in a printed play they blame them, not on the printer, but on the ms., or the prompt-book. This time, however, this excuse will not do. We have seen that Dr. Greg, when he wrongly ascribed the error of l. 372 to an adapter, and also when he assumed some pruning, pre-supposed that *Alphonsus* was printed from the prompt-book. Collins says in his general Introduction :

Greene's plays..... have plainly been printed from stage copies, in which the original manuscript was no doubt submitted to all those outrages on the part of managers and actors so common, or rather so habitual, in those times.

The probable relation of the texts, as we have them now, to the original texts may be seen by comparing the Alleyn Ms. with the printed copy, and when we think that this applies not to Greene only but to all his contemporaries, we may judge of our position generally with respect to original texts.

Pope already considered it 'probable that the Prompter's Books were what [Heminge & Condell] call'd the Original Copies' of Shakespeare's plays. It was Pope who founded this sound generic theory, and it was Professor Collins's and Dr. Greg's critical blindness which applied it to Greene's *Alphonsus*. When no other errors than misprints can be found, when there is no reason to assume interpolations, when all the stage-directions make an impression of genuineness, it is quite certain that the ms. from which the play was printed did not pass through the theatre. Then the play belongs to the class printed from an unadulterated author's manuscript as, e.g., Th. Hughes's *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587, 'let downe as it paft from vnder his handes'.

It is well-known that Greene has been censured for selling his *Orlando Furioso* to the Queen's players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, selling the same play to the Lord Admiral's men for as many more. We do not know to which company he sold his *Alphonsus* but now we know that from another author's copy this play was set up in print. The Q of 1599 is not necessarily the first edition, and no entry of the play has been found in the Stationers' Registers. Thomas Heywood in his preface to *The Rape of Lucrece* told us that 'some [playwrights] haue vsed a double sale of their labours, first to the Stage, and after to the presse'.

Collins's sweeping judgement about the untrustworthiness of the text of plays is only true with respect to *Orlando* and the class to which it belongs, namely the piracies. *Alphonsus*, as we think we have proved, belongs to the very best class of play texts. And *James IV*, as we hope to show in our next article, belongs to the prompt-book class which is more or less adulterated by the meddling activity of well-meaning stage-managers who acted in the interest of their own art and trade. Our study of this their meddling enables us to judge much more favourably than Collins did of our position generally with respect to original texts, prose parts excluded. Really, we do not need to despair: most adulterations can be detected.

The Hague.

B. A. P. VAN DAM.

Reviews.

Alliterative Poetry in Middle English. The dialectical and metrical survey. By J. P. OAKDEN, M. A., Ph. D. Manchester University Press, 1930. Pp. XII + 273. 12/6 net.

One cannot read this book without feeling a constantly increasing admiration for the Author's industry. It was evidently his ideal to include practically every alliterative text, long or short, in his investigation, and he has undertaken the immense task of examining all these texts with a view to obtaining the facts and figures he required for his purpose. It was only in comparatively few cases that the result of work done by others supplied him with the desired data.

The bulk of the book is, as stated on the title page, taken up by "The Dialectical Survey" (Part I), and "The Metrical Survey" (Part II). In chapter 1, which forms an introduction to the other five chapters of Part I, the Author sets forth his method of approaching the various dialectical questions by discussing no fewer than 45 dialect tests; in each case texts are mentioned in which illustrations of the various criteria may be found. In chapter 2 the Author attempts to determine the dialect of the poems written in the alliterative long line from the close of the O.E. period till about 1300. Ten poems are examined in this chapter; it appears that in the period in question alliterative poetry was still written in all dialects. The third chapter, a very long one, deals with the dialect of the poetry composed in the alliterative long line from about 1300 to the end of the M.E. period. Twenty-eight poems pass the review; practically all of them originated in the West Midlands between 1340 and 1400, though there are a few later or— written chiefly in

Scotland, where the tradition of employing alliteration in writing poetry lingered on for over a century after 1400. — Chapter 4 treats of the dialect of M.E. poems in the alliterative long line with end rhyme. Twelve poems of this class are discussed; they appear to have been written in various areas north of the Thames. This is a noteworthy fact, because an allied, though different type of alliterative poetry, poetry written in alliterative stanzas, examined in the next chapter, fourteen poems being mentioned, was, with the exception of a few early examples dating from the latter part of the 13th century, produced exclusively "in Nth. or Lowland Scotch". In the last chapter of the First Part the Author examines "a number of poems not always metrically uniform, but linked together by the fact that the writers used alliteration very frequently as an additional ornament in ordinary rhymed syllabic verse. The long line has disappeared, but alliteration remains." In poetry of this class only stressed syllables alliterate. "The poems treated in this chapter", twenty-one in number, "range over the whole of the M.E. period to 1420, and there is no dialect unrepresented."

In Part II, *The Metrical Survey*, the poems examined in Part I, are studied again, but this time from a metrical point of view. The various types of poetry are discussed in the same order as in Part I. In scanning the Author makes use of Sievers's original five 'types'. — As Part II is largely of a statistical nature, it is difficult, not to say impossible, to give a summary of the contents, so that a brief mention of a few noteworthy points must suffice. After discussing the rhythmical passages in the later portion of the *Chronicle* (p. 134 f.), the Author says, "These entries are very important, because they are sufficient to show that popular rhythms did exist, and subsequently developed along certain lines, until rhyming couplets were evolved. All this took place before French influence could have been felt, and it is almost equally certain that the use of rhyme was not due to the influence of the Latin Hymns of the Church, but to popular tradition." In the early M.E. period attempts were still made to imitate the O.E. metrical system (p. 136 f.), but soon a fusion of the traditional and the popular forms of verse took place (p. 138 ff.). The earliest poem in which this fusion is apparent, is the *First Worcester Fragment*. The section dealing with the gradual emergence of a native couplet (p. 140 ff.) is particularly interesting. — About 1340 an alliterative revival set in, which lasted till about 1450, and produced "a continuous succession of lengthy alliterative poems". This revival, which is discussed at great length in chapter 8, "arose in the West and flourished there." In the next chapter poems in the alliterative long line with end rhyme, thirteen in all, are characterized with regard to stanzaic arrangement, violation of natural stress for the sake of alliteration, vocalic alliteration, the number of unstressed syllables, and other points. The last two chapters of Part II treat of the use of stanzas in alliterative poetry, and of the use of alliteration as an ornament. An important feature of chapters 8 to 11 is that each of them is accompanied by exhaustive statistics, setting forth the metrical, rhythmical, stanzaic, and other characteristics of the various poems.

Three appendices are added. The first is an essay on the common authorship of certain poems (*Alexander A and B*; the *Parlement of the Three Ages* and *Wynnerne and Wastoure*; *Richard the Redeles* and *Piers Plowman*; etc.); the second contains a number of remarks on the Green Knight's Castle and Chapel; the third deals with the scribes of the poems of the Cotton MS. Nero A X.

In going through Dr. Oakden's book I have made a few notes.

p. 12. In giving examples of southern texts the Author mentions *The London Petition to Parliament*, *The English Proclamation* of Henry III, and Adam Davy's *Dreams*. That the London dialect was originally southern, has been asserted more than once, but, as far as I know, the assertion has never been proved. — Davy is stated to have written his *Dreams* in London. One would like to know on what evidence this statement is based. — Gower is called a Londoner; the Author might have added a note here informing his readers who made this discovery. — On the same page the dialect of Richard Rolle, like that of the *York* and the *Towneley Plays*, is called East Midland, and placed in the same dialect group as the type of speech used by Chaucer, "whose dialect is that of the S. E. Midl. of the second half of the fourteenth century." The assigning of a border dialect to a definite area is always a more or less arbitrary proceeding; but Rolle's dialect, in so far as we have any reliable knowledge of it, and that of the *York Plays* can hardly be called border dialects. The language of the *York Plays* has, as is well known, been tampered with by the copyist; in the fifteenth century the dialect of London began to be imitated in York. The MS. of the *Towneley Plays*, too, which is much later than the original, must be the work of a scribe with 'modernizing' tendencies.

p. 13. "*Barbour's Bruce* is the only northern text we have which can definitely be proved to be northern. It was written in 1375 by Barbour, the Archdeacon of Aberdeen. The *Cursor Mundi* is certainly a northern text, but the MSS. differ so considerably that it is not possible to form any accurate idea of the original dialect. Fortunately we have many N. E. Midl. texts which fill up the gap." What does the last sentence of this quotation mean in connection with what precedes? The exact meaning of "N. E. Midl.", a designation that is used a great many times throughout the book, is not clear; it seems to denote primarily Yorkshire, but Notts. (p. 54) and Lincs. (p. 107) appear to be included as well.

p. 17. "The evidence for the change (scil. *-ong-* > *-ung-*) is very small, since it is never recognised in spelling." There are, however, a few instances of *-ung-* spellings in the Ireland MS., as *Anturs of Arther*, St. I, *lung*; *Sir Amadace*, St. II and St. XII *lung*; *Ibid.* St. XLIV *a-mung*; *Avowynge of Arther*, St. XLVI and St. LXVII *emunge*. In *Audelay's Poems* there is also an instance of *lung* (p. 77).

p. 19. What the Author says about *e—i—ü* in the London dialect requires revision.

p. 35. The statement that Mannyng has *ande* only, is not quite correct; he also has present participles in *-ing*, e.g. *Handl. S.* 4255 f., *ryng*; *kallyng*; *Ibid.* 4538 f., *pleyyng* (gerund): *ianglyng*; *Ibid.* 5895 f., *spekyng*; *knowyng* (gerund).

p. 37 f. The forms *ta*, *tan(e)* occur in a good many texts besides the four mentioned by the Author, which are stated to be the only ones that use *ta*, *ma*; see Boerner, *Die Sprache Roberd Mannyngs of Brunne*, p. 81 f.. The statement that "Mannyng has no examples", is also incorrect; *l. c.* p. 81.

p. 121. "The infinitive without 'n': e.g. *to singe*, l. 178, rhyming with *binge*, sub.; at such an early period" (scil. c. 1250) "this would rule out the Sth. dialect." A similar statement is made on p. 104. It is, however, exactly the southern dialect in which infinitives lose their final *n* at a very early date. In the *Owl and Nightingale*, for instance, we find l. 39 f. *singe*, inf.:

303elinge ger.; 69 f. *mose* sub.: *to-tose*, inf.; 169 f. *unwrenche*, sub.: *blenche*, inf., etc.. The very rhyme cited by the Author, —*singe* : *þinge*— is also found in the *Owl and Nightingale*, namely in l. 309 f.. Even the 'inflected' infinitive *singe* rhymes with *þinge* in l. 485 f.; another 'inflected' infinitive without *n*, *to biholde*, rhyming with *volde* sub., occurs in l. 71.

Amsterdam.

W. VAN DER GAAF.

Die Sprache Caxtons. Von DR. HELMUT WIENCKE. 226 pp.
Leipzig. Bernhard Tauchnitz. 1930. M. 14.—.

The theory that one individual writer should be able to create or revolutionize the language of his time is now fairly exploded. This view, long held with regard to Wycliffe, Chaucer, and Caxton, was more the result of romantic admiration of the author than of critical investigation. An author can at most create a literary style, more or less artificial in grammar and diction. He may even, if he is powerful enough, induce other writers to imitate him and thus form a school. But he does not affect the natural growth of the language about him, and if he carries his idiosyncrasy to extremes, he only runs the risk that his works are left unread. Caxton, too, did not create or alter the English of his time, but used it to the best of his artistic ability. And it stands to reason that the dialect spoken in London would best serve his purpose, as in his day it had gone a long way towards becoming the Standard Language far beyond its original area.

Yet, in various places in the book under discussion, there occur passages that make one suspect the author of having leanings towards the older view. On the very first page of the introduction, in a quotation from Horn, *Stand und Aufgaben der Sprachwissenschaft*, adduced in justification of the choice of the subject, we read of the important position which Caxton holds in the development¹⁾ of the Standard Language (Schriftsprache). On p. 166 we find Caxton credited with the chief part in the generalizing of the adjectival suffix *-ive* for *-if*. Again, on p. 218, in a list summarizing the characteristic features of the last of Caxton's translations (viz. Eneydos, 1490), the question is asked in how far the creation of a uniform language has come to a conclusion in this last work. Two pages further Caxton is stated to have paved the way for modern-English usage in regard to the present plural of *to be* (*are*, as against *be*, *ben*). And on p. 226 Wiencke speaks of a purposeful endeavour, a will, present in the four works examined, to find a way from medieval confusion (Wirrwar) to modern clarity and unity. Finally, in view of Caxton's prudent and circumspect method of innovation in the matter of language Wiencke winds up his book with the oratorical question whether it would not have been better if a youthful man with a revolutionary spirit had undertaken Caxton's task, who might have radically broken with what had historically grown. But a writer of this calibre would no more have affected the natural growth of the language of his day than Chaucer, Wycliffe or Caxton did.

Apart from this overestimation of Caxton's influence on the development of the language Wiencke has supplied linguistic students with a careful and

1) Italics are mine.

detailed study of a voluminous translator, working at a time when a new Standard Language was fast shaping itself. He has chosen for his investigation four works which, together, cover about twenty years of Caxton's literary activity, from about 1470 to 1490, the year of his death. In this respect Wiencke's work contrasts favourably with Römstedt's *Die Englische Schriftsprache bei Caxton*, dating from 1891, and the only work dealing with Caxton's language until Wiencke's book appeared. As Römstedt had only used, for his study of Caxton, the "Book of Courtesye", which was only printed by Caxton, not written, and "Reynard the Fox", which was translated from the Dutch, he is deservedly taken to task by Wiencke for the lack of representativeness of the works selected as a basis upon which to build his conclusions. And on the ground of his more extensive, and hence more reliable investigation Wiencke arrives at conclusions diametrically opposed to those of Römstedt; the latter stresses the uniformity prevailing in Caxton's language, the former, equally forcibly, emphasizes the gradual change from variety in forms to comparative uniformity, a uniformity, moreover, which in many respects foreshadows the Standard Language of early modern and present-day English (Summary, p. 215).

Now Wiencke sees in this change a conscious, and successful, endeavour on Caxton's part to replace Middle English formal multifariousness by Modern English uniformity in the language as a whole. But it is hardly credible that in a period of twenty years a revolution as described by Wiencke should take place in the speech of a large community. At any rate it would have to be paralleled in other writers of the same time. In reality Wiencke's conclusions prove no more than a change in Caxton's language. Now Caxton was a Kentishman by birth, who as a young man spent three years in London, after which he went abroad for thirty years. And here he translated the first work examined by Wiencke (The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye). It is hardly possible that when he did this he was quite familiar with the London English of that time, even if he had ever rid himself completely of his native dialect. The next three works (The History of Jason, The Fables of Aesop, Eneydos) were translated while he lived in London. Consequently nothing is more natural than that during this time Caxton gradually conformed his own language to what was then the Standard in the capital, and in its main features the prototype of early Modern and present-day English. Thus Caxton's modernizing tendencies assume more normal proportions.

Besides the detailed treatment of the actual variety of sounds which is reflected in Caxton's spelling, much stress is laid on purely orthographical variants, i.e. such as do not represent different sounds, as for instance *ī* and *ȳ* for *ī*, statistics being supplied of the relative frequency of the different symbols. But sometimes one wonders whether the author refers to the sound or the symbol only, when he compares two variant spellings. Thus on p. 48, where one instance of *dog* is mentioned against seventy-six of *dogge* for Old English *dogga*, it is stated that geminated consonants in general withstand reduction to the simple consonants. And on p. 68 we read of the obligatory spelling for the lengthened consonant (*tch*) for Old English *cc*. But in Caxton's days the doubling of consonants had become a mark to denote the (short) quantity of the preceding vowel (Jordan, Handb. § 157).

A few notes which I made in the margin while reading the book may be added: p. 39, the noun *ache* is not O.E. *aca*, but, as on p. 68, *æce*; p. 48,

O.E. *flock*, misprint for *flocc* (?); p. 73, the stressed syllables in the p.p. *abiden* and *riden* cannot, without more ado, be said to be open; p. 74, *wystande* is not to be explained only by total assimilation, but by this, followed by simplification of the resulting *ss*; p. 113, *reeentryd* becomes phonetically more intelligible, if it is divided *ree-entryd*; p. 184, *-mend-* in *recomendacion* is not an unstressed syllable, and hence its *e* is not to be put on a level with that of *remena[u]nt*.

In conclusion every credit is due to the author for the painstaking accuracy, and the persevering thoroughness with which he has undertaken his laborious task. The result of it is a detailed and trustworthy survey of Caxton's phonology, morphology, and orthography, and the change of his language in regard to these, as illustrated in four representative works.

The Hague.

H. J. VAN DER MEER.

Low Comedy as a Structural Element in English Drama. By OLA ELIZABETH WINSLOW. (Diss.). The University of Chicago Libraries, Chicago, Illinois. 1926. XI & 186 pp.

Low comedy is that element of boisterous mirth, amusing nonsense and practical jokes which is such a characteristic feature of Elizabethan drama, and which, in Shakespeare, suggests the names of Dogberry and Bottom, Falstaff, the grave-diggers in Hamlet, the porter in Macbeth. Miss Winslow's dissertation traces its history and development from the beginnings in the Scripture Cycles, through the Moralities, Shakespeare's immediate predecessors, Shakespeare, to its end in the new dramatic types after Shakespeare. It owes its origin to the popularity of the early stage, (the rural audience loved a little horse-play,) and to the necessity of enlivening the dreary didacticism of the moralities. It thus became a tradition of English acted drama: later dramatists learned how to employ it for the purposes of dramatic economy, Shakespeare transmuted it into great art, after Shakespeare it soon decayed.

The low comedy of the Scripture Cycles is mainly noise and ranting, and usually has little or nothing to do with the main action. It is characteristic of this stage that also main characters such as kings and patriarchs indulge in it. The moralities relegate low comedy to a special group of acting personages: the devil and various subordinate evil characters. Here is the beginning of the underplot, so important in the structure of the later drama. The immediate forerunners of Shakespeare retain low comedy for its historic purpose of giving emotional relief or of simply making the groundlings laugh, but they also use it to fill up awkward gaps in the construction of the play. In these plays low comedy helps to keep up the double time tradition so notable in Elizabethan drama. A frequent device is to echo or burlesque the main action. This procedure is so natural, that it occurs as early as the Scripture plays, where, for instance, the shepherds mock the Angels' song in the fields of Bethlehem. The next development was to allow the comic figures to influence the main action, making them perform all sorts of tasks, and so knitting the action together. Shakespeare's technique does not materially differ from that of his immediate predecessors. But he was a greater artist and used comic episodes in better taste. He strengthened the plot connections. In his hands the comic interest became, for the first time, an organic structural unit. Also in

Shakespeare the centre of the comic interest is not action but characterization. Shakespeare's reason for the introduction of comedy in tragedies appears to be to supply relief at points of tension, to deepen pathos by means of contrast or to strengthen the irony of the tragic situation. The porter in *Macbeth* supplies this relief, and also serves another useful purpose in filling a gap.

Thomas Heywood continued most worthily the custom of clownage to which Shakespeare had given new freshness. Soon after 1600 a new *genre* developed, the comedy of manners. The main issues and characters became comic, and accordingly burlesque, hitherto the chief device of the comic underplot, became relatively ineffective. In one type of the comedy of manners the comic underplot was entirely abandoned, and all comic interests were incorporated in the main intrigue. The action was single, the play became structurally very closely knit. The status of the principal characters was lowered, that of the minor characters was raised. In a sense it might be said that the comedy of manners is mainly descended from the previous low comedy episodes, as it continues the realistic tradition that had always been a characteristic of low comedy. But of course the critical point of view gave a new purpose to all the boisterousness. Didacticism and not amusement was now the primary purpose of the comic action. It is amusing to observe that comedy, originally merely a relief to the didacticism of the moralities, had by this time taken over the very purpose of the moralities.

Where the underplot remained, it sometimes developed so much as to rival the main plot in importance. The old romantic tradition of clowns and comic servants, and boisterous mirth also continued to exist, after Shakespeare, but it underwent no new development.

Low comedy is the perpetuation of a theatrical convention, but it is also something much more fundamental: it meets a need for emotional contrast. In this respect it may be compared with the chorus in Greek tragedy, with the *intermedii* of the Italian and the *entremes* of the Spanish drama. It was one of the factors which made of the Elizabethan drama a series of episodes, rather than a structurally close-knit play, but it cannot be considered as the cause of the ultimate decadence of the Elizabethan drama.

We have tried to summarize the contents of this interesting treatise. Most of the facts it brings are familiar. The task the author had set before her was a limited one: "an investigation of the type of comedy designated as low comedy", and "to study that element in its relation to a developing dramatic structure." In this purpose she has succeeded. It has been shown that also in this field Shakespeare continued a national tradition, but his genius raised it to great art. The interest of investigations of this sort lies in that they bring out a supreme artist's indebtedness to his predecessors, and at the same time point out the special merits of genius in employing old methods for new purposes.

A play list of 15 pages is added. The style is a little obscure in places, and the number of printer's errors is above the normal.

Amsterdam,

H. DE GROOT.

Melanthe, a Latin pastoral play of the early seventeenth century written by SAMUEL BROOKE. Edited, with a biographical introduction by JOSEPH S. G. BOLTON. Pp. viii + 212. New Haven, Yale University Press; London, Milford, 1928 (Yale Studies in English, LXXIX). \$ 2.50.

Brooke's is one of the not infrequent cases in the annals of literature, when somebody is remembered because of an accidental association with a greater personality. Samuel Brooke, we are told, had his spell of celebrity for his Latin dramas. Upon an unlucky day he violated canon and common law alike in marrying a minor without her father's consent to a Lord Keeper's secretary who was then an unknown poet: John Donne. He must have tasted the sweets of fame when, after *Melanthe* had been performed before King James in Cambridge, the Earl of Pembroke caught sight of him in the crowd of academics in his presence, and, holding up the copy of *Melanthe* which he still carried in his hand, called out to the happy author: *Ecce tuam prolem, quam ego tollam et fovebo studiose*. But the days Brooke spent in prison in consequence of that ill-advised marriage have helped him towards posthumous fame better than that supreme night of the Cambridge triumph.

Brooke has left three pastoral plays in Latin: *Adelphe*, *Scyros*, and *Melanthe*. The first two are adaptations of, respectively, G. della Porta's *Sorella* and G. U. Bonarelli's famous *Filli di Sciro*; for *Melanthe* no immediate source has been found, although all its features can be traced back to preceding pastoral dramas. It has been Brooke's merit, as Prof. Bolton well shows, to give prominence to the farcical and spectacular elements in the dramas he adapted; his English humour "somewhat makes up for the missing cleverness of the South Europeans". It was the spectacular side of *Adelphe* which made its performance endurable to Lorenzo Magalotti, the Italian scientist and essayist (no better described by Prof. Bolton than as "a member of the prince's suite") when he attended it together with Cosimo III de'Medici in 1669.

Prof. Bolton's conclusion deserves to be quoted in its entirety:

With the publication of *Melanthe*, less than a month after its successful performance, Samuel Brooke disappears from the annals of English literature. And with how great a loss, one wonders, to the world of letters? His vein of gentle comedy might, if diligently worked, have given forth other and better scenes to amuse cloistered scholars and condescending peers. But his ultimate gift to literature would never have been outstanding. His heart was elsewhere. Already he was coming to feel nothing of true importance save problems of atonement and God's guiding power; and within three years' time he would write apologetic lines to a noted patron of letters to explain his having lingered, the short time that he had, in the gardens of the Muses.

Unfortunately his theological work came too late. "With academic care and scrupulousness, he had labored two years too long upon his arguments, until his mighty work was valueless." Charles I and Laud had determined upon a policy of enforced silence as the sole method of ending Puritan agitation, and Brooke's tract had to remain unprinted: it now rests in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, where Brooke was Master.

Prof. Bolton's edition of *Melanthe* is an accurate one (I have come across a single misprint on page 149, line 2: *inurili* instead of *inutili*); the only difficulty he has found is represented by the puzzling word *permellans* in the passage (page 85): "Ingreditur Ermilla festucam cultro parans, & ore suo

permellans". Prof. Bolton writes : "Unable to discover the word in any lexicon, I suggest as possible readings : 'permetiens' ('fashioning it to fit her mouth', 'permulcens' or 'permolliens' ('softening it with her mouth')." Assuming that Brooke would not take it upon himself to coin a neologism *permellans* from *mel* (even the verb *mello* is of dubious existence), the only satisfactory emendation which I can imagine is *pervellens*, i.e. "nibbling". The reading of *u* for *m* is of common occurrence.

Liverpool.

MARIO PRAZ.

Der Ire in der englischen Literatur bis zum Anfang des 19 Jahrhunderts. Von F. MEZGER. Pp. VIII + 214. Leipzig, Mayer & Müller, 1929. (Palaestra, 169), RM. 15.—.

There is but little variety in the type of the Irishman in English literature before the nineteenth century, and Dr. Mezger was right in giving only part of the materials he found at his disposal. Until the end of the eighteenth century England never realised that Ireland meant a good deal more than a colony and a nest of rebels, and that a great civilisation was being sacrificed to the egoism of a neighbouring nation. With a sense of understanding for a nationality, entirely different from her own, yet in no way inferior, England might have prevented the decay of much that awakens the admiration of the present generation, although the chance of a complete restoration remains uncertain even now. Viewing the long list of writings instanced by Dr. Mezger as evidence for the evolution of English opinion about the Irish from the sixteenth till the nineteenth century, one is much impressed by the fact that in England there never was an attempt to learn the truth about contemporary letters and scholarship in Ireland. Such was the self-sufficiency of European classicism at the time. But what strikes one still more, is that the image of Ireland and the Irishman in sixteenth, seventeenth and even eighteenth century literature can hardly be said to reflect in any degree the actual historical growth of the relations between the two countries. Of course, Dr. Mezger quotes a number of cases where a certain change in the literary picture of the Irishman corresponds to a special development in the historical course of events. In the Restoration period, for instance, the Irish character is depicted in somewhat brighter colours than during the Great Rebellion or after the Battle of the Boyne. Yet the lines of that character are but seldom borrowed from nature. In the literary conception of the Irishman tradition is predominant. He takes the place of certain characters of the classical comedy, such as the Miles Gloriosus or the faithful servant. This accounts for the fact that virtues are not altogether denied him. But these are the virtues of the servant and the plebeian. Besides, they are usually outweighed and obscured by vices, which form part and parcel of the Irishman's reputation from his earliest appearance in English literature: even a man like Spenser firmly believed in them. The religious separation of the two nations did the rest. When towards the end of the eighteenth century, in the writings of John O'Keefe and Maria Edgeworth, a change for the better announces itself, under the influence of the growing interest in the life of "barbaric" nations, even then it is not the Celtic Irishman who appears on the platform, but his Anglo-Irish fellow-citizen. Yet, here at last we find a picture of the Irish character and

Irish society that shows a certain respect for historical truth, although a truth dictated by bucolic, not naturalistic tendencies.

Dr. Mezger's book opens with a short chapter on the earliest relations of Ireland and the Saxons in the centuries before the Conquest, when England was still eager to recognise the superiority of Irish learning and to receive the wealth of scholarship and devotion which Ireland lavished on the throngs of foreign students assembling in her schools and monasteries. My conviction is that Dr. Mezger overrates the importance of Ireland's purely literary influence on the Anglo-Saxons or the Norsemen. However, as he does not speak here on his own authority but on that of other scholars, there is no reason to discuss this matter now. The remainder of the book consists of two chapters, the "Killing of Irish independence" (the Renaissance, the Elizabethan period, the early Stuarts), and the "Period of political decay" (the Restoration, the 18th century, the Union). Here a large number of writings, mostly dramas (for the eighteenth century also novels), are analysed, and what emerges is a character of "the Irishman", largely, though not entirely, dictated by tradition, prejudice and *cliché*. At the end of the chapter the writer discusses the works of Maria Edgeworth, Lady Morgan and Thomas Moore, who may be regarded as the heralds of a new era. Yet, even Moore himself had hardly an idea of what Irish Ireland was like. Another century was required to make the notion of Celtic inferiority give way.

Dr. Mezger concludes his work by a short chapter entitled "The political reconstruction". It is entirely different in character from what precedes, its object being to open an outlook upon modern times. Pancelticism is mentioned, personalities like Matthew Arnold, G. B. Shaw and G. K. Chesterton are touched upon. These and similar essayistic notes (e.g. "Der Ire — ein Versuch") are much to the detriment of the unity of the work and exceed its scope. Let us hope that Dr. Mezger will surprise us one day with a volume on the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, based on the same exactness of method that he has applied so successfully to an earlier period.

Utrecht.

A. G. VAN HAMEL.

Ireland. Von M. F. LIDDELL. Pp. 170. Leipzig-Berlin, Teubner, 1931.
(Handbuch der englisch-amerikanischen Kultur, hrsg. v. W. Dibelius).
RM. 6.80. Geb. RM. 8.40.

Among the many virtues of Mr. Liddell's book impartiality ranks foremost. He deals with the numerous problems connected with Ireland's past and present without passion and prejudice, and with a full understanding of the difficulties that faced both England and Ireland in the development of their mutual relations. On one side there is a profound sympathy for Irish mentality and civilisation, on the other a clear consciousness of the perils that rose from the neighbouring island at not a few critical moments of England's history. Even the problem of Northern Ireland or the "Six counties" finds in Mr. Liddell a historian who registers and explains, but does not pass judgment. No religious fervour, either on the catholic or the protestant side, so common in Irish affairs even at the present day, dominates his views. The economic aspect and England's industrial struggle receive due attention. The book provides an introduction and a survey for all those desirous of a general

knowledge of the history and present state of Ireland, yet lacking the opportunity to approach the sources. Encumbering details have been left out, but all the more important facts are carefully recorded, and that in their due proportion. In some cases Mr. Liddell even reveals some very interesting facts that were but little known, as, for instance, in regard of the Easter rising of 1916 (which was engendered not by the passion of a nation, but by the dreams of a small group of poets and idealists), or Ireland's attitude at the beginning of the Great War, which proved such a sore deception to Great Britain's enemies.

The book consists of three parts. Of these the first tells the passionate story of Ireland from the days of freedom till the end of the nineteenth century. The second chapter analyses at length the evolution from the beginning of the twentieth century till the constitution of the Irish Free State. A survey of present-day Ireland, from a political, economical and cultural point of view, concludes the whole. Earlier history is only adduced as an indispensable means of understanding the later development of things. The events that led in our own days to the establishment of Ireland as an independent member of the British Commonwealth of nations are circumstantially related. And the work culminates in a descriptive study of the present state of affairs, with special regard to the modern industrial aspirations, the Gaelic language movement, and educational and religious problems.

The student of Celtic finds himself obliged to make a few remarks concerning the opening paragraph on early Irish civilisation. If Conchobar mac Nessa received his name from his mother Ness, this does not necessarily point to the institution of matriarchy (p. 3): naming from the mother occurs in purely patriarchal societies as well. It is difficult to establish the exact meaning of *ruiri* (p. 3); "Oberkönig", although etymologically correct, would be a better rendering for *ardri*. "Druids" and *filed* (p. 4) are two different classes of professional men. A certain amount of classical learning found its way to Ireland before the christianization through the rhetorical schools (p. 4). Against the view that a knowledge of Greek was common among the early Irish scholars (p. 7) serious doubts have been expressed (see M. Esposito in *Hermathena* 45, 225 sqq.) Something ought to have been said about the survival of Celtic literary traditions in the eighteenth century; without this the Gaelic movement of our own time cannot be sufficiently appreciated. Of course, Mr. Liddell is right in not venturing any prophesy as to the results of the fresh endeavour to make Ireland truly Irish once more. But that the Gaelic movement is there, enthusiastically supported by hundreds of young men and women, is a rare phenomenon that can be understood neither from the premature self-realisation of the Irish mind at its very dawn, nor from its active resistance in the first centuries after the Conquest. At least not merely from these. The direct source is the "Hidden Ireland" with its hedge-schools and wandering bards of a hundred and fifty years ago. However, these objections do not in any degree affect my appreciation of Mr. Liddell's useful volume.

Utrecht.

A. G. VAN HAMEL.

British Classical Authors. On the basis of a Selection by L. HERRIG edited by MAX FÖRSTER. Jubilee (One Hundredth) Edition. With an Appendix of recent English authors. Pp. xx + 810 + 53*. Georg Westermann, Braunschweig, Berlin und Hamburg, 1930. Geb. M. 8.40. (Also in two volumes, at M. 4.80 and M. 4.50 resp.)

Contemporary English Prose. With Introductions and Notes by A. G. VAN KRANENDONK. Vol. I. (Selections from English Literature, 13.) Pp. 189. Utrecht, Kemink & Zoon (now: Groningen, Noordhoff.) 1930. Price f 1.50, cloth f 2.10.

Our practice of not reviewing schoolbooks need not prevent us from occasionally noticing publications which, though primarily intended for use in the upper forms of schools, may render service to beginning specialists in English as well. Of the two works mentioned above, Herrig's old anthology, first revised in 1904 by Professor Max Förster, now of the University of Munich, requires no introduction to Dutch students; and if this had been merely another edition of this admirable book, we should probably have passed its appearance over in silence. The fact, however, that its score has now run up to a century is too remarkable not to call for some comment, which to begin with should take the form of a warm compliment. As an anthology of English literature from \pm 1580 down to the present day it has no equal for the combination of scholarship and taste that have gone to its making, and for the excellence of its biographical introductions and glossaries. Moreover, this Jubilee Edition is not a mere reprint of its predecessors, but has been brought up to date by the inclusion of extracts from the work of nine modern authors, viz. Hardy, Butler, Conrad, Bennett, Galsworthy, Wells, Yeats, Wilde and Shaw, who had hitherto remained unrepresented. The addition will no doubt enhance the usefulness of the book for all classes of readers.

As we feel sure that "Herrig-Förster" still has a long and prosperous career before it, we venture to offer one or two suggestions with a view to future editions. In the section 'The Age of Shakespeare' space might perhaps be found for a few passages from the Authorized Version, without which any book purporting to give a survey of English literature must necessarily be incomplete. Though the latter remark will probably be accepted as a truism, few anthologists, at any rate in Holland, have drawn the logical conclusion of making room for it in their selections. The only instance we know of is Van Doorn's admirable *Garland of English Prose*, which deserves to be far more widely used than we are afraid it is. Even Schutt, though calling the A. V. 'the greatest monument of English prose belonging to this period', and stating that 'its influence on English prose is incalculable', fails to include specimens from it in his *Introduction*.

Personally we should also welcome the inclusion of some passages from Malory for comparison with Tennyson, but as this would considerably exceed the scope of the book, we expect that we shall have to go on looking for this kind of material elsewhere.

One desideratum we are convinced, however, will have to be supplied at the earliest opportunity. Now that the 'British' part of the book has been augmented so as to cover even living writers, it will no longer be possible to confine the section 'American Authors' to those flourishing between Washington Irving and Walt Whitman. Where Shaw and Galsworthy are represented,

O'Neill and Lewis cannot be ignored, or we shall have to apply to this anthology what Lewis, in his Nobel Prize Address, said of the American Academy of Arts and Letters: 'It does not represent literary America of today — it represents only Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.'

Not to end on a critical note, the present reviewer, as a teacher, would like to quote with warm approval a paragraph from the Preface in which Prof. Förster explains that he has omitted Herrig's outline of the history of English literature, "weil ich meine, dass eine ausführliche systematische Behandlung der Geschichte der englischen Literatur nicht in die Schule gehört. Vielmehr hat meiner Ansicht nach der Literaturunterricht auf der Schule von den einzelnen Werken und Autoren auszugehen; was sich an Literaturgeschichte aus der Behandlung dieser ergibt, wird dann am besten vom Lehrer selbst, dem jeweiligen Standpunkte seiner Klasse entsprechend, zusammengefasst."

The probable cause of Herrig-Förster's popularity in Holland is not a lack of good anthologies, but the absence of any work of exactly the same scope and excellence combined. Schutt's book, which is still in progress, offers a great deal more, by beginning with the Old English period, and by its historical and literary introductions. For this reason it is even better adapted to the needs of beginning specialists than the German work, though for scholastic purposes some will prefer the latter. Most other Dutch anthologies of approximately the same standard are confined either to poetry or to prose. In poetry we can fully hold our own with Van Doorn's two volumes of *Golden Hours with English Poets*; while in prose even a fairly well-read student will be the poorer for being unacquainted with the same anthologist's *Garland* (already mentioned) and *A Company of Guides*. For the last fifty years we now possess an extremely valuable selection in Van Kranendonk's *Contemporary English Prose*. The author of *De Engelsche Literatuur sinds 1880* was, of course, the very man to compose a book of this kind, and the editor of the series, who will presently come in for his share of certain criticisms we shall have to make, deserves our gratitude for persuading him to undertake it. The contents of the first volume — the second is yet to appear — are arranged in six chapters, each with its appropriate introduction. Chapter I is entitled: 'Realists of the 19th Century', and contains extracts from Gissing's *Odd Women* and Henry Ryecroft, Moore's *Esther Waters* and Hardy's *Mayor of Casterbridge*. 'Victorian Apostasy' (Chapter II) is illustrated from Gosse's *Father and Son*, White's *Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* and Butler's *Way of All Flesh*; 'Optimism and Belief in Progress' (Chapter III) from Wells' *First Men in the Moon*, *History of Mr. Polly*, *Passionate Friends* and *Outline of History*. After these, some will be glad to turn to Chapter IV, 'Romantic Realism', with its fine specimens of the art of Stevenson (*Weir of Hermiston*, *Kidnapped*) and of Conrad (*Lord Jim*, *Victory*); and, next, to 'The Field-Naturalists' Contribution to Literature' (Chapter V), with its singularly attractive passages from W. H. Hudson (*Hampshire Days*, *Far Away and Long Ago*, *First Visit to Buenos Ayres*), and its extracts from Barbellion's poignant *Diaries*. The last chapter, entitled 'Essayists', introduces the student to the work of Max Beerbohm, H. M. Tomlinson, Alice Meynell, Edward Thomas, and Logan Pearsall Smith. Bennett, Galsworthy, Katherine Mansfield, etc. are to be represented in volume two.

The design of the work is altogether admirable; so are the introductions to the several chapters. All the more pity that the compiler has not been better

served by his editor, publisher and printer. To begin with, the reproductions of the portraits of Hardy and Gosse, Wells, Stevenson, Conrad and Hudson are very poor ; only that from Rothenstein's lithograph of Gissing is tolerable. Then, though in the prefatory Note the editor of the series receives thanks for looking through the proofs, the texts are disfigured by an unusually high number of misprints, even for an English book printed in Holland. When in a collection of extracts from the best modern authors, *relieved* appears as *relived*, *was* as *wat*, *boiling* as *boling*, *to* as *tot*, *sprang a leak* as *sprang aleak*, *brightness* as *brightnen*, *resembling* as *resembling*, *thoughts* as *thoughts*, *if* as *it*, *rebounded* as *rebouded*, *gunny* as *gummy*, *pinching* as *pincing*, *Argentina* as *Argentinia*, *scared* as *sacred* — to give only these samples — surely something must be wrong with the 'editing'. We believe it is high time that writers, editors and publishers set up a higher standard of correctness for books of this kind, which may be, and are, also used in schools.

Our worst quarrel, however, is with the method of annotation, if method it can be called. According to the preface, 'the notes explain matters of a technical or special kind ; they are not intended to relieve less advanced readers from the duty of consulting a dictionary.' This sounds quite reasonable ; only it is not sufficient to say this sort of thing in the preface, and then forget all about it in the notes. On the one hand, one finds explanations that ought to be superfluous for the class of readers for whom the book is intended: 'she would see that the invalid wanted for nothing' — '*to see* : to take care'. — 'Miss Madden' — 'i.e. the eldest sister, the younger ones being called *Miss* followed by the Christian name'. — '*sharper* : swindler, rogue ; one who lives by taking advantage of the simplicity of others, especially one who cheats at cards.' (Why so many words to explain *sharper*, when not a word is said on *outwitted* and *bent upon outwitting him* in the same sentence?) — 'He tore out the leaf, folded and directed it' — '*to direct* : to write the address.' — 'As a deacon he was also a lay-preacher and I had the ride in the gig out and home, and tea at a farm-house.' What word is explained here ? Deacon, lay-preacher, gig ? No — '*tea* is the name of a meal ; see p. 16.' — Notes like these, though in themselves harmless, take up space that might have been more profitably given up to comments on the many dozens of really difficult words and expressions left unexplained. When the engineer in *Lord Jim* complains of earning only 'a measly hundred and fifty dollars a-month (sic; perhaps Conrad's own spelling, which we cannot at the moment verify), and find yourself' — we find a note to 'measly' — 'contemptible. A slang word' — this after the engineer has used several 'slang words' already — but nothing to elucidate 'find yourself'. To take another page at random — almost any page can supply examples — in the opening paragraph of the extract from *Father and Son* the following words and word-groups occur : grotesque, nugatory, idolatry, pursing up his lips, assafoetida, adduce, heathen rites, a soiled relic, Yule-Tide. None of these are explained, though some at any rate denote 'matters of a technical or special kind'. — Another specimen, from page 146: five names of plants, duly annotated: dock ¹⁾, sorrel ²⁾, meadow-sweet ³⁾, reed-mace ⁴⁾, and woodbine ⁵⁾. This time the reader is not referred to a dictionary. What he finds is this: ¹⁾ the common dock: *Rumex obtusifolius*. — ²⁾ a small plant belonging to the genus *Rumex*. — ³⁾ *D : Moerrasspiraea* (sic). — ⁴⁾ See page 126. (On page 126 the reader will find extracts from *Lord Jim* and *Victory*, with a note on *mooning about*. The page-number, however, is a misprint for 141, where we find : reed-mace =

D. lisdodde.) ⁵⁾ D: wilde kamperfoelie. Why *dock* and *sorrel* should be referred to their Latin denominations, and the rest to their Dutch equivalents; why the cross-reference was not verified, and why a cross-reference was given at all; why these five notes contain not two misprints, but four (as any skilled proof-reader will point out) — at these and other things we can only regretfully wonder. One or two explanations (e.g. p. 110, n. 2, and p. 118, n. 3) are either mistaken or misapplied, but their number is so small that we can leave them out of account.

We purposely blame these imperfections on the General Editor rather than on the compiler, as we believe the former to be largely responsible for the notes, and as his hand can be clearly detected in several of them ¹⁾. But there is another reason why we prefer to level our criticism at the man in charge. The lack of method we have here censured is not peculiar to this volume, but characteristic of the series as such — and not of this series alone. Where a consistent plan has been followed, this is due to the individual commentator; but there is no evidence of any guiding principle for the series as a whole, and while some numbers are distinctly over-annotated, others are the reverse. The same confusion, only more serious in its consequences, prevails here as in the matter of phonetic transcription; and the same solution seems to point a way out of the difficulty. As announced in the Bulletin of the (Dutch) Modern Language Association (June 1931), a conference between a number of writers of schoolbooks and dictionaries has led to the adoption of a unified system of phonetic transcription for schools. We venture to suggest that the Editor of the Selections, in concert with those of the principal other series, should call a conference to consider the problem of linguistic and literary annotation. As one of the pioneers of good editing in Holland he cannot allow the present anarchy to continue. The way it casts a blemish on a work of otherwise superior quality should be a clear warning.

The Hague.

R. W. ZANDVOORT.

Anthology of Modern English Poetry. Selected by LEVIN L. SCHÜCKING. Tauchnitz, 1931. (Collection of British and American Authors, vol. 5000.)

This is an agreeable enough volume to skim and to dip into, but one can hardly call it representative. Chesterton's eternal 'Donkey' is here, — where is the wistfulness of Hardy's 'Oxen'? Where is Hardy at all? Twenty, thirty poems that the compiler has judged worthy of space and printer's ink would have been thrown into obscurity by 'An August Midnight'. James Stephens has been awarded as many as six lines, — would not the headlong rush of his *O'Bruaidar* vituperations have drowned the trickle of Chesterton's 'Wine and Water'? And if one poem was all that could possibly be allotted to Robert Bridges, surely it ought to have been either his most poignant poem, 'Nightingales', or his most artistic creation, 'London Snow', that rhythmical marvel, or else, perhaps, his 'O Thou Unfaithful', with its profound psychology. With Binyon and Flecker left out, with Herbert Trench and Hilaire Belloc

¹⁾ The Editor of the Series pleads guilty, but also pleads ill health at the time when this book was in preparation.

included, we have indeed reason to exclaim that the ways of certain anthologists are inscrutable. And if there was room for only one American, why Ezra Pound? And if his 'Ballad of the Goodly Fere' was indispensable, why has it been curtailed by six lines? If anything was in want of shortening it was Moira O'Neill's 'Corrymeela', but 'Corrymeela' has been left intact.

Is the compiler's representation of the Laureate as fair as it is generous? Masfield's 'Sea Fever' is a real poem, but would not it be an easy thing to match his 'Wild Duck', his 'Beauty', or his 'Yarn of the Loch Achray'? And does not 'Laugh and Be Merry' savour very strongly of Ella Wheeler Wilcox?

Laugh and be merry, remember, better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong,

does not seem a great poetical improvement on

Smile a little, smile a little,
As you march along

It might even be maintained that as regards word-music the redoubtable successor of Felicia Hemans and Eliza Cook easily scores off Masfield with his *merry, remember, better* Oh, shade of Paul Verlaine, quelle musique!

Yeats has been represented only by poems of his *decorative* period, when he made his song

'a coat
Covered with embroideries
Out of old mythologies
From heel to throat;
But the fools caught it,
Wore it in the world's eyes
As though they'd wrought it.
Song, let them take it
For there's more enterprise
In walking naked,'

which is to say that the austerer verse of his later period — which extends in fact over a quarter of a century — ought not to have been altogether withheld from the prospective continental reader, who, if he has fed on the same stale fare that has gone to strengthen mind and heart of the average Dutch *Lycéen*, is an entire stranger to the beauties of post-Tennysonian English poetry.

Schücking's book may very well serve as an introduction to these beauties, in spite of the blemishes I could not help pointing out, and of the fact that his biographical material is inadequate, and in the case of Walter de la Mare (who was never called *Ramal*, but only called himself so at the beginning of his literary career) actually misleading. Poems like Joseph Campbell's 'Old Woman', Roy Campbell's 'Zulu Girl', John Davidson's 'Last Journey', Ernest Dowson's 'Cynara', Ralph Hodgson's 'Bull', Housman's 'Be Still, my Soul, Be Still', Harold Monro's, Charlotte Mew's, Siegfried Sassoon's contributions, should come to many sneerers at 'May-Queen' and 'Enoch Arden' as revelations.

Zaandam.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

Brief Mention.

Die Soziologie der literarischen Geschmacksbildung. Von LEVIN L. SCHÜCKING, Professor an der Universität Leipzig. — Zweite erweiterte Auflage. — 1931, Teubner.

This is a reprint which was long overdue. The first edition of this excellent little book, to which I have repeatedly referred in the volumes of 'English Studies', appeared as late as ten years ago (Rösl, Munich), and looks rather unsightly by the side of this well got-up volume, well got-up in spite of its return to blackletter. Schücking's argument is this: taste once acquired persists individually, but prevailing standards of beauty may be — or rather: are again and again — supplanted, ousted, superseded by other standards, *if these standards embody the aspirations of a social group that succeeds in conquering a leading position in the life of a nation.* There is no such thing as absolute 'beauty', and as regards literature Schücking finds a wealth of evidence, German and French as well as English. His book is eminently suitable for clearing a literary man's mind of cobwebs. Besides, its style is good and clear and stimulating. — W. v. D.

Broadcast English II. Recommendations to Announcers regarding the pronunciation of some English place names, collected and transcribed for the B. B. C. Advisory Committee on Spoken English by A. LLOYD JAMES. Pp. 83. London. 1930.

In the Introduction of this booklet we are told that it is 'just a collection of English place names, with a hint or two as to how to pronounce them with a fair prospect of success'. Success means intelligibility here and this is essential in case of S. O. S. messages. Besides there also remains the laudable desire to pronounce the name in the 'right' way. All the information given has been supplied by listeners: we learn that 'thousands of letters and postcards have gone to the making of this little dictionary'. Of the very large quantity of valuable material gathered in this way, this booklet contains the first sifting. The pronunciation has been represented in two ways, by means of the International Phonetic Alphabet (broad transcription) and for those not familiar with this by means of a modified spelling with diacritical marks e. g. Newcastle: Nêwcaasle or Nêwcâssle.

I could not well say that these recommendations are indispensable to the foreign student of English not specially interested in the subject of place names. But like the first booklet produced under the auspices of the above mentioned Committee, this contains an Introduction very valuable in itself, because it treats of the problems suggesting themselves to the author, when planning such a dictionary, in a more general way. A few quotations may illustrate this: 'The abiding paradox of language is that in the world of Speech the order of the day is, 'Advance!', while in the world of Print the order is 'As you were!' — 'Speech is a jumble of noises and rhythms and tunes, whereas the printed page is what it is. It takes most of us many years to translate one into the other.' And with reference to the use and the reliability of phonetic alphabets it says: 'They are all excellent, but they all fail, because they try to do the impossible. Speech cannot be written perfectly, but it can be written better in a phonetic alphabet than in another.' It is always useful to be reminded of such fundamental truths. — L. J. G.

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HISTORY OF LITERATURE, CRITICISM.

Thomas Hardy. A Critical Study. By ARTHUR McDOWALL. 9 × 5³/₄, 284 pp. Faber and Faber. 12 s. 6 d. net.

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Das Problem der Generation im englischen Naturalismus. Von M. ZEUNER. Gr. 8^o. 94 pp. Phil. Diss. Leipzig, 1930.

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Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse. By the HON. EVAN CHARTERIS, K.C. 10¹/₂ × 6¹/₂, 525 pp. Heinemann. 25s. n.

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Afterthoughts. By LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH. 7 × 4¹/₄, 84 pp. Constable. 3 s. 6 d. net.

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Aldous Huxley.

"The limits of criticism are very quickly reached. When he has said 'in his own words' as much, or rather as little, as 'own words' can say, the critic can only refer his readers to the original work of art: let them go and see for themselves. Those who overstep this limit are either rather stupid, vain people, who love their 'own words' and imagine that they can say in them more than 'own words' are able in the nature of things to express. Or else they are intelligent people who happen to be philosophers or literary artists and find it convenient to make the criticism of other men's work a jumping-off place for their own creativity."

After reading this passage in *Music at Night*, one of the essays in Mr. Huxley's latest volume, published under that name, I felt doubly glad that the purpose of the following article had never been to give a criticism of Aldous Huxley's works. For I agree entirely with the view expressed in the above quotation. Also I have a very sincere admiration for Mr. Huxley, to whom I owe a debt of almost personal gratitude, since his books have afforded me a keener and more lasting pleasure than those of any of his contemporaries. It would, therefore, have seemed a strange way of returning thanks, if one had made his work the jumping-off place for one's own creativity. Not to mention the fact that such an ungrateful labour could, according to Mr. Huxley, only be undertaken after the writer had made up his mind that he is an intelligent, and not a rather stupid, vain person, a decision which, at least when made in public, always remains a rather embarrassing performance.

I feel on much safer ground if I propose to try and get his readers a little nearer to the real Aldous Huxley, to the man behind his work, as the phrase goes. This would not appear to be an altogether superfluous attempt, when one considers how often people, even intelligent people, misjudge the writings of Mr. Huxley, obviously from imperfect acquaintance with his *œuvre* as a whole. I remember having heard his books described as flippant, cynical, revolting, and revolutionary. To me these four charges seem equally unwarrantable. If, in my own interpretation of Mr. Huxley's ideas and aims, I shall mainly draw upon those of his works that were published after *Point Counter Point*, this is mainly done because up to that point the ground has been covered by Mr. A. G. van Kranendonk's excellent study which appeared in *De Stem*, 1929 (pp. 565-585). Since then, the following works have seen the light, testifying to Mr. Huxley's energetic and many-sided activity: *Do What You Will*, 1929 (essays, mainly philosophical), *Brief Candles*, 1930 (four stories), *Vulgarity in Literature*, 1930 (literary criticism), *The World of Light*, 1931 (a play), *The Cicadas*, 1931 (poems), and *Music at Night*, 1931 (essays).

That Mr. Huxley is so often misunderstood can most certainly not be imputed to his manner of expression: his style, in addition to being most musically modulated, is a marvel of clarity. But I can think of at least two causes which may have contributed to an all-too widespread mistaking of his intentions: his 'tone' and his 'shyness'. (I apologize for submitting both words to the undignified and apologetic embrace of inverted commas, but the phenomena which they are meant to describe are too complex to be accurately designated by one *mot juste*).

It is evidently not yet generally realised that a light touch is quite compatible with a serious mental attitude and a weighty content of ideas. Mr. Huxley is not the only writer who has been misinterpreted by well-meaning but over-earnest readers: Mr. Bernard Shaw is another. Huxley's ill-luck in this respect is strikingly illustrated by a criticism levelled at him in the *Adelphi* of April 1931, where Mr. Middleton Murry solemnly reproaches him for trying to make a joke of human life, for no other reason than that Mr. Huxley had called life under a moral code 'obstacle racing' and life without one 'flat racing'. On one of the few occasions where I have seen Mr. Huxley become very annoyed in print he answered his critic in the following issue of the same magazine thus: 'I beg Mr. Murry to believe that "not everyone that saith Lord, Lord shall enter the kingdom of heaven"; and that, conversely, heaven is not exclusively reserved for the Lord-Lords.' — There is another reason for Mr. Huxley's adopting the 'tone' that he does in many of his writings, not one of temperament, but of intellectual necessity. It is voiced in Miles Fanning's *cri*, not *de cœur*, but *de cerveau*, which occurs in *After the Fire-works*: 'To be able to wallow indefinitely long in every feeling and sensation, instead of having to clamber out at once on to a hard, dry, definite phrase.' I imagine that many readers of Mr. Huxley find this effort well and truly made, and adequately rewarded.

Then there is Mr. Huxley's 'shyness', by which I mean his constitutional aversion to taking off his spiritual clothes in public. This aversion is evidenced in the same reply to Mr. Middleton Murry's attack on the essay *Obstacle Race*. Mr. Murry had said: 'Mr. Huxley believes, or affects to believe, that life has become easy and dull. That is simply because, on the plane to which he safely tethers his frightened imagination, the delights and the terrors of living — the utterance through ourselves of the irrational which is not absurd but too mighty for our knowledge — have not yet begun to be! To this imputation Mr. Huxley replies: 'I have no time, and a strong disinclination, to enlarge on my own personal experiences of "the delights and terrors of living"'. This, — even to his admirers — is not good enough. We naturally sympathise when Mr. Huxley cannot bring himself, even for a substantial cheque, to write on 'Why Women are no mystery to me,' or 'Why marriage converted me from my belief in free love' for the delectation of the million readers of an American magazine. But to recoil from 'the horror of being wholly transparent to others' is, I fear, a luxurious gesture which writers of Mr. Huxley's stamp cannot afford themselves without the risk of becoming misunderstood. We must agree with Mr. Rees, the Editor of the *Adelphi*, who says apropos of this utterance that 'if Mr. Huxley ever changes his mind and decides to enlarge more fully upon the "delights and terrors of living" from his own experience, personal or impersonal (and it cannot be the latter without first being the former), I shall listen to him with even greater interest than before.' Fortunately, for the satisfaction of the Sherlock Holmes instinct which there is in most of us, there are ways and means of getting indirectly at Mr. Huxley's inner spiritual life, via his fictitious characters. But here every reader must obviously be left to do his own private sleuth work.

Restricting ourselves for the present to his reasoned convictions, these are most elaborately presented in *Do What You Will*, in particular in the essays entitled *One And Many*, *Spinoza's Worm*, *Baudelaire* and *Pascal*. It is in these essays that Mr. Huxley unfolds his pet thesis of balanced excesses as a mode of living. The notion of 'happy colonies' is not a recent mental

acquisition of the author's. It already found playful expression in a dramatic sketch included in the collection published under the title *Limbo*. But in the later volume it is for the first time elaborated into a system of conduct.

The idea is roughly this: Man is by nature diverse, not single. Each of us is a colony of separate individuals, who in turns rule our actions. We are a mixture of different, even opposed feelings, desires, likes and dislikes, which in their rationalized forms become conflicting convictions, philosophies, world-views and what not. Our aim should be to maintain some sort of order in the unruly colony, by playing off each rebel against his opposite. Thus we may, nay should be, mystics one day and positivists the next, pessimists and optimists, conservatives and radicals alternately. To be everything by starts and nothing long, once deemed a grave defect, is now recommended as the only sensible policy. We should model our conduct on the performance of the tight-rope walker, who keeps his head steady not like Keats's gleaner crossing a brook with a sheaf of corn on it, but by means of the far-projecting extremities of a long pole. 'His is the equilibrium of balanced excesses.'

Mr. Huxley himself admits that the scheme has its drawbacks. We need some sort of unifying hypothesis, otherwise social life would become impossible. It would be very awkward for a transcendentalist who has received from a friend an invitation to a mystical lunch to find that on the appointed day his host has turned positivist. Fortunately such contretemps are not likely to happen often, for, says Mr. Huxley, 'the task of unification is made easier by the fact that some sort of persistent identity does really underlie the diversities of personalities.' This being so, one might ask whether it would not be wiser to try and come to a realisation of this underlying persistent identity, and consciously make it the ruling force of our actions, rather than reduce one's life to a series of agonising variety turns. It might even be possible to raise a further objection, based on prudence as well as reason, to Mr. Huxley's proposition. Why balanced excesses? Would not mere opposites do? The continuous veering — even if judiciously contrived — from one excess to its opposite must make life a very fatiguing business. Every morning of one's existence becomes a morning-after. *Omne animal semper triste erit*. Surely this cannot be Mr. Huxley's ideal of attainable happiness. Nor does his own practice appear to conform to the hectic pursuits he advocates for others. When a melancholy man starts drinking Burgundy with his dinner, says Mr. Huxley in the essay on *Liberty and the Promised Land* (*Music at Night*, p. 125), 'his melancholy soon wears off and is replaced by cheerfulness, which increases steadily with every drop of Burgundy consumed, until, three-quarters of the way through his first bottle, a maximum is reached. He goes on drinking; but the next half-bottle produces no perceptible alteration in his condition; he remains where he was — at the top of his spirits. A few more glasses, however, and his cheerfulness begins once more to decline. He becomes first quarrelsome, then lachrymose, and finally feels most horribly unwell and therefore miserable. He is worse off at the end of his second bottle than he was on an empty stomach.' Now, in the name of common sense, would not this man be better advised to stick to a bottle a day than to aim at balanced excesses by bringing about a condition of physical and spiritual discomfort on one day, to be followed by abstemiousness and headaches on the next? But, Mr. Huxley may answer, the man has a deep-seated, almost unconquerable desire for the second bottle. By stifling this desire, by aiming at being superhuman, he atrophies his soul. Thus he will be no nearer to being able to live in that higher

world to which he aspires. ¹⁾ The obvious reply is: Perhaps not, but he may be much nearer to being able to live in this lower world. 'The unco' guid sacrifice their humanity for the sake of achieving superhumanity.' Quite — but do not the unco' wicked sacrifice it for the sake of achieving subhumanity? 'Human' beings simply cannot, in the nature of things, be superhuman'. But they can only too easily become subhuman. The Christian ideal is a superhuman ideal. 'Luckily, the majority of nominal Christians has at no time taken the Christian ideal very seriously; if it had, the races and the civilization of the West would long ago have come to an end.' Some people might say, however, that by not taking the Christian ideal very seriously the races and civilization of the West almost *have* come to an end. It is evident that in his passion for humanity, and his scorn of super-humanity, Mr. Huxley altogether ignores the evils of sub-humanity. At times he appears to see life as a form of one-way traffic, and in crossing the road he looks for danger in one direction only.

The consciousness of his natural diversity, ruled by a resolute effort at unification, in the interests of life, makes it possible for Mr. Huxley to embrace the life-worshipper's creed. A life-worshipping personage, he says, must be set up in opposition to the Pascalian worship of death. The fundamental assumption of the life-worshipper is 'that life on this planet is valuable in itself, without any reference to hypothetical higher worlds, eternities, future existences...' 'His next assumption is that the end of life... is more life, that the purpose of living is to live'. ²⁾ He is not, like Pascal, a man of principle; he is a man of many principles, living discontinuously. He does not select one single being from his colony of souls, call it his 'true self', and try to murder all the other selves. Each self, he perceives, has as good a right to exist as all the others.

All this sounds very cheerful, and those who used to shudder at the destructive criticism of life which they found, or believed to find, in Mr. Huxley's earlier works, who shook their heads at his knack of detecting ugliness, evil, weakness, or falsehood, where they had piously believed the opposites of all these disagreeable things to exist, have perhaps sighed with relief to find this turbulent spirit of negation transformed into an acceptor, even a votary of life. He grows mellow, as he gets older, they may have said to themselves, on the strange assumption that the more one's chances accumulate of witnessing injustice, futility, apparent absence of design on every side, the less one is likely to be perturbed by them. They visualise a Mr. Huxley skipping blithely through life, like a middle-aged Pippa, carolling that all's right with the world. I am afraid that *Music at Night* may cruelly undeceive them in several places. The fact is that Mr. Huxley propounds no view, holds no conviction, and cherishes no likes or dislikes without qualifications. This fact throws perhaps an even truer light on his personality as revealed in his writings than his own formula of diversity and consequent inconsistency. He may call himself a life-worshipper, but he is not a thorough-going, whole-hogging worshipper. He perceives and admits the faults of his idol. In *Sermons in Cats* ³⁾ we find this depressing view taken of human life: 'In spite of language, in spite of intelligence and intuition and sympathy, one can never really communicate anything to anybody. The essential substance of every

¹⁾ See Spinoza's Worm (in *Do What You Will*, pp. 66-68).

²⁾ Pascal (in *Do What You Will*, p. 276).

³⁾ *Music at Night*, p. 269.

thought and feeling remains incommunicable, locked up in the impenetrable strong-room of the individual soul and body. Our life is a sentence of perpetual solitary confinement.' Elsewhere we read: 'Humanly speaking, the Nature of Things is profoundly inequitable. It is impossible to justify the ways of God to man in terms of human morality or even of human reason'.¹⁾ And again: 'In Ivan Karamazov's phrase, we must accept the universe not merely in spite of the frightful and incomprehensible things which go on in it, but actually, to some extent, because of them. We must accept it, because it is, from our human point of view, entirely and divinely unacceptable.' Lastly: 'the human spirit is absurd, the whole process of living is utterly unreasonable.'²⁾

Lest this should take away the newly-born hope-for-Huxley in the breasts of die-hard life-worshippers, let me quote a couple of passages which dispel the impression of world-weariness that seems to have crept into some of the pages of *Music at Night*. The following passages are particularly interesting, as they sound a note not hitherto heard in Mr. Huxley's extensive diapason, that of the possibility of improvement. (The sneer at 'the eighteenth-century heresy of perfectibility' on p. 125 may perhaps be regarded as the dying snarl of an angry wolf that had sneaked into the fold of Mr. Huxley's happy colonists). 'We must accept Behemoth, but accept him, among other reasons, that we may the better fight with him.' 'To change what we regard as bad is the first of human duties.' These sentiments are expressed in the essay *On Grace*. And in an interview granted to Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan, published in *The Observer*, we find the belief expressed that mankind is working towards some definitive and comprehensive outlook on the world, Mr. Huxley's own work being regarded by him as 'somewhat contributing' towards that end.

I said that Mr. Huxley possesses practically not one attribute of mind or temperament without qualifications. Perhaps the point is worthy of elaboration, as, again, it may help to remove some current misconceptions. Huxley admits something like it, when he makes Miles Fanning, who can often be regarded as his mouthpiece, say: 'It's a fact that I like to think and live in the unsplit, Apollonian way (the split broke life into spirit and matter, heroics and diabolics, virtue and sin and all the other accursed antitheses). But it's also a fact... that I can't help indulging in aspirations and disgusts; I can't help thinking in terms of heroics and diabolics. Because the division, the split, has worked right into my bones. So has the microbe of sensationalism; I can't help wallowing in the excitements of mysticism and the tragic sense... Though perhaps I've wallowed in them rather more than I was justified in wallowing — justified by my upbringing, I mean'.³⁾ Mr. Huxley has always been a staunch upholder of science. In so far he certainly has not let down those who brought him up. He draws on science again and again in his crusades against all metaphysical systems that are not framed to fit facts. Yet he denies the claims of scientists to be able to arrive at the Truth, and even refers to 'the sterile creeds of the abstraction-worshipping man of science'.⁴⁾ Romanticism is hardly congenial to Mr. Huxley's temperament. He considers Chaucer a more important poet than Keats. Yet the poet for whom he professes again and again the greatest admiration, William Blake, was perhaps the most Romantic

¹⁾ *Music at Night*, p. 85.

²⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 169.

³⁾ *After the Fireworks* (in *Brief Candles*, p. 245).

⁴⁾ *One and Many* (in *Do What You Will*, p. 48).

poet that ever wrote. Officially an agnostic, I feel the presence of devils in a tropical forest', is the admission made by Mr. Huxley on the first page of *One and Many*. The golden mean is thus referred to in *Do What You Will* (p. 280): 'For the Aristotelian adorers of the mean (how aptly named in our ambiguous language!) the last word in human wisdom is to do everything by halves, to live in a perpetual state of compromise'. And thus in *Music at Night* (p. 220): 'The wise man will avoid both extremes of romanticism and choose the realistic golden mean.'

Some readers of Huxley may be annoyed by these discrepancies and contradictions. They should not be. Mr. Huxley himself will explain them away by his theory of inevitable inconsistency: 'The prime mistake of Christian moralists and idealists has been to suppose that the human character is fundamentally consistent; or alternatively that, if it isn't in fact very consistent, it ought to be made so. As a matter of observable fact, human beings are fundamentally inconsistent. Men and women are seldom the same for more than a few hours or even a few minutes at a stretch.'¹) At this point I feel that someone might rudely interrupt Mr. Huxley, as he himself interrupts Pascal once or twice, with the words: Speak for yourself. Therefore I prefer the explanation that Mr. Huxley accepts and even *is* nothing without qualifications.

Most inexplicable of all the charges brought against Mr. Huxley seems to me the one which brands him as an extremist, if not a revolutionary. If there is anything he is emphatically averse to, both by temperament and from conviction, it is a revolution. His essay on *Revolutions* in *Do What You Will* proves with a strength of argument and an eloquence which would not disgrace the middle page of the *Daily Express* that Mr. Huxley is whole-heartedly against Marxism, revolutions, Fabianism, indeed, that he is out of sympathy with any form of political activity which by periodically making itself heard, if not yet felt, disturbs the even tenor of the households in which this most representative of British journals forms the main article of intellectual nourishment. Nor does his antipathy towards revolutions restrict itself to political upheavals. In the sphere of morals and aesthetics he is equally above suspicion. The word 'modern' and its derivatives 'modernity' and 'modernism' always call forth his indignant protests. The modern superman-cult, the modern worship of success and efficiency, the modern mechanised civilisation, mechanised in its labour as well as in its leisure, taking the sense out of both, all these Mr. Huxley abhorrently regards as menaces to mankind. He is a *laudator temporis acti*: the Greeks, what a people! fifth-century Athens, what a picture Pericles has left us! In music, letters and art his tastes are no less 'sound': Chaucer rather than Keats, and certainly not Swinburne, the later Beethoven quartets, the Sonata op. 111, Mozart's *Don Giovanni* as the sole concession extended to opera, Christopher Wren ("a gentleman, the finished product of an old ordered civilization"²), the Apollo of Veii, El Greco. It's all very conservative and very fastidious. Elsewhere we read of 'the infinitely precious experience of being in a superior minority'³) and feel that

¹) *Spinoza's Worm* (in *Do What You Will*, p. 73)

²) *Along the Road* (in *The Phoenix Library*, p. 179).

³) *Music at Night*, p. 132.

this time Mr. Huxley has got as near the limit of snobbishness as a crusader against snobbishness can permit himself to go.

Before passing on to a discussion of *The World of Light* it is worth while to draw the attention to the highly individual narrative technique employed by Mr. Huxley in *Chawdron*, the first of the stories in *Brief Candles*. A study of this technique — of which *Nuns at Luncheon* (in *Mortal Coils*) furnishes another striking example — might well form the subject of an interesting monograph. The third story in *Brief Candles*, *The Claxtons*, is a diatribe against sham spirituality of Swiftian fierceness. Of all Mr. Huxley's aversions, that to sham spirituality appears to be the most deep-seated. In earlier works he has attacked this vice playfully, as in the story of the three sisters in *Crome Yellow*, who thought the process of eating so degrading that they could only satisfy their quite normal appetites in a secret room of the paternal mansion. But in *The Claxtons* there is no trace of playfulness: the bugbear is tackled in grim earnest, and with unrelenting, unremitting hatred. It is not the only instance of good, wholesome hatred in Huxley's writings. The creation of Burlap in *Point Counter Point* springs from the same vitriolic source, and the pages of *The Puritan* are soaked in it. 'Hate begets hate': Martha Claxton who loved humanity because she really hated it, the clergymen and schoolmasters who are moved to Jehovahistic indignation by any frank reference to sex — these people have brought down Mr. Huxley's wrath upon their heads. And although anger is probably not his meat (but he does not habitually feed on honey-dew either), it improves his style. *The Claxtons* is a model of good writing: the key in which it has been conceived is unvariedly sustained throughout its forty pages, the satire never changes its tone, the pin-pricks are dealt with devastating continuity, not once relieved by a walloping sledge-hammer blow. To the Puritans *All Things Are Impure* contains the following passage: Lawrence was often discomfited. The giant Grundy popped her huge crinoline over him and extinguished him by force. But not for long; his courage and his energy were inextinguishable and, in spite of the Home Secretaries, the bright dangerous flame of his art broke out again, the warning, denouncing, persuading voice was heard once more — up to the very end.' Prose of this quality is all too rare nowadays.

When the first news was given out of Mr. Huxley's coming play on the subject of spiritualism I did not feel at all easy about it. Up till then Mr. Huxley had tried his hand at every form of literature — short stories, longer stories, full-length novels, essays and poetry — except the drama. In his books the drama had not been among the subjects discussed, though the number of subjects discussed had been very great — too great, at least in his fictional work, according to some. So one naturally suspected a certain indifference on the author's part to this form of literature. There was more than mere suspicion to go on. In *The Golden Hind*, one of those curious literary and artistic reviews that, about ten years ago, appeared, flared up and died out again, Mr. Huxley said (I must quote from memory) that drama was not a very satisfactory form of literature, as the most important things that went on in people's minds always remained unspoken. A quite tenable point of view, but scarcely one to be taken up by the aspiring playwright. — Then there was the subject of the new play. So far spiritualism had been approached in Mr. Huxley's books in a spirit of mild banter. In *Crome Yellow* we made

the acquaintance of Ivor Lombard, who 'was a good amateur medium and telepathist, and had a considerable first-hand knowledge of the next world.' He exploited this knowledge in his drawings — 'sketches of Spirit Life, made in the course of tranced tours through the other world. On the back of each sheet descriptive titles were written: "Portrait of an Angel, 15th March '20"; "Astral Beings at Play, 3rd December '19"; "A Party of Souls on their Way to a Higher Sphere, 21st May '21". And in *Chawdron* we heard of Miss Spindell's foot which suddenly began to hurt terribly one Sunday morning at 11.30. Later it transpired that this was the very hour at which Chawdron, her employer and friend, had had his foot lanced for a boil, while in the country for a golfing week-end. 'Strange, mysterious, unaccountable. He discussed it all with me, very gravely and judiciously. We talked of spiritualism and telepathy. We distinguished carefully between the miraculous and the super-normal. "As you know", he told me, "I've been a good Presbyterian all my life, and as such have been inclined to dismiss as mere fabrications all the stories of the Romish saints. I never believed in the story of St. Francis's stigmata, for example. But now I accept it". Solemn and tremendous pause. "Now I *know* it's true." I just bowed my head in silence. But the next time I saw M'Crae, the chauffeur, I asked a few questions. Yes, he *had* seen Miss Spindell that day he drove the Bugatti up to London and came back with the Rolls...' etc. etc.

It is all excellent fun and in the best and lightest and most charming Huxley manner. But it is hardly paving the way for a play on spiritualism. For the play had not been announced as a farce.

However, *The World of Light*, when it was performed at the Royalty Theatre, London, on March 30, 1931, must have dispelled almost all qualms which the author's well-wishers may previously have felt about it. The first night was an undoubted success. Newspaper notices by the critics who matter were very favourable. Mr. Huxley had brought it off again. In addition to being a successful novelist, poet and essayist, he might henceforth describe himself, and even be described by others, as a successful playwright.

The opening scene of *The World of Light* is none too promising. Sixty-years-old Mr. Wenham, a 'nice-looking' man 'in a grey suppressed way', whose manner is 'very gentle', and thirty-five-years-old Mrs. Wenham, his third wife, are disclosed in their drawing-room. He sits reading in front of the fire. Mrs. Wenham is writing letters. Silence for some seconds after the rise of the curtain.

Mrs. Wenham. John dear (*He looks up from his book*). What's the time?

Mr. Wenham. Twenty to seven, dear.

Mrs. Wenham. I shall have to go and say good-bye to the children in a moment.

Mr. Wenham. I'll come too. Whenever you give the word, my love.

Mrs. Wenham. As a matter of fact, John, I'd rather you didn't come up. I'd like you to say a few words to Hugo when he arrives. About Enid.

Mr. Wenham. (*nervously*) But, my dear, wouldn't it be better if you... I mean, a woman's touch... in these delicate matters...

Mrs. Wenham. One would think you were afraid of him, John. Afraid of your own son.

Mr. Wenham. No, no, my dear. It's not that. But one has a certain... a certain diffidence.

All this sounds like Barrie at his Barriest. Mr. Wenham's way of referring to himself as 'one', out of a diffident desire for self-effacement, is positively

whimsical, and soon grows very wearisome. Besides, it is an old trick, which has been much more skilfully and convincingly managed by writers who are in every other way inferior to Mr. Huxley, by H. A. Vachell, for instance, in *The Hill*. The dialogue betrays the clumsy inexperience of the novelist, who is not yet used to launching his personages on their own independent dramatic career without the guidance of his interpretative comment. New themes are broached jerkily, after the style of 'Talking of rabbits, how's your father?' But to resume the thread of the plot. Mrs. Wenham wants her husband to speak to his son about Enid. The two have been friends ever since they were children, but their friendship has never turned into something else, although Enid is obviously devoted to Hugo. This, Mrs. Wenham argues with feminine logic, is not fair on Enid. Enter Hugo, a lecturer in metaphysics at Cambridge, tired of trying to make reluctant undergraduates understand Plato, tired of trying to find a live god, who will enable him to attain to the infinite in terms of the bounded and the relative. Mr. Wenham falteringly exhorts him to make up his mind about marrying Enid. The hint, thrown out by his father, that by not doing so Hugo may spoil Enid's life, impresses the sensitive young man more strongly than any other argument. Consequently, when Enid, an emotional, intense woman of twenty-eight, comes into the room, and Mr. Wenham leaves it, Hugo very tentatively and half-heartedly suggests marriage between them. Enid catches his hand, kisses it, and keeps it pressed against her cheek: she is that kind of woman. Then, realizing that she is bludgeoning him with her feelings, pushes him away. At that very moment the entrance of Hugo's friend Bill Hamblin prevents further immediate developments of the situation. They all go in to dinner after a few remarks of Bill Hamblin's on the satanic influences of a tropical forest on the mind, remarks which by a striking co-incidence agree almost word for word with what Mr. Huxley had already said on the subject in *Do What You Will*. After dinner Mr. Wenham talks enthusiastically to Bill Hamblin about the latest mechanical improvements in accountancy and — one thing leads to another — about spiritualism. Bill, who considers it impossible to hold any real communication with any one over sixty, politely suggests that the dead should be left to bury their dead, not realizing till later that there are so many dead in an old man's universe, that he simply can't help thinking about them. When the two young men are left alone, Hugo tells his friend that he has just got engaged to Enid. He doesn't really love her and has never, until to-day, admitted to himself officially that she is in love with him. 'Then why...?' asks Bill.

Hugo. Because the other person's love blackmails you. Yes, blackmails you. Like the beastliest little professional loungee in Hyde Park. 'If you don't comply with what I demand,' that's what it says to you. 'I'll go straight off and tell your better self that you're a scoundrel; I'll go and torture your defenceless conscience'. That's why officially I never admitted that Enid was in love with me. I didn't want to be blackmailed. But to-day it all came out. There was no escape. I had to know officially. And the blackmail began immediately. 'She loves you, she loves you. If you don't do something about it, I'll go and stick pins into your conscience.' Rather than run the risk of that, I proposed on the spot.

Bill is appalled, and, aided by the presence of a half-emptied bottle of whiskey on the table, persuades Hugo to run away and join his friend on an aeroplane expedition to Guiana.

Two months elapse. Hugo and Bill, since starting out in their aeroplane to fly from Guiana to Cuba, have not been heard of. Mr. Wenham has called in the aid of a young professional medium, Mr. Hubert Capes, who in trance has elicited from Hugo's spirit the information that the machine was forced down in a storm about thirty miles south of Haiti. This spiritual communiqué is startlingly confirmed by a telegram from the British Consul at Port au Prince. 'Our young friend here was quite right,' says Mr. Wenham. This unfortunate remark sends Enid, who has been on edge the last few weeks, into hysterics: 'You're so pleased that he should be right. Much more pleased than you would be if the telegram had said that poor Hugo was safe and well.' The knowledge that Hugo's spirit is with them cannot console her. A person without a body is not the same person. Her longing is for Hugo's hands, and the way he screwed up his face when he laughed, and his neck when he was wearing a shirt with an open collar. Feeling as she does about it, one is not surprised to find her mothering young Hubert ten months later, though she still believes that his spiritualistic services to her, in getting her into post-mortual touch with Hugo, form the only link between them. Hubert, without bothering about any whys, wherefores or wheretos, self-indulgently accepts the cool comfort of her hand against his forehead. That's the kind of fellow he is. Another fifteen months, and he is becoming weary of Enid's unremitting persecuting love. Vulgar squabbles between them occur only too often, in which she will charge him with caring only physically for her, and he will sulk because the discussion of their mutual relations is doing him out of his tea. We gather that seances are held daily in which with the aid of phosphorescent concertinas and other unconventional apparatus Hugo is coaxed to put in an appearance whenever he is wanted. So copious is the information supplied by the other side that it has enabled Mr. Wenham to write a book on his spiritualist experiences, which is selling very well at a guinea. Its success has even converted the publisher from his scepticism: 'Something that sixteen thousand men and women are prepared to pay a guinea for — and, mind you, there's nothing that people are so avaricious about as books — well, I said to myself, there must be something in it'. For his benefit a seance is arranged. It turns out a most successful one. Too successful, in fact. Not only does Hugo turn up in the spirit, he appears in the flesh as well, accompanied by Bill Hamblin, who has gone blind. Hugo has caught his father's little trick of speech and explains why he has kept the news of the rescue secret from his relations: when one had carried on the joke for a certain time it was difficult to go back. One was a bit ashamed. So one felt one had to stick to it. Their sudden return causes fresh complications. There is old Mr. Wenham who means to write to the papers about it, because as a matter of principle he can't go on sponsoring the untruth that is in his book. But it appears that he is the only one in the house who is troubled by a principle, and out for the truth at all costs. All the others are prepared to lie, from different motives. Mr. Gray, the publisher, and Hubert Capes, the medium, because Wenham's revelations would endanger their social positions: theirs is the lie professional. Mrs. Wenham, because her husband would become a laughing-stock and her children would be teased at school: hers is the lie practical, the feminine lie. When Mr. Wenham points out to her that it's a question of scientific good faith, she answers: Oh, if it's only a question of science... Hugo considers his father's proposed action undesirable, because it

will make Mrs. Wenham unhappy, and besides, it will be bad for Bill, whose physical misfortune has caused his nerves to go to pieces, to be mixed up in a lot of excitement and publicity. His is the lie humanitarian.

Hubert Capes' recent mediumistic activities are judged very differently by the various members of the Wenham menage. Mr. Wenham is troubled: can the communications received via the medium still be taken as authentic in the light of after events? He is reluctant to judge. Mrs. Wenham is merely annoyed: as to her believing or not believing Mr. Capes, what difference does that make to what's happened, to what's going to happen? Mr. Gray, the publisher, is furious, and wants the medium to be horse-whipped and kicked out of the house. Hugo does not believe for a moment that there has been any fraud: Mr. Capes erred in an unimportant detail by thinking the messages came from the next world, while all the time they came from Hugo in this world. Do remember that spiritualism is only a theory for interpreting certain facts. There are other theories that fit the facts as well — better, even. What's important is the facts: clairvoyance, telepathy and so on — these are the facts. If you like to say that they have something to do with dead people, you may. But it's purely a matter of taste. You can have all the facts and no belief in ghosts.'

How is Enid's life going to be affected by all these happenings? Hubert explains with some embarrassment to Hugo how it happened that he and Enid gradually fell in love with each other, thanks to the spiritualistic experiments. Now neither of the two men wants to stand in the other's way. Enid charges them both with cowardice. 'Perhaps all men are a bit cowardly when it comes to facing the truth about feelings. And perhaps it's also because neither of you has suffered. You've only inflicted suffering. I'm the one it's been inflicted on. That's why I can tell the truth and you can't. Because I'm not ashamed. One isn't ashamed of suffering pain. One's only ashamed of inflicting it. You inflicted it. So you're ashamed, and it's that which prevents you from telling the truth.' Like her spiritual sister, Ann Whitefield, she is endowed by Nature with every faculty, even that of a moral dialectician, when she is in the grip of the Life Force. Unluckily for her, Hugo is not in it, and that makes her last desperate, heroic struggle for possession of him, vain. The last we see of her is when she takes poor, blind, embittered Bill Hamblin by the arm to take him into the garden where he can still enjoy the scent of the pinks. To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new. Mrs. Wenham's final exit is equally appropriate and serves an equally deserving purpose: she is going to talk to the cook. Heaven and earth may pass away, but dinner's got to be ordered. Hubert is hounded off the stage by Enid when he dares to speak unctuously of their physical relations as something sacred.

There only remains now the settling up between Hugo and his father, who feels as if all had gone into Vaughan's world of light, 'and I alone sit lingering here. Hugo reminds him that there always was a gulf between them. Somehow, Mr. Wenham says, he had become more intimate with his son, when Hugo was believed to be — to have passed over. Now that the ghost has been made real, couldn't the living man be made real too? 'Don't you think we could go on, Hugo?' 'The gulf's still there, father.' 'But that bridge one threw across?' 'It only existed when I wasn't there, when you had Capes to build it.' 'That intimacy?' It was only an intimacy in absence. Mr. Gray's entrance cuts off the painfully futile parley. This gives

Hugo time to bethink himself of one of Mr. Huxley's favourite maxims: the tree shall be known by its fruits. Well, if so, then no fruits, no tree. He vanishes almost as quickly as he had come back. From the library Mr. Wenham enters an empty room.

The World of Light is a remarkable play, and an amazing first play. After an inauspicious opening the dialogue quickly settles down to its natural dramatic function of furthering the action and simultaneously revealing the characters of the various personages. At times these personages are rather strikingly like some of Mr. Huxley's happy colonists, but on the whole they lead a fairly independent life of their own, based on the author's keen observation of and profound insight into the world of man around him. Its leading theme, the world-of-light-motif, is utilised to the limit of the author's thought about it at the time of writing. It is moreover dramatically utilised, so that the play is never in danger of turning into a tract on spiritualism. Its importance, however, should not be over-emphasized. There are equally striking secondary themes: the conflict between age and youth, the relation between father and son (who have a fine aristocracy of feeling in common), the contrast between the male and the female point of view, not only on sex matters. Lastly, there is an element in *The World of Light*, at whose appearance all admirers of Mr. Huxley's art can only rejoice: the element of suffering. Judging from the interview with Mr. Sullivan, mentioned earlier on in this article, the subject of human suffering has exercised Mr. Huxley's thoughts increasingly of late. In the earlier works it was only tentatively approached: the short story *Half-Holiday* in *Two or Three Graces* and the tale of Sir Hercules in *Crome Yellow* occur to one's mind. There less sensitive readers appear to have had difficulty in detecting the profound pity of the author with the creatures of his imagination on account of the sardonic humour which accompanied it. If the presence of this humour still prevents these readers from realizing the genuine pathos that clings to such figures as Mr. Wenham, Enid and Bill Hamblin, one can only advise them to turn in future to writers like — well, better not mention any names, perhaps. But their books are there for the picking up. In armfuls.

A few words remain to be said about *The Cicadas*, the slender volume of poems published this summer. Its predecessor, *Leda*, was issued in 1920. I confess to having no very clear recollection of the latter volume. The main impression it left upon me was of some very elegant, highly polished satirical verse, which was not necessarily superior to kindred verse by other poets, say, Siegfried Sassoon's *Satires*. Since its appearance, Mr. Huxley has interspersed his prose works with occasional verse, principally again of a satirical character. But I remember vividly how it took my breath away to come across that perfect sonnet in *Those Barren Leaves*, beginning 'There is no future, there is no more past', which is now included in *The Cicadas* under the title *Carpe Noctem*.

Here it is :

There is no future, there is no more past,
No roots nor fruits, but momentary flowers.
Lie still, only lie still and night will last,
Silent and dark, not for a space of hours,
But everlastingly. Let me forget
All but your perfume, every night but this,

The shame, the fruitless weeping, the regret.
 Only lie still: the faint and quiet bliss
 Shall flower upon the brink of sleep and spread,
 Till there is nothing else but you and I
 Clapsed in a timeless silence. But like one
 Who, doomed to die, at morning will be dead,
 I know, though night seem dateless, that the sky
 Must brighten soon before to-morrow's sun.

This showed a command of verbal music which was not allowed to sound for its own sweet sake, but vibrated in closest concord with thought and feeling. The same holds good for most of the poems collected in the present volume. The colour of the verse is rich, when the content requires it, but there are no purple passages. On a few rare occasions, perhaps, the sound-effect, though pleasing, is a little facile, and not conditioned by the context :

And you, sweet Sporus, you and I,
 We too must die, we too must die.

At other times one is rather forcibly reminded of fragments of verse from other poets that have lingered in the ear ever since one took to reading poetry, and are now made to surge up in one's consciousness by some external resemblance to a line of Mr. Huxley's. Thus, most people will hear a Keatsian echo in

Those other mysteries of fire and flame,
 Those more divine than Death's — *ah, where are they?*

or in

The rose
 Dies also in my heart and *no stars shine*.

Shelley's *The Cloud* is recalled by

That red sun which mortals call desire

and Fitzgerald by

Wind, blowing whither, blowing whence, who knows?

But, on the whole, it is not too much to say that Mr. Huxley, in spite of his extensive travels in the realms of gold, is still able to call up landscapes unfamiliar to the eye, and after having heard the wind of poetry sweep through numberless individual harps, can still create a music of his own, whose notes will in future be recognised as his, whenever we hear them again. Which is the final test of a composer's originality. Also — and that is scarcely less important — he can catch the word-music of some great predecessor and reproduce it after its passage through the inmost fibres of his own artistic self so that the reader hears simultaneously in the new-born sound the two individual sounds that generated it. For instance, the sonority of the Shakespeare sonnets has never been heard again in literature since their writer laid down his pen for the last time. Even Milton's god-gifted organ voice is not quite the same. Words are inadequate to describe its spell. But is it not something very like the two last lines of Huxley's sonnet *Tide*?

But to this silting of the soul, who gives
Consent is no more man, no longer lives.

Prosodists may explain the likeness by pointing to the pause in the last line, its balance, the absence of a linking word between its two halves, and to the syntactical inversion in the penultimate. But I suspect the workings of a subtler alchemy than that.

Arabia Felix is in subject not unlike Swinburne's *A Forsaken Garden*, but the languorous cadences of Swinburne's verse, so unsuited to its austere theme, are absent in Huxley's poem.

Hot wind from this Arabian land
Chases the clouds, withholds the rain.
No footstep prints the restless sand
Wherein who sows, he sows in vain.

It is interesting to trace the connection in intellectual content between some of these poems and the prose works of the period. The same stage in the author's progress towards a certain outlook on life finds its appropriate expression in each class.

'We can say that the human spirit is mainly nourished by the multiplicity of the world. We incorporate this multiplicity into our substance; it becomes part of our ourselves. *Gnosce teipsum*: the commandment can only be obeyed on condition that we know, participatively know, the multiple world. For it is essentially the same with the mind as with the body. These fields of potatoes and cabbages, these browsing sheep and oxen, are potentially a part of me; and unless they actually become a part of me, I die. My future activity is green, is woolly, manures and is manured, says baa, says moo, says nothing at all.' (*One and Many*, p. 41). More emotionally this thought is expressed in *Meditation* :

What now caresses you, a year ago
Bent to the wind that sends a travelling wave
Almost of silver through the silken corn
Westward of Calgary; or two weeks since
Bleated in Gloster market, lowed at Thame,
And slowly bled to give my lips desire.

With matter-of-fact soberness Mr. Huxley tells us in *Squeak and Gibber* (*Music at Night*, p. 107) that 'the deadly tedium of the Horatian, and the nauseating unpleasantness of the Dostoyevskyan life would be quite enough, survival or no survival, to keep me at any rate (in these matters one can only speak for oneself) unswervingly in the narrow way of domestic duty and intellectual labour. For the narrow way commands an incomparably wider, and, so far as I am concerned, an incomparably fairer prospect than the primrose path; fulfilled, domestic duties are a source of happiness, and intellectual labour is rewarded by the most intense delights.' What about balanced excesses now, one feels inclined to ask irreverently. But in *Orion* Mr. Huxley contrives to harmonize the — it appears to me — divergent views.

we are free, are free
To love our fate or loathe it; to rejoice
Or weep or wearily accept;
.
. free to turn

Lifewards, within, without, to what transcends
 The squalor of our personal ends and aims,
 Or not to turn; yes, free to die or live;
 Free to be thus and passionately here,
 Or otherwise and elsewhere;
 Free, in a word, to learn or not to learn
 The art to think and musically do
 And feel and be, the never more than now
 Difficult art harmoniously to live
 All poetry — the midnight of Macbeth
 And ripe Odysseus and the undying light
 Of Gemma's star and Cleopatra's death
 And Falstaff in his cups

 The choice is always ours. Then, let me choose
 The longest art, the hard Promethean way
 Cherishingly to tend and feed and fan
 That inward fire, whose small precarious flame,
 Kindled or quenched, creates
 The noble or ignoble men we are,
 The worlds we live in and the very fates,
 Our bright or muddy star.

The creed of the life-worshipper and the growing disbelief in reason as
 the final power to solve the mystery of existence are exultantly proclaimed in
The Cicadas.

Now in my empty heart the crickets' shout
 Re-echoing denies and still denies
 With stubborn folly all my learned doubt,
 In madness more than I in reason wise.

Life, life! The word is magical. They sing,
 And in my darkened soul the great sun shines,
 My fancy blossoms with remembered spring,
 And all my autumns ripen on the vines.

.

Clueless we go; but I have heard thy voice,
 Divine Unreason! harping in the leaves,
 And grieve no more; for wisdom never grieves,
 And thou hast taught me wisdom; I rejoice.

Passing mood or slowly stabilising faith? In Mr. Huxley's own favourite
 phrase: *chi lo sa*? But as one who owes this singularly gifted writer a lasting
 debt of gratitude, I sincerely hope it is the latter.

The Hague.

J. KOOISTRA.

Beon and habban connected with an inflected infinitive.

1. None of the Germanic languages originally had any verbal form to express futurity. English is the only one among them that developed not only a future in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but also evolved a special construction to denote that the action or event referred to was expected to happen in some near future, this expectation being based upon the circumstance that the idea of futurity was in some measure tinged with that of predestination. Such an *actio instans*, expressed in Latin by a form of *esse* with a future participle, began in late Old English to be denoted by a form of *beon* (*wesan*) + *to* + *inflected infinitive*. As this construction at first only occurred in texts translated from Latin, and as it almost invariably rendered *esse* + *future participle*, it may safely be assumed that it was not due to spontaneous development, but owed its origin to imitation of the Latin construction.

2. It may seem strange that the Anglo-Saxon translators employed an inflected infinitive to render a Latin future participle, but a moment's reflection will reveal the fact that in doing so they showed their common sense. The present participle could not be used as a rendering of the Latin future participle. It is true that *beon* + *present participle* was used to denote futurity, but only in the case of *cuman* and *gangan*. *He wæs cumende*, however, meant something entirely different from *he wæs to cumenne*; compare Modern English *he was coming* and *he was to come*. The difference is a matter of aspect; *beon* + *present participle* is imperfective, durative, while *beon* + *to* + *inflected infinitive* is perfective, resultative. The following passage from Bede is, therefore, noteworthy :

(Schipper's ed. 524, 4367), he him... eall þa þing openade and sægde
þa þe ofer him *cumende wæron*.

This *cumende wæron* is a mistranslation. The Latin has *essent superuentura*, so that one would expect 'þe ofer hine *to cumenne wæron*', or perhaps rather 'þe ofer hine *cuman sceoldon*', as *beon* + *to* + *infl. inf.* was probably only just coming into use when Bede was translated ; compare :

Ðis wundor ða geseah... se sylfa cwellere ðe hine *slean sceolde* (24.426);
percussurus erat.
he him eac cyððe and sæde, þæt he þy þryddan dæge *forþferan sceolde*
(407.1697); *quo esset moriturus*.

3. In the Old English period the new construction probably never became part and parcel of the language. It is significant that Ælfric does not use it in his *Grammar*, when he has to give an equivalent of a Latin periphrastic future, as p. 136, *lecturus sum cras ic sceal rædan to merigen* (again on p. 246); *lecturus es þu scealt rædan*; *lecturus est he sceal rædan*; *lecturi sunt hi sceolon rædan*; p. 150, *uideo te docturum esse ic geseo, þæt ðu wylt tæcan*.

On p. 246 Ælfric translates *facturus* by *to wyrçenne*. This seems to show that Ælfric felt that if the meaning of a Latin future participle by itself had to be stated in English, the inflected infinitive was the only form available, although this form in connection with *beon* was already used in the sense of

the Latin gerund: 'micel is to secgenne'; 'ðas ðing sint to donne'; 'heo sindon to manienne', etc.¹⁾. The circumstance that late Old English had two constructions, *ðas ðing sint to donne*, and *ðas ðing sint to cumenne*, identical in form, but different in meaning, did not lead to misunderstanding, as in the older one the subject was passive, while in the later one it was active.

4. As has been remarked, *beon + to + inflected infinitive* to denote futurity is only found in late Old English. According to Callaway, *The Infinitive in Anglo-Saxon*, p. 202, "the construction occurs but once in Alfred (*Bede*, 224.26), ... is unknown in the poems, in the *Chronicle*, in the *Laws*, and in *Wulfstan*; is relatively frequent in the *Gospels*, ... and is very rare in *Ælfric*." The earliest instance, therefore, probably dates from the end of the tenth century:

Bede (Schipper), 292.2371, *þæt wære rihtlice to ongytenne þæt ealle þe þe his willan leornade (v.r. leornodon) and worthe (v.r. worthon), fram þam þe hi gesceapene wæron, þæt hi þonne wæron fram him ece mede to onfonne.*

Callaway gives 15 further instances, in 7 of which *to cumenne* figures (*l.c.* p. 104 f.). The following examples have been selected from those given by Callaway.

Exodus IV. 13, sende ðone ðe ðu to sendenne eart.

Matthew XI. 3, Eart ðu ðe to cumenne eart?

Ibid. XVII. 12, *ys mannes sunu eac fram him to ðrowigenne.*

Luke XXII. 23, hi agunnon betwux him smeagan hwylc of him ðæt to donne wære.

Assmann, *Hom. and Lives of Saints* XII. 86, And ure drihten is to cweðenne ðonne he to ðam dome cymð.....

5. In Middle English it is only *ben to comen(e)* in which the construction under discussion occurs frequently in its original sense. I have collected upwards of forty instances of this formula. Only a few of them will be given here.

Lamb. Hom., p. 145, he munegede alle þa þet þo weren, oðer seopðen habbeð ikumen, oðer to *kumene* beoð to endeles blisse.

La3. B., 9101, he seide heom ælche 3ere wæt heom to *cumen* weore.

Ibid. B., 21764, þat reoude heom is to *cumene*.

Owl and N., 1190 C., ich am witi ful i-wis, an wod al þat to *kumen* is. J. similar.

Rob. of Gl. 4591, Weneþ he... Ðat he be to *comene* 3ut to winne azen þis lond.

14 cent. *Biblical Version* (Paues), *Matth.*, III, 12, he is for-to come after me is stal-worþere þan I.

Wycl., *Sel. Wks.*, I. 307, Goddis kingdom is to come, and not wiþouten sich penaunce.

Chaucer, *Troil. and Cr.*, IV. 997, that thing is not to come.

Examples of other combinations than *ben to comen* have only been found in Wyclif and Purvey.

Wycl., *Gen.* XIII. 17, I am to 3yue it thee.

Id., *Sel. Wks.* II. 123, þe word of Jesus shulde be filled, telling what dep he was to die. Crist tolde before how he shulde die. (Note alternation!)

Purvey, *Luke* XXII. 23, And thei bigunnen to seke among heni, who it was of hem, that was to do this thing.

¹⁾ For the development of the latter construction in Middle English see my article in *English Studies*, X. 107 ff.

Purvey employs *ben* + prepositional infinitive and the ordinary future indiscriminately to render the periphrastic future of the Vulgate.

Matth. XI. 14, he is Elie that is to come.

Luke XII. 19, and XII. 20, Art thou he that is to come?

Luke XI. 1, the Lord Jhesu... sente hem... in to euery citee and place, whidir he was to come.

Matth. XI. 3, Art thou he that schal come?

Schal come also in *Matth. XVI. 27; John I. 15. Further Matth. XVII. 12, schal suffice; Luke XI. 31 schulde fulfille; Luke XXIV. 21, schulde haue azenbouzt.*

Even in present-day English *be* is used as an auxiliary of the future. Poutsma gives several instances in his *Grammar*, I (second ed.), 30. III, and II, Section II. L. 74.

The following three quotations represent late sixteenth-century English.

Lily, Euphues, p. 88, as I *am not* presently to *graunt* my good wil, so meane I not to reprehend thy choyce.

Id., Ibid., p. 228, thou *art to receive* by my death wealth, and by my counsel wisdom.

Leyc. Corresp., p. 372, I beseech you, amonge so manie great rewards as her majestie *is to giue abroad*, help this gentleman to somewhat.

6. It cannot be said that *be* + prepositional infinitive to denote futurity, mostly with a slight admixture of predestination, has ever been very usual. There was little need for such a form of expression; the ordinary 'future', and the tense form now generally called the 'conditional' filled practically every requirement. In one case, however, it has supplied a real want. In Middle English there was a preterite future, which had originated in the Old English period, as,

Tristrem, 2245, Ouer Temes sche *schuld ride*.

Rob. of Br., Handl. S., 5606, Pat yche brede Pers hade boght, And to hys hus *shuld hyt be broght*. See also the examples from Wyclif and Purvey given higher up.

(Compare Dutch: Den volgenden dag *zou* hij naar Londen gaan).

This tense form gradually fell into disuse in early Modern English; in Shakespeare there are only a few traces of it left (*Franz, Sh. Gr.*, § 613, a). The place of the preterite future was taken by *was, were* + prepositional infinitive, so that in stating an action belonging to the future with reference to some point of time in the past we now say, 'The next day he *was to go* to London.'

7. As has been pointed out more than once in this paper, the construction under discussion, from its first appearance in English, denoted a special kind of futurity: it was to some extent connotative of pre-arrangement. Originally this idea of pre-arrangement was decidedly concomitant and secondary. But from the fifteenth century onwards we meet with instances in which the notion of pre-arrangement, and sometimes of intention predominates.

Wallace, IX. 14, A maryage als that was to begyn.

Ibid., X. 712, *War we wyth horss to pass* befor this king.

Fifteenth Cent. Songs and Carols, p. 39, This game and love we must pley, For synfull sowlis that *ar to dey*.

Letter in Wallace, Evolution Eng. Drama, p. 131, these *are too signifie vnto you yt.....*

Lily, Euphues, p. 184, neither ought it to grieve thee that shee (*scil.*

thy daughter) is gone to hir home with a few years, but that thou *art* to go with many.

Leyc. Corr., Appendix, p. 462, diverse whoyes which were to take in horses.

Ibid., *Ibid.*, p. 463, in the afternoone [they] wente aborde the vessel he was to passe over in.

Hensl. Papers, 33/3, I am to go over beyond the sees wt mr browne and the company.

Ibid., p. 80, Art. 93/3, Receaved... the some of seaven pounds in parte of payment of the some of tenn pounds wch I am to receave of the said Phillip Henschlowe.

Ibid., 89/80, hee being to have VI^s a weeke he takes ye meanes away and turnes the man out.

Ibid., 29/21, the said Charles Massy is to pay or cause to be paid unto Anthony Jarman and Thomas Wigpitt...

Shakespeare rarely uses *be* + prepositional infinitive in the sense illustrated here (Franz, *Sh. Gr.* § 623, a); while in the English of to-day this meaning has become the usual one. Recent instances are given by Poutsma, *l. c.*, Part I, sec. ed., I. 30. II.

8. The semantic development exemplified above may be regarded as spontaneous and quite natural. This may also apply to a further semantic change, the result of which, as far as the material available goes, also first appears in fifteenth century texts. *Be* + prepositional infinitive began to be used to denote various degrees of compulsion or necessity; to put it briefly, *be to* became synonymous with *ought to*, *have to*, *must*. Before discussing this semantic change, I will give a few quotations:

Apology for The Lollards, p. 44, *be prest* is not holden to his horis canonized, not but if he *be to syng*.

Ellis, *Orig. Letters*, II, I, XXXVII, th' accountes that the seid Thomas and William *ben to yeld* unto you...

Letter in Wallace, Evolution, p. 131, I am to request your good fryndship vnto my verry frynd Mr. pharrant.

Another letter, l.c., p. 131, I am earnestly to request your wurship if I may be your tenant... this yet farther *am I to request*.

Another letter, l.c., p. 132, I am now lykewyse too trubble your wurship further with a nother sute.

Another letter, l.c., p. 153, I *ame to crave* pardon of this presumed bouldnes vpon so slender acquaintance, yet vrged by constreynte I *ame to imparte* my penurye, in hope of relife.

Lily, *Euphues*, p. 226, we are *not to conquer* wilde beasts by fight.

Return fr. Parnassus (Arber), p. 28, I am to request your good mediation to the Worshipfull your father.

Hensl. P., 77/1, I am to request yu... to send me 20 s.

Instances are fairly frequent in Shakespeare (Franz, *l.c.*, § 623, b). More recent examples are given by Poutsma, *l.c.*, Part I, 2nd ed., I. 31. a.

If two parties, A and B, arrange that A *is to pay* B a certain sum of money on a certain day, this arrangement will place A under an obligation. If A tells a friend, "I am to pay B £ 50", it is probably the obligation he is under in consequence of the arrangement, rather than the arrangement itself, he is thinking of. And if a third party, C, tells D that 'A is to pay B £ 50', this piece of information may, both from C's and from D's standpoint, be equivalent to 'A *must* pay B £ 50'.

Although it seems quite rational to put down the further semantic development to internal factors, still external influences may have to be taken into account.

9. In Old English *beon* + inflected infinitive also occurs with a personal dative, as,

Greg. Dial., 23.18, *ne wene ic no, ðæt me sy an ðæra spella to forlætanne.*

Blickl. Hom., 29, *us is to gelyfenne ðæt...*

Past. C., 385.24, *Donne is us to geðenceanne ðætte.....*

Ælfr., *Hom.*, I. 254, *Us is to smeagenne ðæt word.*

Wulfst., 201.23, *eow is eac to witanne, ðæt.....*

Ælfric, Grammar, p. 135, *arandum est mihi me is to erigenne, legendum est nobis us is to rædenne*; p. 151, *docendum est mihi me ys to tæcenne.*

Beon in this construction expresses duty, obligation, necessity. *Us is to geleafenne* might easily develop into *We are to believe*; see my paper in *English Studies*, X, p. 112. I must, however, repeat that only the development of *hwæt is me to donne* into *What am I to do* can be illustrated by an uninterrupted series of instances from Old English times until the fourteenth century, when *what am I to do* makes its appearance. As regards other verbs (*we are to believe*; *we are to know*, etc.) there is a gap of about three centuries in the instances I can adduce.

In the paper referred to the following remark is made, "One might be inclined to ascribe the origin of 'I am to do it' partly to the analogy of the synonymous idiom 'I have to do it', but this collocation made its appearance at a comparatively late date. The earliest instance given by the *O. E. D.* (*i. v.* 33, c) is dated '? a. 1500'. It was, however, in use at least a century earlier'.

At the time when I wrote this remark, my collection of early examples of *I have to do it* was still small; the origin of the construction had not yet been explained, and I felt it required going into.

10. Modern English has two constructions containing a form of *have* and a prepositional infinitive, which generally differ in meaning, and are, accordingly, not interchangeable, namely *We had lots of good things to eat*; *He only had rags to wear*, and *We had to eat lots of fat*; *He had to wear prison clothes*. The first construction is the older one; the second one has developed from it.

In the Old English prototype of these two modes of expression the inflected infinitive was an adverbial adjunct to the object of *habban*, so that the original meaning was, 'to have something (somebody) for a certain purpose'. To the present-day Englishman the prepositional infinitive is probably rather a condensed adjective clause (he cannot be happy, unless he *has some one to grumble at* = 'some one he can grumble at').

The Old English construction in its oldest sense is illustrated by the following quotations:

Orosius, 116.14, *þa ofspuhte him þæt he þæt feoh to sellanne næfde his here.*

Boethius, 24.16, *Deah he nu nanwuht elles næbbe ymbe to sorgienne* (= that he can trouble about), *þæt him mæg to sorge þæt he nat hwæt him toward bið.*

John IV., 32, *Ic hæbbe þone mete to etanne þe ge nyton.*

Rule St. Benet, 55.7, *ðæm þe he of mynstres æhta næbbe to syl lenne, sylle gode andsware.*

Ibid., 104.8, *Gif hig nane æhta to syl lenne nabban, offrian heora bearn anfealdlice.*

Assmann, Hom. and Lives of Saints, XV. 148 f., *Geswige ðu earminge, ne hæfst ðu nan ðingc on me to donne* (= which thou canst do to me).

Aug. Sol. (Endter), 12, 6, *nebbe ic þe nanwiht to bringende buton goodne wille.*

The order of words does not influence the meaning. This is strikingly illustrated by

Beowulf, 1850, *Sæ-Geatas selran næbben to geceosanne cyning ænigne.*

This does not mean 'the Sea Geats have not to choose any one better for their king', but 'the Sea Geats have not any one better to choose; whom they can choose'.

11. In the Old English examples quoted *habban* means 'possess', 'have in possession', 'have the disposal of'. *Habben* (*haven*) has the same meaning in the following M.E. quotations.

A. S. Chronicle (Peterb.), 1137, *þe men..... ne hadden nan more to gyuen.*

Document Printed in Anglia VII, 220.13, *swa fele þeinas swa ich heom to leten habban* (read *habbe*).

Lamb. Hom., p. 33, *þu hefdest clað to werien.*

Laz., 13477 f. B., *ah nabbe ich æhten to giue mine cnihten.*

Curs. M., 13501 C., *All þai had i-nogh at atte.*

Havelok, 964, *he was almost naked, For he ne hauede nouht (= nothing) to shride, But a kouel ful unride.*

Wycl., Sel. Wks. I. 17, *þei hadden not (= nothing) to ete.*

Chaucer, Cant. T., F 208, *The hors that hadde wynges for to flee.*

Wright, Pol. Poems and Songs, II, p. 44, *wede corn ne gras have we not to hewen.*

Caxton, *Mirroure of The World*, p. 46, *without God suche power ne myght not be gyuen, as the thynges that haue power to remeue, to bee and to meue.*

It is unnecessary to quote later instances.

12. In connection with a change in the meaning of *habban* that will be referred to presently, it may be useful to call attention to a semantic change the verb *agan* passed through. The usual meaning of this verb is 'possess', 'have', but in late O.E. it might be connected with an inflected infinitive and then denoted a duty¹⁾. Examples of *agan* + inflected infinitive are particularly frequent in the *Laws* and *Wulfstan's* works; there are three in the later portions of two of the *Chronicles* (A and E), and there is one in *Gregory's Dialogues*, and one in the *Homilies and Lives of Saints* edited by Assmann; see Callaway, *l.c.*, p. 80 f., where all the instances found in O.E. are given. Typical examples are:

Wulfstan, 123.2, *forðam nah ænig man mid rihte to fulljanne hæþenne man.*

Id., 290.18, *ðu ahst to fylenne ðine seofon tidsangas.*

Id., 292.2, *hu ge agan her on life rihtlice to libbanne.*

Chron., A, 1070, *he... sæde. Þæt he hit nahte to donne.*

Laws, 400, *Becwæð, C. 2, swa hit se sealde, ðe to syllyanne ahte.*

13. The verb *habban*, if connected with an inflected infinitive, underwent a similar semantic change; the original signification, however, continued to exist beside the secondary one, as appears from the quotations given in

¹⁾ In O.E., M.E., and even in early Modern English both the present and the preterite of *agan* were used in this way. In present-day English only the preterite subjunctive, which is now looked upon as an auxiliary, is left (*You ought to answer this letter at once*).

section 10. Frequently the change stopped halfway, with the result that *habban* could denote two things at the same time, possession and some kind of duty or obligation. An example taken from modern English will illustrate this. "He has half a dozen children to bring up" means, first, that he has half a dozen children, and secondly, that it is his duty, his task, to bring them up. Examples of this type of expression are met with fairly often in Old English.

- Orosius*, 94.16, nu ic longe spell hæbbe to secgenne.
Past. C. 236.13, fela ic hæbbe eow to sæcgenne.
Judges III. 20, ic hæbbe ðe to secgenne ures godes ærende.
Homily by Ælfric (in *Brotanek, Texte und Untersuchungen*), 10.30, Simon, ic hæbbe þe sum þing to secgenne.
Luke, VII. 40, ic hæbbe þe to secgenne sum þing.¹⁾
John XVI. 12, Gyt ic hæbbe eow fela to secgenne.
John VIII. 26, Ic hæbbe fela be eow to sprecanne and to demanne.
Ælfric, Grammar, 135.7, habes agros ad arandum hæfst ðu æceres to erigenne.

14. The following are typical Middle English quotations in which *have(n)* in combination with a prepositional infinitive also expresses possession + duty or task.

- Life of Jesus*, 600, Muche þour þing ich habbe ou to segge.
Horn, L 712, her nast þou nout to done; O similar.
Northern Passion, D 837, We haue no thyng to do Of that thyng; all the other MSS. similar.
Piers Pl. B., XI, 368, bi-self hast nouȝt to done.
Wycl. *John*, VIII. 26, I haue many thingis for to speke (Purvey: to speke), and deme of þou.
Chaucer, Cant. T., A, 886, I have, God wot, a large feeld to ere.
Id., *Ibid.*, E. 2188, I have... a soule for to kepe.
Purvey, 2 *John*. 12, Y haue mo thingis to write to þou.
Transl. De Im. Chr., 36.24, But alle haue not liche muche to ouercome & mortifie.
Ibid., 107.29, Thou hast many þinges ȝit to forsake.
Merlin, p. 149, thei shall haue so moche to done that thei shall not a-gein you endure.
Monk of Evesham, p. 64, whanne he askyd me yef y had any other thynges to be confeste of, y bade him go his waye.

15. The next stage in the semantic development of *habban* + inflected infinitive was that the primary sense of *habban* was weakened still more, so that the idea of duty became more and more predominant. This stage was apparently only reached in late Old English, so that instances in which *habban* + inflected infinitive is synonymous with *agan* + inflected infinitive are rare. I can only adduce the following three.

- Blickl. Hom.*, p. 91, Uton we gepencean hwylc handlean we him forþ to berenne habban.
Exodus XVI. 23, gearwiað to mergen ðæt ge to gearwianne hæbbe (quodcumque operandum est, facite.)
Matthew XX. 22, Mage gyt drincan þone calic ðe ic to drincenne hæbbe? (Potestis bibere calicem, quem ego bibiturus sum?)

16. This meaning of the construction became fully developed in Middle English. Only a few examples will be given here; further instances will be quoted in subsequent sections.

¹⁾ This does not mean 'I have to say something to thee.' Compare Purvey's 'I haue sum thing for to seye to thee'.

Chronicle (Peterb.), 1129, sende se ærceb[iscop] Willelm of Cantwar-byrig ... bead ... ealle þa þe Christendome hæfdon to begemen and to locen.

Ancr. R., p. 72, Hit is hore meister, þet beoð ouer oðre iset & habbeð ham to witene.

Northern Passion, 840, MS. Ad. Ðou it (= thy death) haues moste to drede. MS. Gr has aght; four MSS. have owest.

Bidding Prayer III in *Lay Folks Mass Book*, 68.21, we sall pray especially for þe person or for þe vikar of þis kirke þat hase zoure saules for to kepe.

Ibid. in *Ibid.*, 69.10, We sal pray specially for all þas þat hafes þe gude counsale of þe lande for to kepe.

Ibid. in *Ibid.*, 69.19, We sall pray for þame þat has þis cite for to govern.

17. It is necessary to distinguish between the three meanings of *habban* (*have*) + inflected (prepositional) infinitive. If this distinction is not made, it is impossible to get a clear insight into the meanings and functions of the two constructions in Modern English. It is not taken for granted that there can be no difference of opinion as to the interpretation of some of the instances that have been adduced. Possibly a few of them might have been placed in a different category from the one to which they have been assigned. Still, if they are studied in connection with the context from which they have been taken, it will probably be found that, generally speaking, I am not far out. Where nice semantic distinctions are concerned, especially when one is dealing with a form of speech in which people expressed their thoughts several centuries ago, one cannot hope always to hit the mark; one can only do one's level best to try and get at the truth.

18. In Modern English the infinitive is in certain cases invariably placed after *have*. This fixed word order is already met with in Middle English, and is owing to the circumstance that no other arrangement of the sentence is possible. It is the consequence of front position of the object,

a. if *what* is the object of the infinitive, as,

Ancr. R., p. 52, Mesire, þeo deð also þeo is betere þen ich am, & wot betere þen ich wot, *hwat* he haueð (var. r. ho ahen) *to donne*.

South Eng. Leg., 21.68, þat he with him bi-leue is (= his) con-sailler of þat¹) he hadde *to done*.

Rich. Coer de Lion, 1770, I wote well *what I have to do*.

Sowd. of Bab. 858, *What hastowe here to done?*

St. Editha, 4805, þat blessed virgyn wist fulle welle *what he* (= she) hadde *to done*.

Paston Letters, No. 804, in mony he brengyth with hym an hundred thowsand dokets, weche is but a smalle thyng in regard for that¹) he hath *to doo*.

b. if the object of the infinitive is a relative pronoun, expressed or "understood", as,

¹) *Þat* in the sense of *what*, *that which* is quite usual in Middle English, as *Owl and N.*, 95, Vel wostu þat he doþ þarinne; *Ibid.* 159, Ich nolde don þat þu me raddest; further *Ibid.* 218, 236, 848, etc.; *Prov. Alfr.*, 571, wurþe þat wurþe (= happen what may happen); *Gen. and Exod.*, 202, Oc him mislikede þat ghe wile; Böddeker, *Altengl. Dichtungen* 149.9, be bote of þat y bad; *Jacob and Iosep*, 62, þat oure Louerd wole habben ido mai no man binime; *Gaw. and Gr. Kn.*, 291, If any freke be so felle to fonde þat I telle; *Northern Passion*, 642 H, Þis man Has said þat he may neuer avow.

Ancr. R., p. 202, ȝemeleaschipe ... to ... miswiten ei þing þet heo *haueð to wītene*.

Vices and Virtues, 75,6, Alle ðo ðing ðe ðu *hauest to donne*, do it mit ræde.

Ibid., 137,6, To alle ðo nede ðe man *hafð to donne* þanne is [þes]e hali mihte swiðe helpinde.

Cursor M. 3352 C, Ysaac Thought on thing he *had to done*.

Wycl., *Sel. Wks.*, p. 372, comunly men forȝeten hem sijle & all þat þai *han to do*.

Pride of Life, 283 f., doȝtely to done a dede þat ȝe *haue ffor to done*.

14th Cent. *Bibl. Version* (Pauers), Prol. 6.30, profytabel seruauentes, þat han encresed þe goodes þat þei *hadde to kepe*, schulen ben y-put in more worshupful offyces in þe blisse of heuene.

c. if the object of the infinitive is either another pronoun or a noun, as,

Juliana A., p. 8, al þe tur wes betild þat he wes in wið purpre wið pal & wið ciclatun & wið deorewurðe claðes, as þe þat heh þing *hefde to heden*.

Ibid. B, p. 9, As þe þat se heh þing *hefde to heden* ant se riche reff-shipe *to rihten & to readen*.

Tristrem, 3189, Nouȝt lain, Swiche kniȝt *hastow to fede*.

Transl. De Imit. Christi, 38,6, Wolde god þat nowȝt elles we *had to do*, but oonly to praise our lorde ihesu crist with all our herte.

The context seems to favour the assumption that in all these quotations *have* is meant to express a duty, a task, or necessity. The following quotation is peculiar: no other of this type has been found so far.

Paston Letters, No. 803, letterys of yowyr owyn hande wrytyng, the which I *have to schew*.

The context shows that the relative clause in this quotation means, which I have, so that I can show them'; compare present-day English, *This is all I have to wear* 'all I have that I can wear'; *Let me see what you have to show for your money*.

19. In the preceding section the object is in each group of quotations regarded as belonging to the infinitive. In Old English, and mostly also in Middle English the object belonged to *habban* (*haven*), and this is, of course, still the case in present-day English, whenever it is placed between *have* and the infinitive, as, a, *He has a reputation to lose* 'He has a reputation which he may lose (which he runs the risk of losing)'; b, *He has a reputation to keep up*, 'He has a reputation which he ought to keep up, (which it is his duty to keep up)'. When, however, *have* began to be used in the sense discussed in section 15 f., and its primary signification was entirely lost, it also ceased to be a verb of complete predication, and it became to all intents and purposes an auxiliary of predication. This must be the reason why *have*, when it expressed nothing but duty, obligation, compulsion, necessity, gradually had the place assigned to it occupied by auxiliaries, namely before the infinitive, while at the same time the object began to be placed after the infinitive. The word order *have — infinitive — object* is still rare in Middle English; it only became firmly established in Modern English. I can only adduce a few instances dating from before 1500.

Hali Meidenh., p. 11, þu a *hest*, meiden se deorewurdliche, *to witen* hif. (scil. meidenhad).

Ancr. R., p. 72, Ancre *naueð to wītene*¹⁾ buten hire (var. r. hire seluen) & hire meidenes.

¹⁾ The object, probably *non*, is omitted.

Castell off Loue, 19. Alle we *habbeþ to help neode þat* (var. *r. thawgh*) we ne bep alle of one þeode.

Morte Arthure, 266. Thus *hafe we*, maydens, to aske the emperour the same.

Nature, I. 97, thou arte a passenger That *hast to do a great and longe vyage*.

20. That the word order have — infinitive — object was not firmly established until at least five centuries after it first made its appearance, is not so strange as it may seem. *I have to do it* had a hard battle to fight against the synonymous *I am to do it*. It is significant that Shakespeare always uses the latter mode of expression; the other does not seem to occur once in his works (Franz, *l.c.*, § 623, b, and § 624). Further it should be borne in mind that the older word order *have — object — infinitive* remained in use, in fact could not be changed, in two cases (sections 10 f., 13f.). The place which the synonymous *owe, ought* occupied with regard to the infinitive and the object, also vacillated for a long time, in spite of the circumstance that it was comparatively rarely used as a verb of full meaning. Although the word order *he ought to do it* has always been the usual one, examples of *he ought it to do* are found in late Old English, and in Middle English until about 1400.

- a. Wulfstan, 294.25, ac man *ah cyrican and haligdom to secanne*.
Id., 294.30, ac man *ah seoce men to geneosjanne*.
Id., 302.4 f., ne he *nah mid rihte æniges mannes æt fulluhte to onfonne*.
Id., 307.26 f., and *Laws*, 304, I Cnut, 22.6, ne he *nah mid rihte opres mannes to onfonne æt fulluhte*.
Laws, 304, I Cnut, 22.5, ne he *nah ðæs halgan husles to onfonne* her on life.
- b. *Soul's Ward*, *Old Eng. Hom.*, I. 263, ha *ahen his deorewurde milce to zelden*.
Hali Meidenh., p. 35, þu *ahtest wummon þis werc ouer alle þing to schunien*.
Juliana A, p. 48, nis na merci wið þe for þi ne *ahestu nan habben*;
Ibid. B, p. 49, merci nan nis wið þi, for þi ne *ahest tu nan milce to ifinden*.
Cursor M., 267 C, *Cursur o werld man aght it call*; G, men *au it call*; F and T different.
Ibid. 23824 C, We *agh it noght to hald it were*; F, G, T, Ed. similar.
Northern Passion, MSS. I, F, and A, 840, þou *owist it most to drede*.

21. So far the present investigation has been concerned with *have* connected with the infinitive of a transitive verb. For completeness' sake I will add a few instances of *have* + the infinitive of an intransitive verb.

Callaway, *l.c.*, p. 43, gives all the instances of *habban* + inflected infinitive found in Old English; there is only one among them in which the infinitive is intransitive, namely

Ælfric, *Hom.* II. 78, gecyrrað nu huru-ðinga on life ylde to lifes wege, nu ge *habbað hwonlice to swincenne*.

Habban in this quotation undoubtedly denotes duty, obligation. In the following Middle English examples *have(n)* has the same meaning.

South Eng. Leg., 252.438, he *hadde to done* In þe contrai þer-about. *King Horn*, Q 813, Whit hym þou *hauetz to done*. MS. C, 784 has, Of him þou *hast to done*.

Rob. Mannyng, *Chron.*, 6856, On oper halue þey *hadde to do*.
Cursor M., 14194 F, Qua *has to ga* any way, gode es þai ga bi þe light of day.

Sowd. of Bab. 2088, Take your sporte, and kith your knyghtes Whan ye shalle have to done.

Chaucer, Troil. and Cr., I. 1694, To yow have I to speke of a matere.

A brief summary of the results obtained, and a few remarks about Modern English usage will, it is hoped, not be deemed superfluous.

a. *Beon* + inflected infinitive came into use in late Old English. It was an imitation of Latin *esse* + future participle, and denoted a particular kind of futurity, namely futurity with a certain admixture of predestination. In M.E. *ben to comen* is of frequent occurrence, but other verbs are also found after *ben*. In Modern English the combination only rarely expresses futurity.

b. In late M.E. and in early Modern English the idea of predestination, arrangement, agreement is sometimes the predominant element in the signification of *be* + infinitive. In present-day English this is the usual meaning. The semantic development is quite natural and logical.

c. In late M.E. we also find instances of *be* + infinitive in the sense of *have* + infinitive (*he is to do it* = *he has to do it*). In early Modern English the combination often has this meaning; in present day English it is getting less usual, *have* being commonly substituted.

d. In O.E. *habban* with object and inflected infinitive, *habban* was a verb of complete predication denoting possession. The combination in its original sense, the word order being now invariably *have*—*object*—*infinitive*, has kept its ground until the present day (*he has a good name to lose*).

e. In O.E. *habban* in this combination may, like *agan*, also express duty, obligation, in addition to possession. In its secondary sense the combination has also remained in use, the word order being the same as in *d* (*he has a large family to keep*).

f. In late O.E. the idea of possession sometimes became obscured to such an extent, that practically only the idea of duty, obligation, necessity was left. In M.E. and early Modern English the word order in this case gradually became *have* — *infinitive* — *object* (*I shall have to borrow a few shillings*).

g. It follows that if the word order of a statement of the type referred to in *d* is changed, the result may be nonsense, or at any rate an absurdity (α); or if a different arrangement is possible, the meaning is entirely altered (β);

α . If this leads to an action, *he will not have a leg to stand on*.

He seems to *have any amount of time to waste*.

He is one of those kind of people who cannot be happy, unless they *have some one to growl at*.

If you don't alter, Mr. Caudle, you'll soon *have no house to be master of* (Jerrol, *Caudle Lect.* XIII).

β . I *have a nice, warm fur coat to wear* in the winter.

In many ways the school was all right; only we *had not too much to eat*.

She *had lots of news to tell us*.

No: it isn't a pity that I *hadn't something better to do*. (Jerrol, *Caudle Lect.*, XXX).

h. As long as the idea of 'having' is clearly felt to be present in *have* in statements of the type specified in *e* the word order cannot be changed without the meaning being affected.

I *have a crow to pluck* with you.

Every mother who *has children to train*, will agree with me.

Her hands are tied, now that she *has a baby to look after*.

I'm sure men *have quite enough to care for*. (Jerrol, *Caudle Lect.* VIII).

i. If nothing but duty, obligation or necessity is to be expressed, the word order is always the one given in *f*. A change in the word order, if possible, brings about a change of meaning.

If my stomach trouble gets worse, I shall *have to consult a specialist*.
We have to obey the law.
 In the good old times a girl often *had to marry the man* her parents
 had chosen for her.
 Pope's legs were so thin, that he *had to wear three pairs of stockings*.

j. As the meaning of *have* in a statement of the *d* type, and that of *have* in one of the *f* type are clearly outlined, it follows that a *d* and an *f* statement, expressed in the same words, are never interchangeable. It is, on the other hand, sometimes difficult or even quite impossible to discriminate between an *e* and an *f* statement both made up of the same words. They both express duty, obligation, etc., and it is only the idea of possession denoted by *have* in an *e* statement that renders discrimination possible. Now this element of possession in *have* may have faded to such an extent that the two constructions do not differ any longer from a semantic point of view. There is no appreciable difference between, '*I have my correspondence to attend to*', and '*I have to attend to my correspondence*.' But there is a slight difference between, '*I am much busier now than I used to be; I have a (my) baby to look after now*', and '*..... I have to look after a (my) baby now*'. In the first sentence we recognize the words of a happy young mother, *who has a baby now*, and to whom the duty of looking after her little darling is a source of joy and happiness. '*..... I have to look after a (my) baby now*' somehow makes one suspect that the care of the baby is a mere task to the mother. Compare: '*A girl of about twelve had to look after the baby*' (This was the girl's 'job', the work for which she had been engaged). Compare also, '*The justice reminded him that he had a wife and family to keep*' (this sounds ironical: evidently he was behaving as if he had forgotten that he had a wife and children), and '*The justice told him a few straightforward things, and brought it home to him that he had to keep his wife and children*.'

k. If the object is negative, the word order is practically always *have* — object — infinitive: *We have no time to spare; I have nothing to say in the matter*. Such statements are generally of the type specified in *d*; this precludes a change in the word order. But even if they may be interpreted as containing an element of possession, a different word order is generally impossible. The reason is obvious; statements of the *f* type express a duty, etc. Now doing one's duty, meeting an obligation or a necessity, performing a task does not, as a rule, consist in doing nothing. Still, a duty, a task, may sometimes consist in abstaining from doing anything at all, or from doing something specified. There are also sins of omission, as well as sins of commission. Jerome tells us in his *Idle Thoughts* (ch. *On being Idle*), "*I was ordered to Buxton for a month, with strict injunctions to do nothing whatever all the while I was there*". He might have said just as well, "*The doctor told me very emphatically, I had to do nothing whatever all the while I was there*". In *Curtain Lecture XXV*, delivered during a holiday at Margate, Mrs. Caudle insinuates that it is not a mere coincidence that her pet aversion, Miss Prettyman, is at Margate too. One of her spirited remarks is, "*Miss Prettyman's to follow you here and I'm to say nothing*." A twentieth-century Mrs. Caudle would perhaps say: "*I have to say nothing*". I cannot adduce

instances to substantiate my assertion, which does not agree with the rule given by Kruisinga (*Handbook*, § 669). A sentence like 'You have just to do nothing' (in reply to 'What have I to do?') seems so natural to me, that I have never looked for examples. When I noticed Kruisinga's rule, I asked an Englishman, whose opinion on matters of idiom and usage I value, what he thought of the use of a negative object after have + infinitive, to express necessity, etc. He answered at once, "Good English, and quite usual."

From what has been said it will, it is hoped, have become clear that unless necessity, a duty, etc. has to be expressed, the combination *have* + infinitive + negative object is impossible. 'The inhabitants of the island have to pay no taxes', 'I have to find no fault with him', 'The poor man said that since Monday he had had to eat nothing' and many other similar 'sentences' that might be quoted, state rather an unlikely duty or necessity!

Amsterdam.

W. VAN DER GAAF.

Notes and News.

The 1931 Malvern Festival. The Malvern Festival has rapidly become an important theatrical occasion. The little town of Malvern, or to be exact Great Malvern, for there are several Malverns, is pleasantly situated on the eastern slopes of the Malvern Hills on the borders of Worcestershire. From the Worcestershire Beacon, the highest point in the neighbourhood, there is a delightful view over the valley of the Severn with the Cotswold Hills rising in the distance. On a bright day, it is said, bit of seven counties can be seen from the top of the Beacon. But the mist which William Langland, or whoever it was that wrote the Prologue to *Piers Plowman*, found so difficult to measure, is still there now and then and spoils the prospect. The theatre at Malvern is said to be one of the best equipped in the country. There are pleasant gardens and an open-air café attached to it, where one can meet other visitors and where everything drinkable can be had except decent coffee or cocoa.

The Malvern Festival owes its origin to the enthusiasm of Sir Barry Jackson, a native of Birmingham, and founder of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, opened in 1913. Sir Barry is still the director of this famous theatre, which claims to have produced more than 400 different plays and operas, many of which were afterwards performed in London and elsewhere. Those who are interested in the modern English stage may try to obtain the *Malvern Festival Book for 1931*,¹⁾ which among other things contains a good deal of information about the Birmingham Repertory Theatre and its influence. The first theatrical festival at Malvern was held in 1929. Shaw wrote *The Apple Cart* for it, and he has ever since been considered as the genius loci of the Malvern Festival. The second Festival was mainly devoted to the performance of a series of Shaw's plays, with one new play, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, of which Cedrick Hardwicke and Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies made a great success, and which is still running in London. This year's festival was meant to give an idea of the development of the English drama from the beginning of the sixteenth century to our own time. All the plays performed

¹⁾ Price 1/—, No publisher mentioned.

since the origin of the Festival in 1929 have been produced by H. R. Ayliff, stage director of the Birmingham Theatre, best known abroad for his production of *Hamlet* and *The Taming of the Shrew* in modern dress. He has been very ably assisted by Paul Shelving, the stage designer of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. The costumes designed by him were a source of perpetual delight, especially in Etherege's *She Would if She Could*, and in Sheridan's *Trip to Scarborough*.

In connection with the Festival an exhibition had been organised in the Lecture Hall of the Malvern Public Library. In passing I may be permitted to ask, if any Dutch library can boast of such a valuable asset as a lecture hall. The exhibition was the outcome of the joint exertions of Sir Barry Jackson, Prof. and Mrs. Allardyce Nicoll, Mr. Paul Shelving and others. A descriptive booklet with several reproductions of the exhibits and a commentary prepared by Prof. Allardyce Nicoll is well worth ordering.¹⁾ The catalogue mentions more than 300 items. Among them may be mentioned several reconstructions of early theatres, a reconstructed model of the well-known miniature of the *Mystère de la Passion* performed at Valenciennes, and no less than 17 original theatrical designs by Inigo Jones, two of which are reproduced in the illustrative booklet.

Another feature of the Festival was the production of several British talkies in the cinema adjoining the theatre. Among the plays performed were *The Skin Game*, *Dreyfus* with Cedric Hardwicke as Dreyfus, *Glamour* with Seymour Hicks in the principal part, *Uneasy Virtue* with Fay Compton, and others. The greatest attraction was the first Shaw "talkie": *How He Lied to her Husband*. An interesting and characteristic article on the subject was contributed by Shaw to the Festival book. It appears that the first negotiations between Shaw and Hollywood had come to nothing, because these ingenuous Americans had tried to convince Mr. Shaw that a good deal of his talk might as well be cut out. Less susceptible to irony than usual, Mr. Shaw writes: "In this phase the talkie art was quite useless to me. My plays do not consist of occasional remarks to illustrate pictures, but of verbal fencing matches between protagonists and antagonists, whose thrusts and ripostes, parries and parades, follow one another much more closely than thunder follows lightning. The first rule for their producers is that there must never be a moment of silence from the rise of the curtain to its fall." When the *British International Pictures* were found willing to try the experiment, *How He Lied to her Husband* was selected. It may be looked upon as an attempt to break what Shaw calls the Hollywood superstition that in a "talkie" the pictures still remain the only really important thing.

The impression of these British talkies was not in every respect favourable; both voice production and synchronisation left much to be desired, but perhaps this was merely owing to imperfections in the apparatus which the producers had at their disposal. The pictures were excellent and Shaw's main contention that in the cinema the talk may be just as important and just as interesting as on the stage may be considered to have been proved²⁾;

¹⁾ An Exhibition of English Theatrical Art. 2 sh. Malvern Festival 1931.

²⁾ We are afraid that Shaw's view would be looked upon by most continental film critics as rank heresy. It may be added that the very reason why British films scarcely count as a factor in the development of cinematographic art is the fact that most of them are just photographed plays; and in this respect, too, the programme provided at Malvern seems to have been representative *par excellence*. — Ed.

indeed it was astonishing how well in spite of the imperfections just mentioned, Shaw's sparkling dialogue came, if I may use this phrase of the cinema, across the footlights.

The directors of the Festival had had the excellent idea to organize a series of lectures by well-known authorities on the development of the drama and of the English stage. The lectures were necessarily more or less of the university-extension kind, as in the limited time at their disposal the lecturers could do little more than discuss the most important general aspects of their subjects. It may be said at once that they had all been at great pains to make the best possible use of their time. Indeed every one who had anything to do with the Festival seems to have been under some magic influence, and some of their enthusiasm must have communicated itself to the audience, for not only was the theatre almost full evening after evening, but the morning lectures, too, were exceedingly well attended.

Dr. W. J. Lawrence discussed the development of the stage from mediaeval times to the Restoration. His strong Irish accent made it a trifle difficult for a foreigner to follow him at first, but one soon got used to it. Mr. Lawrence's great learning, the scholarliness of his exposition, the absence of all ostentation, must have impressed most of his hearers. The same may be said of Prof. Allardyce Nicoll, who gave stimulating lectures on the 18th and 19th century stage and on that of our own days. He was the only one of the lecturers who spoke extempore. His amazing knowledge of the conditions of the stage, past and present, enabled him to discuss with great clearness such questions as the influence of the romantic movement on stage production. *En passant* he gave an admirable characterization of the main aspects of romanticism as contrasted with the classic attitude of mind. Dr. F. S. Boas discussed the literary aspects of the earlier drama up to 1660. It was asking rather much of a man born in a country where, according to Andrew Marvell, they have fished the land out of the water, to rise to the lyric altitude of Dr. Boas' lectures, but, needless to say, from the great stores of his knowledge he found much to communicate that was interesting not only to the general public, but also to students of the English drama. As might be expected of the editor of *Fulgens and Lucrece*, Dr. Boas availed himself of the opportunity to impress upon his hearers the importance of the group of playwrights that belonged to the circle of Thomas More. Mr. Bonamy Dobree spoke of the drama from the Restoration to our times. Mr. Dobree has a keen sense of humour, which, however, is always severely kept under control. His lecture on the Restoration drama was, it seemed to me, one of the best of a series in which all were of a high standard of excellence. If one remark may be made by way of criticism, I would point out that, although all the lecturers now and then alluded to the plays that were included among the performances during the Festival, a more detailed discussion of them would greatly have added to the educational value of the lectures.

The greatest attraction offered by the Festival consisted in the performance of seven plays covering a period of more than four centuries. A few words may be devoted to each of them in the order in which they were presented. The first was *Hick Scorner*. Those who like the present writer were sceptical about the possibility of making a performance of this farcical interlude acceptable to a modern audience, were most agreeably undeceived. Weak in construction as the play is, it was saved by the remarkable powers of characterization of the unknown author. Eric Stanley as Pity was really impressive.

The soberness of his diction as well as his beautiful voice brought the spectators very near to the times when simple phrases like *Worse was it never* had a deep meaning. Of the other actors, Robert Donat's Imagination left the deepest impression. The most remarkable thing to my mind was that the farcical element, so interesting historically, as it shows, to quote Dr. Boas, realism breaking through the allegorical setting, was least effective on the stage; its jocularity seemed rather barren, contrasted with the beautiful seriousness of the "main plot".

Ralph Roister Doister was the next venture. Like *Hick Scorner* and like some of the other plays it had been somewhat adapted, but this had been done with such care that only a pedant would find fault with the changes that had been made. The part of Ralph had been entrusted to Ernest Thesiger. Those who remember his creation of the Dauphin in Shaw's *Saint Joan*, will regret that they missed the opportunity of seeing him as Ralph Roister Doister. He was a really comic Ralph, always escaping the danger of becoming a somewhat pathetic figure, yet never being merely farcical. The dying scene was farce at its best. Is there any stage in the world where farce is represented with such consummate art and, if this is not a contradiction in terms, with such refinement, as on the English stage? Ralph's tormentor, Matthew Merrygreek, was exceedingly well represented by Ralph Richardson, an actor of superior excellence, whom one critic called the greatest success of the Malvern week. But not one of the actors was disappointing. Many, I know, shared my admiration of Phyllis Shand, whose Margery Mumblecrust was an unforgettable creation. When I happened to sit near her at one of the lectures, it was positively startling to find that the old beldam of the play was in reality a charming young woman.

The Elizabethan period was represented by Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. Heywood like many other Elizabethan dramatists aimed at "bustle rather than concentration", as Dr. Lawrence pointed out. Indeed, the performance of this play was to the student of drama an object lesson in dramatic form. The secondary plot was felt to be an irritating interruption of the main plot, and was detrimental to the dramatic tension. The weakest part of the main plot is where Anna Frankfort succumbs to her seducer, a weakness accentuated, as Dr. Boas explained, by the domestic setting. Excellent as Miriam Adams was in this part, she failed to make Anne's sudden surrender acceptable. Or was it that Robert Donat was not seductive enough as a lover? Perhaps a word of unreserved praise should be given to that excellent comedian Leslie Holland, whose Dobinet Doughty had delighted the audience in *Ralph Roister Doister*. He had been given the Prologue and the Epilogue in Heywood's play. The Epilogue especially was a masterpiece of recitation; far from being listened to patiently and merely for the sake of decorum, the audience showed their appreciation in the most unmistakable way.

Etherege's *She Would if She Could*, to which the next evening was devoted, was probably the least successful of the cycle. The Elizabethans, even in their lighter moods, were occupied with what is everlasting in human nature, but Etherege's play is almost devoid of meaning. It is difficult to be interested in these artificial people, who, as a paragraph in *The Times* had it, spend their lives in "walking the primrose path of rather scentless flowers." The actors must have felt that the undertaking to give life to what was lifeless was a hopeless one. To me, at least, it seemed that in the last scenes even Ralph Richardson, who had made of Mr. Courtall all that could be made of him, wearied of the

part that he had been called upon to act ; or perhaps he was conscious of something depressing in the atmosphere. Isabel Thornton in a minor part, that of Mrs. Gazette, for a moment brought some relief, partly owing to her perfect acting, partly because in this character at least Etherege drew a portrait from actual observation of life. If after all the evening was to a certain extent enjoyable, it was largely due to the elegance of the dresses, the pretty dances (another point in which the English stage excels,) and the songs.

But the slight disappointment of Etherege's play was more than made good by the brilliant performance of Sheridan's *A Trip to Scarborough*, an adaptation of Vanbrugh's *Relapse*. Its success was also partly due to the stage-designer. No spectator, I think, will ever forget the dazzling galaxy of eighteenth century costumes in the final scene. But there was much more to praise in this play. The actors this time did not seem to entertain any doubts as to their success ; they did all that might be expected of them. Ernest Thesiger as Lord Foppington did not so much act an eighteenth century beau as he was a beau come to life again. Safely entrenched behind the bulwarks of self-love and vanity he certainly had no qualms of conscience about the uselessness of his sublunary existence. The superior air of condescension with which he treated everyone, and even more so after his defeat than before, was inimitable. The persons of this play cannot for a moment be mistaken for real people, but they are, as Mr. Dobree might have said with more justice of them than of the creatures of Etherege's imagination, "curiously like life". Those who have had the privilege of seeing the play will not easily forget Leslie Holland's very amusing creation of Lory or Miriam Adams's Miss Hoyden. Indeed, a more perfect performance of this brilliant trifle is hardly imaginable, and I should be much surprised if it was not given a chance in London.

The nineteenth century, until we come to its close, produced no stage-plays of any importance, and the directors of the Festival must have found it difficult to decide which of the rather lifeless products of the time was worthy of a revival. They had selected Bulwer Lytton's *Money*, first acted in 1840 and several times since. It was last played at a special royal command performance in honour of the ex-Kaiser in 1911. The play contains more than one impossible scene, the characters are evidently the products of the study, indeed more than one seemed to have stepped out of the humour comedy, but all this did not prevent the actors from making the performance a great success. Ernest Thesiger was an excellent Sir Frederick Blount, Edgar Norfolk acted the part of Alfred Evelyn to perfection, but the favourite of the evening was Miss Gillian Lind. Her impersonation of the old-fashioned, languishing, love-lorn Victorian maid, always doing noble deeds in strict incognito, was exceedingly amusing, although Lord Lytton no doubt meant us to take her very seriously. But, for better or worse, early Victorian scruples and perhaps late Victorian scruples as well, regarding decorum in the relation between the sexes have been discarded, and discarded for good, if at least one may judge from the laughter excited among a modern audience by what must once have been scenes of almost tragic pathos. Why certain portions of this play, full of the jejune wisdom of a man who knows his world, or thinks he knows it, should have been acted to the accompaniment of music I failed to understand.

The last play of the series was James Bridie's *The Switchback*.¹⁾ The

¹⁾ Published by Constable and Co. 2/6.

part of Dr. Mallaby had been given to Cedric Hardwicke, the famous actor who was the first to play the part of King Magnus in *The Apple Cart*, and whom many readers of *English Studies* must have seen as old Barrett in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. *The Switchback* is certainly a very entertaining play, but Mr. Bridie has evidently aimed at being much more than entertaining, an attempt in which he has, I believe, not quite succeeded. This probably is largely due to the central character, that of Dr. Mallaby, the country-doctor, who, believing that he has found the clue to a new cure for consumption, becomes involved in a newspaper stunt, as the result of which he is struck off the list of medical practitioners. His wife meanwhile has eloped with a rich Jew, and the doctor returns to the country and takes to whiskey. But his wife soon repents of her faux pas; she comes back accompanied by Sir Anthony Fotheringham Graye, an important man in the medical profession, with whose help Dr. Mallaby might have returned to respectability and might have resumed his scientific researches. He resolves, however, to give up all ambitions, scientific and worldly, and to lead the life of an archæologist in Palmyra. Although some hints had been thrown out in the first two acts as to the fundamental qualities of Dr. Mallaby's character, the conclusion seemed hardly acceptable, and, I believe, was made less so by the half-farcical scene with which the play ended on the stage. For the rest Cedric Hardwicke's acting was above praise, and Miss Frances Ross-Campbell was a perfect aunt Dinah. This amusing character is described by Mr. Birdie as "chorus, familiar spirit, *deus ex machina* and what not". She is one of those characters which the modern English stage seems to delight in, half abstraction, half reality, but very different from the abstractions of medieval drama, because they are infinitely more complex. *The Switchback*, I have been assured, will be produced in London after *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*.

In conclusion I believe that those who were in Malvern during the Festival left the place with a sense of deep gratitude for all that had been done for them. Whatever may be done at Malvern next year, students of English drama should flock to the Festival in even greater numbers than this summer.

Den Haag.

J. H. SCHUTT.

A Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue. The Oxford University Press announces the publication of a *Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue, from the twelfth century to the end of the seventeenth*, to be edited by Sir William Craigie. It will not be restricted to those words which are peculiar to Scotland, but will include the whole of the vocabulary for which there is evidence down to 1600, and will take full account of the Scottish element in literary works, records, or documents, down to the close of the following century. In that way it will lead up to, and connect with, the dictionary of the modern Scottish dialects which is in process of compilation.

It is estimated that the work can be comprised within 4 volumes of not more than 750 pages each, to be issued in 24 or 25 parts of about 120 pages each, about two or three parts to be published each year. The price will be 18 s. per part for subscribers, to be raised to 21 s. per part on publication.

Reviews.

Sir Philip Sidney. By MONA WILSON. 328 pp. With twenty plates. London, Duckworth, 1931. 21/— net.

Astrophel and Stella. By SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Edited by MONA WILSON. xxxviii + 193 pp. Edition limited to 1210 copies. The Nonesuch Press, 1931. 15/— net.

The last twenty years have witnessed a notable increase in the amount of attention paid to the life and works of Sir Philip Sidney, and in the consequent output of publications dealing with either or both. During the closing decades of the nineteenth century John Lyly and Euphuism seem to have had a greater attraction for students of mid-Elizabethan literature than the writings of his aristocratic contemporary. Those were the days when Landmann, in a Giessen dissertation (1881) and in a lecture before the New Shakspeare Society, expounded his theory of the origin of Euphuism, a subject which specialists during the next thirty years never tired of canvassing. Lylean studies, thus assiduously pursued by scholars of various nationalities, culminated in 1910 in Feuillerat's standard work *John Lyly: Contribution à l'Histoire de la Renaissance en Angleterre*. Feuillerat's name, while closing a period in the study of Euphuism, at the same time opens another in that of Sidney. Even before his book on Lyly had seen the light, he had embarked on a new edition of the whole of Sidney's works. This task was not completed until 1926, when to the three volumes originally planned there was added a fourth, in which one of the mss. of the original version of *Arcadia* discovered nearly twenty years before was for the first time printed. Meanwhile the *Arcadia* had been discussed in a long chapter of Wolff's *Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction* (New York, 1912), and in a learned, if somewhat fanciful, book by Brie (Strassburg, 1918). An excellent *Life of Sir Philip Sidney* by a Canadian scholar — W. M. Wallace — appeared in 1915; a study of the relation between the two versions of the *Arcadia* was published at Amsterdam in 1929.

Miss Wilson has the distinction of being the first English writer to sum up the recent results of Continental and American Sidney scholarship for the benefit of English readers. Since the publication of Fox Bourne's biographies (1862 and 1891), and Symonds's volume on Sidney in the *English Men of Letters* series (1886), no Englishman had dealt with Sidney's life and works as a whole¹). Fox Bourne has been definitively superseded by Wallace and, in a way, Miss Wilson may be said to have done the same for Symonds. The E. M. L. volume's only chance of survival is the price of the book before us, and, if properly recast and brought up to date, the older work might still fulfil a useful function by the side of its more ambitious rival. Till then, however, Miss Wilson's book will probably hold the field as the best modern

¹) Miss Morley's Quain Essay (1901), though excellent, runs to no more than sixty pages, and has long been out of print. Sidney Lee's chapter on Sidney in his *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century* (1904) is, like much of what he wrote, unreliable. Neither, of course, knew of the existence of the *Old Arcadia*. No more did the writer of the chapter on *Elizabethan Prose Fiction* in vol. III of the *Cambridge History of English Literature* (1908); but that there is not the slightest reference to it in the second impression of 1918 is surely inexcusable. A reasonably adequate account of the two versions is given in Baker's *History of the English Novel*, vol. II (1929).

survey of Sidney's literary work as a whole — though as a biography it is not on a par with Wallace, as it will here be our business' to show.

The difference between the English work and the Canadian is mainly owing to the circumstance that the latter is intended for students — of literature as well as of history — whereas the former was written with an eye on the general reader. One result of this is that, while in the case of Prof. Wallace's book it is usually possible to check the author's statements and conclusions by reference to the sources mentioned at the foot of the page, Miss Wilson carefully keeps the framework of her story out of sight, reserving only a small number of references and titles for an Appendix. The taste of the general reader has also been consulted in a certain tendency to the humorous and the picturesque, the results of which are not invariably happy. Thus in the reign of Henry VIII, a certain Rowland Lee, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, who became Lord President of Wales in 1534, 'did conspicuous police work' in that unruly principality. 'He is reported to have hanged 5,000 people in six years, including some of his own guards. He was even public-spirited enough to spare some time from this congenial occupation, and step into the pulpit, for the first time in his career, to preach "against the usurped power of the Bishop of Rome," in obedience to a letter from the king.' (pp. 27-28). The fifth chapter opens with: 'Sidney was not allowed to lose touch with the continent. Languet continued the correspondence course.' When Simier had revealed to Elizabeth the secret of Leicester's marriage to the Countess of Essex, 'Leicester left the Court and judiciously enjoyed some weeks of bad health.' After a prolonged absence from Court 'Philip Sidney went back reluctantly with the first manuscript of the *Arcadia* in his trunk.' Worst of all, with reference to a certain 'William, my Lord of Leicester's jesting player' mentioned in one of Sidney's letters: 'The player was probably Kempe, who had visited Dunkirk and Denmark during the previous autumn, but it is not inconceivable that the careless William bore a more famous surname.'

Comparatively harmless as these flourishes may seem, to a reader fresh from Professor Wallace's scholarly, yet eminently readable pages, they appear as irrelevant. But we have a more serious complaint to make. In the concluding paragraph of her book, Miss Wilson states that 'the aim of this book has been to give a narrative and nothing more of all that is significant in Sidney's life' — and on the whole this aim may be said to have been attained. On the same page, however, she observes that 'it was this *ideal*¹⁾ Sidney who took possession of the mind of England, and is a part of his country's history.' What she does not seem to have realized is that the ideal Sidney has also, to some extent, taken possession of the mind of his latest biographer, and guided her hand in drawing some of the lineaments of his prototype. To what results this has led in Miss Wilson's treatment of the *Arcadia* we shall see presently; here we will only draw attention to some purely biographical matters. On page 209, referring to Sidney's chronic financial difficulties, she writes: 'When he came back from Dover the Queen vaguely promised that something should be done for him. He was offered a share in the recusant forfeitures, the minute was made out and his friends advised him to accept. His necessity, as he says, was great, but the Queen might change her mind, nothing less than £ 3,000 would be any use, and "it goeth against my heart to prevent a

¹⁾ My italics. Z.

Prince's mercy... Truly I like not their persons and much worse their religions, but I think my fortune very hard that my reward must be built on other men's punishment". His name does not appear on the list of those who received forfeitures.' If we now turn to Wallace's account of the same affair, and to Feuillerat's edition of the letters, this is what we find. On October 10th, 1581, Sidney wrote to Burghley: 'My suit is for a 100li a yeere in impropriations.' This letter Miss Wilson does not mention. Of her quotation, the part before the dots is from a letter to Sir Christopher Hatton of December 18, 1581; the rest from one to the Earl of Leicester written ten days later. The next sentence in the original runs: 'Well my Lord yowr Lordeshippe made me a cowrtier do yow thinke of it as seemes best unto yow.' Wallace also states that Sidney's name does not appear on the list of those who received forfeitures, though he thinks Sidney probably received the sum he asked for. Of course this is only a supposition; but in a note he adds that the Domestic State Papers for subsequent years do contain more than one reference to sums paid from recusants' fines to Leicester, Cecil and Sidney. Thus by omission and implication Miss Wilson has given a flattered picture of this rather sordid aspect of Sidney's life.

On another occasion a slightly different method is adopted to keep out of sight certain facts which the modern reader might find it difficult to square with his conception of the ideal Sidney. Wallace devotes a whole chapter, entitled "Church Preferment", to the story of the traffic in ecclesiastical benefices, in which the names of Sidney, father and son, figure rather prominently. When Philip was nine years of age, he was instituted as incumbent of the parsonage of Whitford. A few months later took place his induction as prebend of Llangunlo, and at some later date he was installed as prebend of Hereford. The actual work was of course done by a deputy, for a consideration, the Sidney's, *père* or *fils*, merely enjoying the fruits of the benefice. Of course one agrees with Wallace's observation that 'unprincipled as these transactions seem when viewed from a modern point of view we must remember that the public conscience was only awaking to the objectionableness of the practice in Elizabeth's day, and that unqualified condemnation of those who enjoyed the revenues flowing from such sources would be beside the point.' Yet, 'we shall probably not be far wrong in assuming that throughout his life Philip Sidney's slender purse was chiefly replenished with moneys derived from his various benefices.' The only reference Miss Wilson makes to all this is where she discusses Sir Henry's financial worries: '*Later on the revenues from the livings of Whitford and Llangullo, which were held in Philip's name, and the help of a new and careful steward enabled him to avoid actual loss on his Welsh service.*' (p. 67). The general reader may be trusted not to ask inconvenient questions.

In her Preface Miss Wilson alleges Feuillerat's edition of Sidney's works and the Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission on the Penshurst Papers (1925) in justification for her new book. The latter, of course, Wallace did not have at his disposal. As far as one can see, the only detail in which the Report has enabled Miss Wilson to improve on her predecessor is the discovery that the pedigree of the Sidneys, which Wallace mentions on p. 3 of his *Life*, and which he apparently believes to be genuine, is a fake. It hardly seems a sufficient excuse for doing his work all over again.

The most favourable judgment that a comparison with Wallace enables one to pass on the biographical part of Miss Wilson's book is that it contains

an old story retold, with an occasional shift of emphasis, for a different class of readers. It would be doing less than justice to the author to extend this judgment to the literary chapters of her work. For one thing, Miss Wilson, apart from certain concessions to popular taste in the matter of style, knows how to write, a gift sometimes denied to students with an austerer view of their task. Even if none of her chapters on *Sidney and the New Poetry*, *The Arcadia*, *The Defence of Poesie* and *Astrophel and Stella* contains many important contributions to knowledge, it is something to have repeated 'what oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd'. To quote a specimen, any writer on the *Arcadia* might envy her a conclusion like the following: 'The *Arcadia* is one of the three great monuments of that early Anglican culture, part chivalrous, part Protestant, part classical, which, formed in the peace of Elizabeth, survived the assaults of Calvinism and the corruption of the Restoration, the culture of Herbert and Falkland and Evelyn. The others are the *Faerie Queene* and the *Ecclesiastical Polity*.¹'

In these chapters, too, the comparison with Wallace is not so obviously to Miss Wilson's disadvantage. As to the *Arcadia*, Wallace only knew the original version from Dobell's *Quarterly Review* article, and though his remarks are penetrating and to the point as usual, he refrains from 'any attempt to discuss adequately the many bibliographical and literary questions connected with the *Arcadia*', which 'would require at least many chapters.' A popular book like the present was not, of course, the proper place for such a discussion either, but Miss Wilson at any rate gives a fairly satisfactory account of the genesis of the romance, and her appreciation of the work ought to go far towards making the modern reader understand its appeal to the sixteenth and seventeenth century public.

One wishes it were possible to give unqualified praise to Miss Wilson's treatment of the Works as distinct from the Life of her hero; unfortunately, the ideal Sidney to whom we referred above, has tempted her into another sleight-of-hand, this time with the *Arcadia*. The third book of the original version contains an episode in which two lovers, in defiance of law and custom and the opposition of the girl's parents, secretly consummate their marriage. When, in 1593, a folio edition was published under the direction of Sidney's sister Mary, consisting of the unfinished revised version with the addition of books III-V of the *Old Arcadia*, this episode, with several others, was severely bowdlerized. In his account of the *Old Arcadia*, Dobell saw fit tacitly to substitute the expurgated version for the original, thus committing a deliberate piece of prevarication. What Miss Wilson does is almost as bad. When she has reached this point of the story in her summary, she takes refuge in a quotation from Lamb, who praises Sidney for preserving 'matchless decorum' in such a delicate situation. The general reader, unless he is exceptionally alert, will hardly stop to realize that Lamb was referring to the *revised Arcadia*! The quotation given, Miss Wilson proceeds to the next stage of the narrative without stirring a feature. Then, the expurgated version once impressed on the reader's memory, sixteen pages further on the author clears her conscience by a belated and blurred revelation of the truth: 'In the old *Arcadia* Desire is too strong for Honour. Musidorus is only prevented by the accidental arrival of a band of robbers from violating the sleeping Pamela, and the union of Pyrocles and the gentle Philoclea is consummated. From the new *Arcadia*

1) The sentences quoted form part of the concluding paragraph of the chapter.

these incidents have disappeared. There can be little doubt that the alteration, though made by the Countess of Pembroke, follows Sidney's general directions.' Of this passage, only the first two sentences, and the statement that the alteration was made by the Countess of Pembroke, are correct. It is incorrect to say that the incidents have disappeared from the new *Arcadia*, as by the latter we understand the revised version, as far as Sidney wrote it, ¹⁾ and the episode in question occurs in one of the books of the old *Arcadia* added by Mary Sidney to the revised version in 1593. And it is pure conjecture to say that in bowdlerizing this and other passages, the Countess followed Sidney's general directions. Sidney was no Puritan, if his sister was. ²⁾ We are afraid Miss Wilson sometimes relies too much on her own intuitions. Expressions like 'there can be little doubt,' 'I have no doubt,' 'To me it is unthinkable' flow rather too glibly from her pen.

'I had long wished to make a study of Philip Sidney, because so many of my friends, whose reading in other directions far exceeded my own, did not know *Astrophel and Stella*, or remembered only a few of the sonnets from anthologies.' There is a touch of feminine logic about this, the opening sentence of Miss Wilson's preface; it reminds one of the French saying, so curiously evocative of the style of Sidney, that 'le cœur a des raisons que la raison ne connaît pas.' For Miss Wilson's study of the sonnets has evidently been a labour of love, bearing fruit both in an excellent chapter of her book on Sidney, and in a new edition of *Astrophel and Stella* for the Nonesuch Press. The former is the best introduction to the Sonnets with which we are acquainted. It contains exactly the amount of biographical information needed for a first perusal, and, as about one third of the poems are quoted partly or in full, serves the purposes of an anthology and a critical and historical commentary combined. As regards the latter, Miss Wilson even brings up an important point not touched upon by Wallace: the story of Penelope Devereux's secret youthful engagement to Charles Blount. If the story is authentic ³⁾ — and the fact that so conscientious a historian as Wallace ignores it should at least put us on our guard — it certainly sheds a new light on Stella's relation to Astrophel; though whether it justifies Miss Wilson in calling her 'something of a minx' seems doubtful. 'To attempt to pass judgment on the character of Penelope Devereux would be absurd..... Without much fuller knowledge than we possess our eulogy and our condemnation are alike impertinent.' ⁴⁾

The Appendix to this chapter, like those belonging to the other chapters of the book, represents a not quite successful attempt to cater for the student as well as for the general reader. After a few observations on the text — where one is struck by the absence of any reference to Flügel —, the date and the form, we get 'one word on the question of originality' — in which Sidney Lee is taken to task, partly with the help of a quotation from Arthur Symonds. In

¹⁾ See Wolff, *Greek Romances*, pp. 345-346.

²⁾ 'The preoccupation of the writer's mind with the facts of sex is much in evidence':..... 'In spite of his deep moral earnestness there was nothing of the Puritan in Sidney.' Wallace, *Life*, p. 237.

³⁾ The source is Heylin's *Life of Laud*, as stated in the Appendix (p. 315). Habitually sparing in her references to recent publications, Miss Wilson omits to mention a letter in the *Times Lit. Suppl.*, 20-9-1928, in which attention was first drawn to the subject.

⁴⁾ Wallace, *Life*, p. 258.

our turn, we venture to quote Miss Wilson's peroration: 'The search for sources may become the dreariest form of pedantry when pursued by those who understand neither how a poet writes, nor even how an educated man reads. The literature of Italy and of antiquity was to the Elizabethans what Shakespeare and the Authorized Version became to later generations, the atmosphere they breathed, and not a topic to be got up for theses.' The general reader will be sure to applaud; but we may perhaps remind — or inform — Miss Wilson that the best study of Sidney's sources, hence, the best vindication of his remarkable originality, is to be found in a thesis published by a country-woman of hers in 1929.¹⁾

Miss Wilson bases her text of *Astrophel and Stella*, rightly, we think, on that of the Folio edition of 1598 (B.), thus following the example of Pollard, whose edition has long been out of print. She has treated the B text more conservatively than Flügel in the introduction to his edition of the first Quarto proposes to do; of eight places qualified by him as obvious misprints, she allows only two, noting the alternative reading of the second Quarto for only one of the others. Her own conjectural emendations, with the exception of two, are quite acceptable; one, which we think particularly good,

Let cloudes bedimme my face, bereeke myne eye
Sonnet LXIV, l. 5.

where Q_1 has *bereaves*, Q_2 and B *breake in*, has not been incorporated in the text, but is modestly relegated to the Notes. We do not agree with the substitution of *on* for *of* in l. 13 of the First Song; Q_2 *al* seems the better reading. The intransitive use of *plant* instanced from Sidney's translation of *Psalms* XXV does not make equally good sense here as the ordinary transitive meaning. The change from *his liues course* to *his life's course* (Sonnet LXI, l. 8) in an unmodernized edition is positively absurd. Genitives like *liues*, *wiues* were still quite current in Sidney's time, and the spelling with an apostrophe did not come into use until about a hundred years after *Astrophel and Stella* was written and printed!²⁾ One wonders why the editor saw fit to introduce this solitary anachronism.

Apart from this slight blemish, and possibly one or two other details, Miss Wilson may claim to have established the nearest approach to a definitive text that we are likely to get. By printing the *editio princeps* of each of Sidney's works, with a list of the variant readings of subsequent issues, Feuillerat has paved the way for a critical edition. As far as *Astrophel and Stella* is concerned, this task may be regarded as accomplished. For the *Arcadia* and the *Defence* everything, except the pioneer work, remains to be done; for the *Old Arcadia* the texts have not even been fully collated. A wider interest in Sidney's works, such as Miss Wilson's book may be expected to stimulate, may in time create a demand for further definitive editions. So that, after all, she will have deserved the thanks of both general reader and student.

The Hague.

R. W. ZANDVOORT.

¹⁾ Janet G. Scott, *Les Sonnets Elisabéthains: les sources et l'apport personnel*. Paris, Champion, 1929.

²⁾ See Franz, *Shakespeare-Grammatik*, § 198, and Wyld, *A Short History of English*, § 314, note, and § 315, note.

The Place-Names of Sussex. By A. MAWER & F. M. STENTON.
With the assistance of J. E. B. GOVER. (English Place-Name
Society, vol. VI and VII). Cambridge, University Press, 1929-1930.
— xlv + vii + 613 pp. — 40/— net.

Sussex forms a complete contrast with Yorkshire, the latter being typically Scandinavian in its nomenclature, whereas the former may be termed the pure Saxon land par excellence. No trace has survived of the Romano-British population, whether annihilated in a general massacre or compelled to flee elsewhere, we probably shall never be able to tell. In some peculiarities, the place-names of Sussex resemble those of Wessex or of Kent, but we are warned by the Editors not to lay too much stress on this: the community of nomenclature is due chiefly to the fact that here the toponymical strata are of the oldest in England. The invasion of Sussex is dated 477 and there is no ground to call the tradition in question. In fact, Kent and Sussex represent very different tribes and each had a vocabulary of its own. Moreover Sussex lived for centuries in a comparative seclusion, kept apart from neighbours by its forests, which however did not prevent the county from nourishing a tolerably dense population. In what degree smaller units must be recognised within the Sussex kingdom, is a question in itself: see (p. xxiv) what is said of the *Hæstingas* who perhaps had their own dynasty apart from the Sussex kings. These and many other details contained in the copious Introduction will suffice to show the great interest of the present volumes for the early history of England and of her institutions.

As to the place-names themselves, it is evident from the size of the volumes alone that the material was extraordinarily abundant. The "search of printed and unprinted material has been more extensive and thorough in this county than in any as yet attempted by the Survey" (p. v.). We may add that the discussion of each name has been generally reduced to a minimum, so as to make these last issues of the Place-Name Society one of the most compact and richest contributions to toponymy extant.

Many names are "manorial", i.e. contain the name of a family of owners or are associated in some sense with the name of a family. In 1824 a Miss Wolf died at *West Wolves* "ending a tenancy of 500 years by the same family" (p. 183 n.). This is too characteristic of old rural England to allow it to pass unnoticed. It has been observed also that feminine personal names are more numerous in English place-names than elsewhere: here too we find as many as 10 distinct names of women in O.E. form, e.g. *Ælfrun*, *Beornðryð*, etc. and the number is probably greater, as the gender is not clear in many cases of pet-names. There is a list of Personal Names (pp. 553-557 and 563-564), marking with a single asterisk names occurring only in place-names and with a double star those found only in one Sussex example. Such a presentation of the actual onomastic facts is both accurate and prudent and ought to be imitated elsewhere. The same scruple of honesty prevails in the discussion on the distribution of the place-name elements (pp. 550-553). We learn not only that *hamm* 'enclosure' and *hām* 'homestead' are very difficult to distinguish, but also that "it is very doubtful if *hamm* is used in Sussex of land within the bend of a stream." *Brook* is not only a stream but also a *broek* in the Du. sense (water-meadow, low marshy ground).

Scholars interested in English historical phonology will find much to learn. The abnormal *ū* (from *ā*) in examples as *who*, *two*, *-hood*, is found also in

Ouse from *wās* (p. 6). The legal term *Rape* (territorial division intermediate between the hundreds and the county) preserves the *ā* of O.E. *rāp* (p. 8; cf. Du. *reep*; but I think the semantic development is not identical in both languages, the English word meaning probably a district measured by ropes, while *reep* seems to be rather a ribbon i.e. a narrow strip of land). — *Waltham* (p. 77) offers a good example of the unvoicing of *d* before *h*, a change which has not been recognised in English phonology until recently. The development of *h* to *f* as in *Barpham* from *Bercham* (p. 164) is quite normal, but the *ft* of *Sefter* (p. 95, O.E. *seohtre*, drain, ditch) is interesting as following a front vowel. In many instances an inflectional element has become part of a name. *Rumbridge* (p. 88) = *æt þreom beorgum*; *Rye* = *at ther eye* (O.E. *īe*, p. 177). *Twineham* is from (æt) *tweoxneam* (p. 279, dat. plur. of O.E. *ēa*).

Many of the proposed interpretations are of course doubtful and open to discussion. An O.E. *Stedda* (p. 29) with *dd* cannot be "clearly related" to *steed* (O.E. *stēda*); if a relation exists, it is anything but clear. As to *Yorkhurst* (p. 54), the ingenious explanation by *gēac*, cuckoo, may be right, but I am not so sure with regard to other cases where the same bird is supposed to play a part. *Cokeham* (p. 201) and *Cuckfield* (p. 261), perhaps *Cuckmere* p. 4, may be compared with Du. names containing *koek*, cake, i.e. lump of mould, knoll. There is no O.E. **cōca* on actual record, but the fact that *cake* is a Scandinavian loan-word is rather favourable to the assumption of its existence. In *Maresfield* (p. 349) it is difficult to account for a genitive O.E. *meres*. Perhaps the first component is *merisc*, *mersc*, marsh, rather than *mere*, pool? Cf. *Merston*, p. 72.

Still more perhaps than the former volumes, the latest issues of the Place Name Society suggest parallels with facts occurring in the continental Germanic languages. I shall not venture to explain obscure elements as *esce* (p. xv and 511: cf. Goth. *atisk*), *glind* (p. xv), *stiorf* (ib.). Even *geselle*, which means clearly a collection of dwellings, is puzzling when compared with its Du. equivalent *sele* (*-sele*, *-zele*, *-zeele*, *-sel*, etc. in place-names). Whereas other collectives have as a rule the prefix *ge-* (*geboomte*, *gebergte*, *gehucht* = Ger. *gehöft*, etc.) the Du. term is always without *ge-*. — An interesting parallel to Flemish *heed*, ntr. 'heath' (from **haipa-*) by the side of *heide* (**haipīō-*) is found in Sussex *hoath* (p. xiv, 270). *Terwick* (p. 42) from *tord* 'dung' is to be compared with *Meshem*, *Messem* in Flanders (*mes*, O.E. *meox*, dung). *Ragmere* (p. 51) 'heron-mere' = *Reigersuliet* (W. Fland.). *Highleigh* (p. 86) 'high clearing', on a very slight rise above the marshes, reminds one of *Autryue* (W. Fland.), oldest form *Alta Ripa*, also scarcely higher than the opposite side of the Scheldt. *Belisia*, now *Bilzen* (Belg. Limb.) and *Bilsham* (Sussex, p. 145) might be cognate, but in that case the derivation from a pers. name *Byli* is not very likely. As to *gill*, discussed pp. 203-204, the Du. *geul*, a channel, is probably not from the French *gueule* (see *Woordenb. d. Ndl. Taal*, s.v. versus *Franck-van Wijk*), the river *Geul* (Limb.) being known as *Gulia* as early as 891. This shows at least the possibility of a non-Scandinavian *gill* in the South of England.

The externals of the volumes, including an extensive map of Sussex, are in every respect worthy of the Cambridge University Press and of the previous issues edited by Messrs Mawer and Stenton.

Liège.

JOS. MANSION.

Der Gedanke einer englischen Sprachakademie in Vergangenheit und Gegenwart. Von HERMANN M. FLASDIECK. 246 pp. Jena, Verlag der Frommannschen Buchhandlung (Walter Biedermann) 1928. M. 13.—.

English authors have often passed grave strictures on the imperfect state of their own language, and the desire to improve it has often been expressed during the last four centuries. It was suggested, at one time, that the foundation of an Academy to superintend the language, would greatly facilitate and further its regulation. The book under discussion elaborately deals with the plans that have been brought forward, in course of time, for the foundation of an Academy, and offers much that is interesting to students of English.

The first five chapters give a chronological survey of the various authors that have busied themselves with language problems and have advocated the foundation of an Academy. The first attempts were made in the reign of Elizabeth. The growing consciousness of their own national importance made Englishmen begin to feel proud of their native tongue, but, at the same time, they opined that English had many defects. It was especially spelling-reform that was insisted upon. The need was felt of an Academy, on the model of the Italian Accademia della Crusca (founded in 1587 by the Grand-Duke of Tuscany), to superintend and fix the language. The death of James I, however, put an end to all attempts made in this direction.

After the Restoration, the demands for spelling reform, and in connection with this, the foundation of an Academy, became more and more clamorous, the more so, as the dictionary published by the *Académie française* with a view to regulate the French language, roused the envy of the English. Defoe, and especially Swift, earnestly advocate the Academy project. English is corrupt; its orthography and its grammar are illogical. Reason is to be the judge in linguistic problems. The language should be purified and then it should be fixed. Swift fails to see the "necessity why any language should be perpetually changing." The constant changes are a great danger; Chaucer is no longer understood in Swift's days, Pope echoes the complaint:

"And what now Chaucer is, shall Dryden be".

Swift's plans break down for various reasons. One of them is that Swift was still a Tory at that period, and that the Whigs, who came into power at the death of Queen Anne, looked upon his scheme as one fostered by Tory absolutism. The conscious reaction against anything redolent of absolutism, characteristic of the English mind, made itself also felt in matters non-political.

A new note is struck by Samuel Johnson. In the preface to his Dictionary he arrives at the conclusion that it is not only impossible, but by no means desirable, to fix a language. As this was to have been the chief object of the planned Academy, it follows that Johnson is opposed to the Academy-plan. From this time onward, the impossibility to put English into a strait waistcoat becomes universally recognised. A living language cannot be regulated and fixed; the only thing the grammarian and lexicographer can do is to observe and register what has been sanctioned by everyday usage. This viewpoint is clearly illustrated in Chapter V, entitled "Von 1800 zur Gegenwart".

In the last chapter "Rückblick und Ausblick", Professor Flasdieck shortly recapitulates what has been said on the preceding pages and gives the reason why — in his opinion — the Academy plan has failed. This failure is not

only due to political circumstances, but also to the trend of the English mind. The moment when the plan was nearest to its realization was in the days of Swift. Rationalism was almost triumphant then, so was the spirit of absolutism. The Hanoverian dynasty already inaugurates the change.

The English mind refuses to be dictated to by reason. As Professor Flasdieck puts it: "Rationales Denken ist unenglisch." This, according to him, is the principal reason why an Academy will never be able to exist in England. Moreover, the attitude taken up towards language problems by the modern philologist is an additional warrant against the foundation of any such institution.

The book is well-written and the subject has been treated with German thoroughness. In connection with the two hundredth anniversary of the death of Defoe, it is interesting to read the ideas developed by this versatile author concerning the Academy project.¹⁾

Nijmegen.

J. J. VAN HELDEN.

Brief Mention.

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Examen Engelsch m. o. A.

De minister van onderwijs, kunsten en wetenschappen brengt in het belang van toekomstige kandidaten voor de akte Engelsche taal m. o. A., reeds thans ter kennis van belanghebbenden, dat de commissie, in 1931 belast met het afnemen van dit examen, hare opvolgster in overweging zal geven het schriftelijk gedeelte van het examen te doen bestaan uit een vertaling uit het Nederlandsch in het Engelsch en een vertaling uit het Engelsch in het Nederlandsch. (St.ct.)

Christopher Marlowe.

At the end of his detailed and cautious biography of Marlowe Prof. Tucker Brooke¹⁾ tones down the somewhat unsavoury evidence thus :

Behind the poet there stands always the Elizabethan man, certainly one of the notable personalities of his age. To his enemies he was a terror and a grisly warning, to his friends kind Kit. The issue is not yet balanced, and will never be by force of reason and historical research — though Marlowe's fame has profited mightily by these things in recent years. Formal biography is in this instance more than usually futile, and the appeal to Marlowe's poetry more than usually intuitive.

Such terms as "kind" and "gentle" were so indiscriminately bestowed by well-wishers upon their friends in the Elizabethan age, that the use of one of them in connexion with Marlowe cannot really be said to counterbalance the circumstantial list of accusations filed against him by his enemies and former associates. None of Marlowe's recent biographers, while qualifying the claims of Kyd and Baines to witness the truth, has failed to notice the ring of authenticity which their independent statements come to possess by agreeing on substantial points. We can safely assume, then, that Marlowe's table-talk, at least, used to shock people who clung to traditional ideas in religion and morality. There seems to be little doubt, besides, that Marlowe derived some satisfaction from shocking his listeners, as his favourite jest at the intercourse between Christ and St. John²⁾ proves among others. The serious portions of his table-talk, together with passages in his plays (chiefly 2 *Tamb.*, V, i, 186-201) justify the appropriation to Marlowe of the epithet of "atheist", as it was then understood, i.e. a scoffer at institutional religion, a free-thinker, possibly a "deist" (the same epithet had been applied to Machiavelli, to whose opinions Marlowe was much indebted). The term *libertin* as it was used in France in the seventeenth century³⁾, seems to fit Marlowe better than any other. Free thought caused scandal, hence the habit of crediting free thinkers with actual immorality, and the secondary meaning of *libertin*, shortly destined to become the primary one, of a person of loose morals. That Marlowe was a *libertin* also in this latter sense cannot be equally well ascertained. Prof. Tucker Brooke will not be persuaded that the man who wrote *Hero and Leander* "was fundamentally or finally intemperate, as Kyd called him, or of a cruel heart."

Nor can we easily suppose — *he goes on saying* — that its placid beauty was achieved while the author was employing his less poetical hours as a

¹⁾ *The Works and Life of Christopher Marlowe*, General Editor R. H. Case, London, Methuen & Co., 1931. Vol. I, *The Life of Marlowe and the Tragedy of Dido*, by C. F. Tucker Brooke, pp. x + 238, price 8/6; Vol. II, *Tamburlaine the Great*, in two parts, by V. M. Ellis Fermor, pp. xii + 321, price 10/6; Vol. III, *The Jew of Malta and The Massacre at Paris*, by H. S. Bennett, pp. ix. + 267, price 10/6; Vol. IV, *Poems*, by L. C. Martin, pp. ix + 304, price 10/6. (Vol. V, *Doctor Faustus*, by F. S. Boas, and Vol. VI, *Edward II*, by H. B. Charlton, in progress).

²⁾ See Vol. I, pp. 99, 107.

³⁾ See F. T. Perrens, *Les Libertins en France au XVII^e siècle*, Paris, Chailley, 1896, chiefly p. 8 ff.

libertine, a secret agent, or a revolutionist. It was bad psychology that inspired the too facile antithesis of *The Return from Parnassus*:

'Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell,
Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent from hell.'¹⁾

This may be bad psychology, but I do not see how *Hero and Leander* can be looked upon as an evidence of purity of soul, at least as this is commonly understood. Prof. Tucker Brooke seems to agree with Swinburne in crediting that poem with Hellenic qualities which less enthusiastic critics, like Prof. Legouis²⁾ and Prof. Martin³⁾, with more reason fail to discover. But even if that fragment, instead of the instance of baroque-romantic incoherency it is, was that paragon of placid beauty Prof. Tucker Brooke imagines, we would not be justified in inferring from it that Marlowe could not possibly be intemperate or of a cruel heart. I do not see how this would be better psychology than that instanced in the two lines of *The Return from Parnassus*; and, after all, the case alluded to in those two lines is by no means a rare occurrence in literature as, indeed, in every field of human activity. But *Hero and Leander*, far from supporting Prof. Tucker Brooke's view, offers a clear illustration that what Marlowe said in his table-talk, "that all they that loue not Tobacco & Boies were fooles", was not a mere jest. The poet's morbid dwelling on Leander's attractions goes further than any extravagant compliment paid to male friends by Renaissance poets, and is rendered more conspicuous by the absence of a similar praise of Hero. Hero's chief attraction seems to lie in her dress, which is minutely described (Sestiad I, ll. 9-50); as for Leander

His body was as straight as Circe's wand;
Jove might have sipt out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpast
The white of Pelops' shoulder: I could tell ye
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly,
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint,
That runs along his back.....
Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his look were all that men desire.

(ll. 61-84)

In Sestiad II there is a long digression on Neptune's courtship of Leander, whose very purposelessness, so far as the economy of the poem is concerned, seems to point to the fact that the author was not exactly indulging there a purely aesthetical impulse. The shadow of Ganymede, which is supposed to hover before Neptune's eyes in *Hero and Leander*, appears to have haunted Marlowe throughout his whole life. *Dido* is the only play in which the dramatist has made love for a woman the real centre of the action, and yet, the curtains, upon their drawing, "discover Jupiter dandling Ganymede upon his knee." Marlowe's most coherent drama, *Edward II*, centres upon the king's doting passion for Gaveston:

Never doted Joue on Ganimed
So much as he on cursed Gaueston.⁴⁾

¹⁾ Vol. I, p. 51.

²⁾ *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, Paris, Hachette, 1924, pp. 308-9.

³⁾ Vol. IV, p. 7.

⁴⁾ Ll. 476-77. The passages from the plays not yet published in Prof. Case's edition are given in the text edited by Prof. Tucker Brooke, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1910.

A passage, put in the mouth of the minion, is written in the same strain as the one just quoted from *Hero and Leander* :

Like Syluan Nymphes my pages shall be clad,...
 Sometime a louelie boye in Dians shape
 With haire that gilds the water as it glides,
 Crownets of pearle about his naked armes,
 And in his sportfull hands an Oliue tree,
 To hide those parts which men delight to see,
 Shall bathe him in a spring...

(*Edward II*, ll. 58-66) ¹⁾

Miss Ellis Fermor ²⁾ has remarked that Edward's "notorious fondness for favourites, bluntly set down by the historian as perversion, becomes [in Marlowe's drama] a not unbeautiful love-story against a dark background of storm and danger. Deliberately, and as if conscious of insight and sympathy which gave him the right so to interpret it, Marlowe reveals a complete, consistent and truly pathetic figure, the victim of the maladjustment of circumstances." To a normal Elizabethan, Edward II would have appeared no less of a monster than any of the incestuous and murderous petty lords of Renaissance Italy. A case like that of Ford's *'Tis pity she's a whore*, where sympathy for the sinner, instead of aversion, is asked of the listeners, is quite exceptional. It is only in Ford's tragedy that the love of a brother for a sister is invested with all the glamour of a Romeo and Juliet story. Marlowe's *Edward II* offers a similar case. The degenerate king is the most successful of Marlowe's figures because the poet saw in him a soul akin to his own, disturbed by the same idiosyncrasy of the sense.

That this morbid tendency should have been accompanied, in Marlowe, with a streak of cruelty, will not surprise students of abnormal psychology. Swinburne, no mean authority on this field, discovered in Marlowe "a suspicion of this fatal tendency", i.e. the "hideous lust of pain" ³⁾. True, most Elizabethan dramas may fall under this description; the taste for horror, as I remarked on another occasion, ⁴⁾ was something inherent in the people and the age. Seneca's charnel-house became, with his English translators and imitators, a shambles hung with tortured limbs and dripping guts. But with Marlowe visions of cruelty are not so much a source of horror, as of intoxication and exhilaration. One would hardly expect this to be the case with Aeneas' tale of the Greek atrocities in conquered Troy, although anyone will notice how the English imitator of Virgil adds gruesome details of his own invention :

¹⁾ A very characteristic passage is also this list of precedents quoted in extenuation of vice (ll. 688-694):

The mightiest kings haue had their minions,
 Great Alexander loude Ephestion,
 The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept,
 And for Patroclus sterne Achillis droopt :
 And not kings onelie, but the wisest men,
 The Romaine Tullie loued Octavius,
 Graue Socrates, wilde Alcibiades.

²⁾ *Christopher Marlowe*, London, Methuen, 1927, p. 117.

³⁾ *Early English Dramatists*, 1857.

⁴⁾ In my review of *Seneca his Tenne Tragedies*, in *Engl. Studies*, Vol. X, no. 3 (1928),

Virgins half-dead, dragg'd by their golden hair,
And with main force flung on a ring of pikes.....

At last came Pyrrhus, fell and full of ire,
His harness dropping blood, and on his spear
The mangled head of Priam's youngest son.....

(II, i, 195-6; 213-15).

But has not Aeneas said a few lines before (186-7), speaking of the intruding Greeks :

In whose stern faces shin'd the quenchless fire
That after burnt the pride of Asia ?

And do we not catch here the very anticipation of that paean of cruelty which resounds from end to end in *Tamburlaine* ?

.....When the sky shall wax as red as blood,
It shall be said I made it red myself,
To make me think of naught but blood and war.

(1 *Tamb.*, IV, ii, 53-55)

I will, with engines never exercised,
Conquer, sack and utterly consume
Your cities and your golden palaces,
And with the flames that beat against the clouds,
Incense the heavens and make the stars to melt.

(2 *Tamb.*, IV, i, 192-96)

The sudden transition, in *Tamburlaine's* soul, from the lust of blood to the adoration of beauty is surely a trait not easily to be paralleled in the 'blood and thunder' plays of the English Senecans :

Tamb. What, have your horsemen shown the virgins Death ?

Tech. They have, my lord, and on Damascus' walls
Have hoisted up their slaughtered carcasses.

Tamb. A sight as baneful to their souls, I think,
As are Thessalian drugs or mithridate.
But go, my lords, put the rest to the sword.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ah, fair Zenocrate, divine Zenocrate,
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee.....

(1 *Tamb.*, V, ii, 66 ff.)

Henceforward, for about fifty lines, *Tamburlaine* soars to the purest heavens of Platonic beauty. Does one not recollect Baudelaire's lines :

Dans la brute assoupie un ange se réveille —

or V. Hugo's :

La Mort et la Beauté sont deux choses profondes...
Deux sœurs également terribles et fécondes
Ayant la même énigme et le même secret ?

The majesty of enthroned *Tamburlaine* shines with all the ruddy and stormy splendour of a Rubens allegory :

...That treadeth fortune underneath his feet,
And makes the mighty god of arms his slave ;
On whom death and the fatal sisters wait

With naked swords and scarlet liveries;
 Before whom, mounted on a lion's back,
 Rhamnusia bears a helmet full of blood,
 And strows the way with brains of slaughtered men;
 By whose proud side the ugly furies run,
 Harkening when he shall bid them plague the world;
 Over whose zenith, cloth'd in windy air,
 And eagle's wings join'd to her feathered breast,
 Fame hovereth, sounding of her golden trump,
 That to the adverse poles of that straight line
 Which measureth the glorious frame of heaven
 The name of mighty Tamburlaine is spread...

(2 *Tamb.*, III, iv, 52-66)

Of the scenes of destruction and massacre in *Tamburlaine* Miss Ellis Fermor writes ¹⁾: "Marlowe cheats us into thinking that this too has a strange, perverse beauty of its own, a deception that only a very young man could practice on himself or on us. He is still too immature to know the meaning of civilization... That knowledge was to come later; I think there is no attempt to deny it in *Edward II* or in *Hero and Leander*." It seems to me that the critic, here as elsewhere, as I shall indicate later on, has not quite caught Marlowe's mood. Immaturity and respect for civilisation are notions entirely beside the point, in this case. Marlowe's relish for destruction is something deeper-seated than a blind juvenile infatuation: we feel it like a hot passion in *Tamburlaine*, like a cold, gloating lust in *The Jew of Malta* ("How sweet the bells ring, now the nuns are dead!"), while the very choice of a subject like the *Massacre at Paris* is no less symptomatic than that of *Edward II*. (By the way, also in that massacre in shorthand we can get a glimpse of a character in many ways similar to that of *Edward II*: Henry III of France). Marlowe, too, deserves the epithet of *molochiste* which was bestowed on his distant romantic brother, Eugène Delacroix; he also had in himself a "fond tout noir à contenter".

Some people will no doubt resent this interpretation of certain less pleasing sides of Marlowe's character I have been eliciting from his work, although what I have been saying agrees substantially with Prof. Legouis' less outspoken presentation ²⁾. They will possibly see in it one of the so many vagaries suggested by Freud's psychoanalysis, although I have not had to resort to anything more elaborate than the plain evidence available to anyone who will not deliberately shut his eyes to it. Or, even while granting that my interpretation may contain a fragment of truth, they will maintain that it does not serve a useful purpose since, in their opinion, aesthetical appreciation of Marlowe's work cannot be influenced by it. It serves, at any rate, a more useful purpose than any of the theories which have been broached in order to explain the circumstances of Marlowe's death. For Dr. S. A. Tannenbaum ³⁾ Marlowe was murdered at the instigation of Sir Walter Raleigh, for Miss de Kalb at that of the Lords of the Privy Council; less speculative critics, like Prof. Tucker Brooke and Dr. Boas, are prepared to accept as substantially true the allegations upon which the murderer, Ingram Frizer, secured his pardon. The only certain facts are that Marlowe, no matter how respectable

¹⁾ Vol. II, p. 49.

²⁾ *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, pp. 307-10, 394-401.

³⁾ *The Assassination of Christopher Marlowe*, New York, 1928, privately printed.

were the surroundings in which he was first brought up, and of which Prof. Tucker Brooke has made so much, consorted in his maturer years with men of abandoned character, and apparently was on excellent terms with them, since he went unarmed to the fatal meeting at the house of Widow Bull at Deptford Strand. His reputation was such, that it made Frizer's statement easily credible; and indeed, as has been noticed by Mr. J. M. Robertson¹⁾, "a planned murder would surely have taken a more certain method than a dagger-blow at the forehead of a man lying drunk." A violent man who met with a violent death — is, then, the only conclusion warranted by what we know of Marlowe's character and circumstances. That the clumsy blow should have been dealt — to all appearances in a moment of panic — by the least sinister of the men with whom Marlowe consorted on that day (Frizer, indeed, appears to have been not a man of violent ways, but rather a suave swindler; after the murder, he made no attempt to escape)²⁾, that it should have actually been at the invitation of Frizer that Marlowe joined the party³⁾, are facts from which one might perhaps infer close intimacy between the mild murderer and his over-bold victim: bullying of the weaker at the hands of the stronger "friend" ends not infrequently in blood, as the annals of the *malavita* can testify.

While, then, my calling attention to certain aspects of Marlowe's character, as illustrated in his work, may throw some light on the reasons that prevented the poet from feeling any moral repulsion to the profession of a secret agent and to the company of blackguards, it provides on the other hand a cue for explaining the peculiar nature of his genius and inspiration.

When Gabriel Harvey called Marlowe's a "Gargantua mind", and a "breath that taught the Timpany to swell",⁴⁾ he was interpreting in the spirit of his own age a tendency which in the romantic period would have received a much more appropriate name. The boundless aspiration of a Tamburlaine was something new in the sixteenth century, which saw in it little more than splendid bombast, but was to be a common feature two centuries later. We have only to read certain passages of Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, or of Flaubert's juvenile works, to see at once what are Marlowe's spiritual affinities :

Je suis attaqué de cette maladie qui prend aux peuples et aux hommes puissants dans leur vieillesse: — l'impossible... Moi aussi je voudrais bâtir un pont sur la mer et paver les flots; j'ai rêvé de brûler des villes pour illuminer mes fêtes, j'ai souhaité être femme pour connaître de nouvelles voluptés. — Ta maison dorée, ô Néron! n'est qu'une étable fangeuse à côté du palais que je me suis élevé; ma garde-robe est mieux montée que la tienne, Héliogabale, et bien autrement splendide. — Mes cirques sont plus rugissants et plus sanglants que les vôtres, mes parfums plus âcres et plus pénétrants, mes esclaves plus nombreux et mieux faits; j'ai aussi attelé à mon char des courtisanes nues, j'ai marché sur les hommes d'un talon aussi dédaigneux que vous. — Colosses du monde antique, il bat sous mes faibles côtes un cœur aussi grand que le vôtre, et, à votre place, ce que vous avez fait je l'aurais fait et peut-être davantage. Que de Babels j'ai entassées les unes sur les autres pour atteindre le ciel, souffleter les étoiles, et cracher de là sur la création! Pourquoi donc ne suis-je pas Dieu. — puisque je ne puis être homme?

(*Mademoiselle de Maupin*)

¹⁾ Marlowe, a *conspectus*, London, Routledge, 1931, p. 25.

²⁾ Vol. I, p. 74.

³⁾ Vol. I, p. 72.

⁴⁾ Vol. I, p. 111.

J'aurais voulu anéantir la création... Que ne me réveill-je pas à la lueur des villes incendiées ! J'aurais voulu entendre le frémissement des ossements que la flamme fait pétiller, traverser des fleuves chargés de cadavres, galoper sur des peuples courbés et les écraser des quatre fers de mon cheval, être Gengiskan, Tamerlan, Néron, effrayer le monde au froncement de mes sourcils.

(Flaubert, *Novembre*)

For Marlowe, as for the French romantics of the thirties of last century, to explore the soul of a mighty tyrant of a cruel and magnificent age "became all one with exploring the sources of his own desire, lift upward and divine":¹⁾

Our quivering lances shaking in the air...
Shall threaten the gods more than Cyclopean wars;
And with our sun-bright armour, as we march,
We'll chase the stars from heaven...

(1 *Tamb.*, II, iii, 18 ff.)

Raise cavalieros higher than the clouds,
And with the cannon break the frame of heaven;
Batter the shining palace of the sun,
And shiver all the starry firmament,
For amorous Jove hath snatched my love from hence
Meaning to make her stately queen of heaven.

(2 *Tamb.*, II, iv, 103 ff.)

For earth and all this airy region
Cannot contain the state of Tamburlaine.

(2 *Tamb.*, IV, i, 119-20)

Come, let us march against the powers of heaven,
And set black streamers in the firmament,
To signify the slaughter of the gods.

(2 *Tamb.*, V, iii, 48-50)

"Climbing after knowledge infinite" (1 *Tamb.*, II, vii, 24), that the romantics would have called *soif de l'impossible*, torments all Marlowe's heroes, be they called Tamburlaine, or Faustus, or Barabas: immense power, immense knowledge, immense wealth are their dreams; the desire to discover something unheard of haunts them, be it only a new kind of torture ("That we might torture him with some new-found death", *Massacre at Paris*, sc. xxi, 80), or "engines never exercised" (2 *Tamb.*, IV, i, 192):

Plonger au fond du gouffre, Enfer ou Ciel, qu'importe ?
Au fond de l'inconnu pour trouver du nouveau.

(Baudelaire)

In Marlowe, this boundless aspiration becomes so to say emblazoned in the proud ring of some stately line; throughout his work we watch the gradual shaping of the perfect line, like the growth of a flower: "Aeneas ride as Carthaginian king" (*Dido*, IV, iv, 78) foreshadows the famous "And ride in triumph through Persepolis" of *Tamburlaine*; "And he'll make me immortal with a kiss" (*Dido*, IV, iv, 123) will blossom into "Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss" of *Faustus*; "And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos" (2 *Tamb.*, II, iv, 88) expands into the glory of "Is this the face that launched

¹⁾ Miss Ellis Fermor's words, Vol. II, p. 60.

these remain distant, unattainable, but the vague craving is all the same given food (be it only in the shape of a drug), and the very engrossment in remote wonders is a sort of possession. The innermost heart's desire is gratified in the process: voluptuousness finds an illimitable scope in the evocation of ancient queens of surpassing beauty, cruelty is glutted with the vision of distant massacres and conflagrations; exoticism, like most dreams, provides the senses with harmless *paradis artificiels*: a vicarious fulfilment of desire. There are countries and ages where your soul would have felt at home — such is the message of the Fata Morgana of exoticism —, where all your senses would have been given an unhampered course. A sensual urge is so much at the root of exoticism, that the first appearance of this tendency in European literature took the shape of a longing for the East, which travellers for centuries past had represented as “une contrée infiniment voluptueuse”.¹⁾

However, in Marlowe's time this tendency had not yet begun to show itself. Whatever exoticism we find in the literature of the seventeenth century is of an external kind, merely a curiosity and delight in unusual fashions and customs; the characters of the Oriental novels of that century remain European at bottom, with a slight exotic veneer which frequently does not extend beyond the names. When an exotic story is chosen as a subject for a tragedy, it is merely because of the spectacular aspect of the catastrophe. No doubt, in the Elizabethan choice of Italian themes we detect fascination side by side with horror, but there the gratification of the inner longing is circuitous, never so deliberate and conscious as in Marlowe. I have warned elsewhere²⁾ against the danger of interpreting certain aspect of an age in the light of another age, and illustrated the extreme caution which is necessary in the search for anticipations of spiritual attitudes. But, when all is said and weighed, Marlowe seems to me to be much ahead of his time in the treatment of exotic themes. His Tamburlaine is much nearer to Gautier's and Flaubert's cruel colossi than to a Cambyse or a Selimus of the contemporary stage. Because, there is no mistaking it, Marlowe's “Gargantua mind” is not content with the mere display of either gruesome or magnificent scenes; it tries to surpass itself in the evocation of the distant dream, but in vain: behind power and wealth and delight it feels the grip of the infinite, the hollowness of the universe. There is in the second part of *Tamburlaine* something of the sense of final frustration one can find in such a late romantic production as Giovanni Pascoli's *Alexandros*. The mood of the *Götterdämmerung* is already in Marlowe's tragedies:

Cut is the branch that might have growne full straight,
And burned is Apoloes Laurel bough.....

This “half-incoherent sense of the pity of things”³⁾ is not the sole aspect of Marlowe's mind which so strikingly anticipates the romantics; his very revolutionary attitude in religious matters, his Promethean challenge of the established gods, have here and there a ring which is more akin to De Sade than to the classical sources to which it was partly due. Tamburlaine's longing to “incense the heavens and make the stars to melt” seems almost to

¹⁾ P. Martino, *L'Orient dans la Littérature Française au XVII^e et au XVIII^e siècle*, Paris, Hachette, 1906, p. 71.

²⁾ In the Introduction to the volume quoted above.

³⁾ Miss Ellis Fermor's words in Vol. II, p. 50.

foreshadow the invective of *Anactoria*, which, as students of Swinburne know now, is a paraphrasis of De Sade's "philosophical" outbursts. It has been remarked that the Promethean attitude, the delight in blasphemy and sacrilege, is a characteristic feature of sadism¹); why it is so frequently found in the romantics I have tried to show in my book referred to above. The anti-Christian opinions which are reported as forming the shocking portion of Marlowe's table-talk can be paralleled in De Sade's novels; both authors derived from the same current of libertinism, i.e. of the revolt of reason against the shackles of custom.

Having thus examined the chief aspects of Marlowe's inspiration, and found them surprisingly similar to those which are known to us as "romantic", we may wonder why an English dramatist of the late sixteenth century should have been so much ahead of his age. We find the reply, I think, in his exceptional sensibility, to which I have called attention at the beginning of this essay: Marlowe's thirst for impossible things is a sublimation of his own attitude to sex. If one wants to call things by a smart classical name, one may say that Marlowe laboured under a Ganymede complex. By the way, there is a tempting but no doubt idle suggestion to be made apropos of a well-known passage in Greene's prefatory address to his story, *Perimedes the blacksmith* (1588): "...daring God out of heaven with that atheist Tamburlan, or blaspheming with the mad preest of the sonne". In the Stationers' Register under June 19, 1594, we find recorded: "An ... enterlude of the lyfe and deathe of Heliogabilus". In Chambers' *Elizabethan Stage*²) I have found support for an idea which had independently crossed my mind: "Can this be the play on 'the mad priest of the Sun'?" However, as Chambers notices³), Greene speaks of two gentlemen poets, so that, while the *Tamburlan* of the quotation must surely be Marlowe's, I am afraid the other play on Heliogabalus (?) is likely to be by another hand.⁴) Otherwise, one could hardly imagine a fitter subject for Marlowe than a tragedy on the life and death of the one among Roman emperors with whom he would have felt no less in sympathy than with Edward II.

Marlowe's Ganymede dream was doomed to frustration, as all such abnormal dreams are, and there is nothing like frustration to bring about spiritual over-ripeness, while it shatters at the same time the inner balance and the power of achieving perfectly shaped works of art. May not we find here the reason why *Tamburlaine* is lacking in proportion, revolving, as it does, on the same point like a dervish dance, why *Doctor Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *The Massacre at Paris* have reached us in such unsatisfactory form, so that the first two of them are magnificent torsoes ludicrously completed with limbs of lay-figures, and the last one nothing better than a mangled corpse? *Faustus* "with a strong beginning and a strong ending, has a nugatory centre" — to use Mr. J. M. Robertson's words —; in *The Jew of Malta*, after the first two acts, the "controlling power seems to fail and we are fobbed off with two

¹) See A. Eulenburg, *Sadismus und Masochismus* (*Grenzenfragen des Nerven- und Seelenlebens*, Bd. XIX). Wiesbaden, 1902, pp. 18 ff.

²) Vol. IV, p. 401.

³) Vol. III, p. 344.

⁴) J. M. Robertson, *op. cit.*, pp. 29 ff. wildly surmises that "a mad priest of the sun" was a perfectly likely character in a Marlowe play on the defeat of the Carthaginians" (cf. the opening lines of the Chorus Prologue to *Doctor Faustus*), without even mentioning the possibility of identification with the Heliogabalus play.

acts of vastly inferior drama" ¹⁾, so much so that T. S. Eliot ²⁾ has construed the author's intention as bent upon writing a farce, not a tragedy. Did Marlowe, then, write himself only such portions of his plays as interested him, and leave the rest to collaborators, as he almost certainly did for *The Massacre at Paris*? Then we are left with Mr. Robertson to surmise how many hands may have contributed the hack-work, graduating with the various shades of "possibly", "probably", "certainly", the conjectured names. Mr. A. Melville Clark in his recent book on *Thomas Heywood* ³⁾ has made out a good case for Heywood's radical revision of *The Jew of Malta* in or about 1632, and has come to the conclusion that "Act V, now packed with incident, originally filled as well a considerable part of IV, if not all of it, and that very much more space was given to making the plot plausible"; moreover he has shown that the episode of the strangling of Friar Bernardine by Barabas and Ithamore and the deception put on Friar Jacome to make him believe himself guilty of the murder, is exactly similar to the strangling of Friar John in Heywood's *Captives*, and probably due to this same playwright. Be that as it may, we retain the fact that both in *The Jew of Malta* and in *Faustus* there are farcical passages jarring with the main plot; Marlowe may have only given the outlines of them, leaving it to others to complete them, as was the practice in the *commedia dell'arte*. But we must keep in mind that, no matter what the execution proved to be like in the end, the intention of inserting farcical scenes has a quite Marlovian character, since "fond and frivolous gestures" are not absent from *Tamburlaine* and from *Hero and Leander* (Sestiad I and II), where no alien hand can be discovered. Apropos of the comic passages in *Tamburlaine* Miss Ellis Fermor has fallen into a strange delusion. Her comment on Mycetes' speech in *1 Tamb.*, II, iv, runs: "The sympathy and insight of Marlowe's study of Mycetes is never more clearly shown than in these lines." It is only at line 28 of that scene that she complains that "Mycetes, perhaps under stress of a stage-manager's demand for comic relief, degenerates in this part of the scene into a conventional imbecile..... Whether these 'gestures' were by another hand or by Marlowe's under compulsion, we may be equally sure they were no part of his original intention." No part of his original intention? But Mycetes' is a comic rôle from the very beginning; does Miss Ellis Fermor fail to see the farce of the king's "goodly stratagem" of concealing his crown in a "simple hole"? In the second scene of the same act, when Mycetes makes the silly remark: "And 'tis a pretty toy to be a poet. / Well, well, Meander, thou art deeply read" — Miss Ellis Fermor sees a "sly comment", whereas not the profession of a poet, but the foolishness of the king is the target. Mycetes is a simpleton, Calyphas is a coward whose remarks are calculated to move the audience to laughter. But Miss Ellis Fermor misses also the humour of Calyphas' rôle; on ll. 65-68 of *2 Tamb.*, I, iv, where Calyphas says:

But while my brothers follow arms, my lord,
Let me accompany my gracious mother.
They are enough to conquer all the world,
And you have won enough for me to keep —

the editor writes: "The remarks of Calyphas, though utterly out of harmony

¹⁾ Mr. H. S. Bennett's words in Vol. III, p. 15.

²⁾ *The Sacred Wood*, p. 84.

³⁾ Oxford, Blackwell, 1931, Appendix III. A review of this book will appear before long.

with the mood Tamburlaine's spirit enforces on the play, have a note of sound sense which tempts one to believe that Marlowe, through him, forestalled criticism." But ll. 102-3 of the same scene, where Calyphas continues in the same mood :

If any man will hold him, I will strike,
And cleave him to the channel with my sword

as well as Calyphas' comic repartee in III, ii, 93-4, reveal clearly enough what Marlowe's intention was in planning that character: a counterpart of the rôle of the Neapolitan Pulcinella in the Italian comedy.

That an ironical spirit in the manner of the *libertins* and of him who was to be the greatest of them all, Voltaire, forms an abiding feature of Marlowe's, can be shown by his table-talk and by a passage like *Jew of Malta*, III, vi, 37 ff., where to the last pathetic words of Abigail :

Death seizeth on my heart: ah, gentle friar,
Convert my father that he may be sav'd,
And witness that I die a Christian —

Friar Bernardine gives a reply worthy of the author of *Candide* :

Ay, and a virgin too; that grieves me most.

For all this, Prof. Tucker Brooke¹⁾ maintains that "the total impression which the student of Marlowe receives is that he was the reverse of cynical in his attitude either to religious questions or to questions of personal morality." Surely this is a very one-sided view of a complex personality; for we find in Marlowe the scoffer side by side with the enthusiast: no astonishing combination, after all, if, instead of thinking of his contemporaries, we think of a romantic poet like Heine, or a musician like Berlioz. From a romantic point of view *Doctor Faustus* may really deserve Goethe's praise: "Wie gross ist alles anelegt!" Goethe was apparently so little disgusted with the farcical side of Marlowe's drama, that he did not hesitate to insert farcical matter into his own *Faust*.

We complain that Marlowe's greatest plays are uneven, full of discordances, and we try to explain these away through the condition of the texts, the tampering with them on the part of other playwrights, and what not, and meanwhile we forget that Marlowe was himself a dispersive character, morbid and tormented by the *soif de l'impossible*, briefly, what modern psychologists call a schizoid personality. In a similar way, confronted with the mystery of his death, we imagine far-fetched plots, and disregard the clue that can be supplied by that personality and his habits of life. For many critics, the reality is not the author; but, maybe, the double endings of his verse, or else the alleged tactics of his political friends and enemies, form the primary base of interpretation. Hence the hackneyed metaphor of 'missing the wood for the trees' happens to be so frequently appropriate to our studies.

I would not like to create the impression, by my strictures on some of the editors of this complete set of Marlowe's works, that my opinion of this edition is not a high one. On the contrary, the commentaries, chiefly that to the *Poems*, due to the industry of Prof. Martin, deserve the warmest praise,

¹⁾ Vol. I, p. 32.

while the introductions give a clear and sound survey of the critical apparatus. The dates of some of the works, like *Hero and Leander* and the translations, are wisely left undecided, in default of satisfactory evidence.

I note here some of the remarks which have occurred to me, taking the works in order of publication in the present edition.

Although there existed a tragedy, *Didone*, by G. B. Giraldis Cinthio, it does not appear that Marlowe either knew or utilised it. The few similarities are due partly to the common Virgilian source, partly, possibly, to coincidence. Thus for instance Marlowe (III, ii, 87) changes the time of the hunting party from "to-morrow morning" in Virgil to "this day"; so had done also Cinthio in the second scene of the third act of his drama, where Giunone says: "Indurrò in lei disio d'andare a caccia... il che oggi fia / tosto che spunti in Oriente il Sole." A regard for the unities may have caused the alteration in each case independently. In act III, sc. iv, corresponding to *Dido*, IV, iii, also Cinthio has "Cloantho" instead of "Serestus": both dramatists may have used the same version of the Virgilian passage. Finally the rôle of the Nurse is developed in Marlowe (IV, v), differently from what happens in Virgil. Prof. Tucker Brooke, who remarks that "the Nurse... was a stock figure in Italian comedies", might have added that in Cinthio's *Didone* the Nurse Barce is one of the characters of the fifth act.

I do not think Miss Ellis Fermor, in her edition of *Tamburlaine*, has laid all the stress they deserve on the several allusions to Hercules. I have already pointed out, in a paper Miss Ellis Fermor quotes in her bibliography¹), certain striking resemblances between the rôle of Tamburlaine and that of the Senecan Hercules. Other passages, besides those quoted in that study, may now be underlined. In *1 Tamb.*, I, ii, 156 ff. Tamburlaine is compared to Hercules the capturer of Cerberus (cf. *Hercules Furens*, 57-59, 1107, *Phaedra*, 844); in II, i, 10-11 the breadth of his shoulders is said to be equal to "bear(ing) old Atlas' burthen", in *2 Tamb.*, V, iii, 59, a similar expression occurs, both being allusions to one of Hercules' labours, which Miss Ellis Fermor leaves unnoticed, while her remark on lines 42 ff. of act V, sc. iii: "What daring god, etc.", to the effect that "Marlowe has no precedent for the death-scene of Tamburlaine" fails to record that a precedent to that scene is to be found not in actual history but in Seneca's *Hercules Oetaeus*, 1161 ff. On *1 Tamb.*, III, iii, 104 and 140, where the labours of Hercules are again mentioned, the editor says that "the life and exploits of Hercules were a commonplace of Elizabethan allusion", and quotes Ovid, *Metam.* IX as a likely source. She leaves Seneca's Hercules entirely out.

For *1 Tamb.*, III, iii, 158 Miss Ellis Fermor retains the reading: "And make our strokes to wound the senseless *lure*", instead of *lute* of the second (1593) edition, and waves aside the unsatisfactory conjectures of modern editors, such as *air*, *light*, *wind*, advanced to improve a passage "hopelessly corrupt". In *Ovid's Elegies*, I, x, 56, Prof. Martin has shown that *loue* is a misprint for *lome* (i.e. *loam*), which corresponds to the Latin original *ager*, and "sometimes had the general sense, earth", and quotes for comparison *Richard II*, I, i, 179: "men are but gilded loam". I wonder whether the hopeless *lure* of the *Tamburlaine* passage conceals that very word *lome*, or whether really *lute* (Latin *lutum*), similar in meaning to *loam*, is the word intended.

¹) *Machiavelli and the Elizabethans*, pp. 25-6.

The passage 1 *Tamb.*, III, iii, 263 ff.:

I'll make the kings of India, ere I die,
Offer their mines, to sue for peace, to me,
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath —

is more likely to refer to the West Indies than to the "Northern India" of the comment. Marlowe may have heard of Montezuma's presentation to Cortez of enormous quantities of gold and precious stones. A few lines above (265) Mexico is mentioned; in 2 *Tamb.*, V, iii, 149-50 the Antipodes (i.e. South America) are mentioned as the place where "are all the golden mines, / inestimable drugs and precious stones"; in *The Jew of Malta*, III, v, 4-5, we read: "Desire of gold, great sir? / That's to be gotten in the Western Inde"; in *The Massacre at Paris*, sc. xvi, 48 ff.: "The Catholic Philip, king of Spain, / ere I shall want, will cause the Indians / to rip the golden bowels of America" (cf. also ii, 61, "Indian gold").

On 2 *Tamb.*, III, v, Miss Ellis Fermor quotes a long passage from Miss Seaton's study of *Marlowe's Map*, to the effect that Asphaltis is "a place apparently not known to classical or modern geography". This statement is rather surprising, for in Mercator's map, among others, the Dead Sea is called *Lacus Asphaltitis*, though Ortelius' atlas, which Marlowe appears to have used in most cases, does not record this name. Asphaltis is again mentioned in IV, iii, 5:

But from Asphaltis, where I conquered you,
To Byron here —

and Miss Ellis Fermor comments this time: "By Asphaltis Marlowe means the bituminous lake near Babylonia... Biron is only a few miles up-stream from Babylon." True, in V, i, 17, 67, 115, a lake round Babylon is called *Limnasphaltis*, and at line 154 even "Asphaltis' lake", but surely the Asphaltis of the battle between Tamburlaine and Calliapius is in Syria: Aleppo, Hama, are places mentioned in connexion with the battle, and, besides, the lines quoted above point to a long distance from Asphaltis to Byron, which would be hardly the case if Asphaltis and *Limnasphaltis* were one thing. In Ortelius' map of the Voyage of Alexander a lake dotted with small islands figures near Babylon (*Paludes*), but the mention of the gold lying in *Limnasphaltis*' lake (V, i, 115) makes me wonder whether Marlowe is here mixing up Mexico (which in the contemporary maps appears situated in the midst of a lake) with Babylon.

In *The Jew of Malta*, II, iii, 54, the difficult passage "I ha' the poison of the city for him" may, of course, be interpreted as meaning "the best poison of the city", or be explained with analogy to line 201 below: "I have as much coin as will buy the town". The conjectures *cicuta*, or *Styx*, instead of *city*, are not satisfactory, but in III, iv, 91 ff. Barabas wishes that the poison he is preparing for his daughter and the nuns may prove as strong as "Cocytus' breath, / and all the poisons of the Stygian pool". May not, then, *the city* of the above passage be a corruption of *Cocytus*?

On lines 24-31 of act V, sc. v, Mr. H. S. Bennett remarks that Marlowe may have got the idea of murdering the Turks at a banquet "from the account in *The Prince* of the murder of the Turks at a banquet by Oliverotto da Fermo." The victims of Oliverotto were not *Turks*, but Giovanni Fogliani and his followers.

Lines 37-59 of the first Sestiad of *Hero and Leander* :

Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pin'd,
 And looking in her face, was strooken blind.
 But this is true, so like was one the other,
 As he imagin'd Hero was his mother
 And oftentimes into her bosom flew, etc.

rehearse a theme common to many epigrams of Angerianus, and destined to be frequently taken up by XVIth and XVIIth century poets. See chiefly the epigram *De Caelia et Amore* :

Lassatus cursu, et quaerens requiescere, pulchrae
 Virginis in gremium candidus ibat Amor

 Et fugiens dixit, Fugienti parce, parentem
 Credideram, non te, tu mihi visa parens.

Repair of Sest. VI, 29, is explained by Prof. Martin as probably meaning "renew" or "furbish up", but I think it more likely to mean "re-pair", i.e. "redouble" (the sentence being: "but doth repair / more tender fawns"). Chapman was fond of out-of-the-way meanings, as "dis-ease" of l. 142 may show.

On *Elegies*, I, x, 22: "And seeks vile wealth by selling of her coney", where *coney* renders Latin *corpore*, Prof. Martin derives from the O.E.D. his remark on *coney*. The O.E.D., under *coney*, Lat. *cuniculus*, no. 5, gives: "a) a term of endearment for a woman; b) also indecently." No reference is made in the dictionary to the contamination *cunnus* + *cuniculus*, recorded also for the dialect of Lorraine (see Meyer-Lübke, *Romanisches Etymol. Wörterbuch* s.v. *cunnus*, It. *conno*, Fr., Prov., Cat. *con*, Span. *coño*). The O.E.D. may well shy at recording obscene words but should not obscure the development of meaning when an indecent word cannot be left out. Anyone who would be content to rely on the authority of the O.E.D. in this case, might take it for granted that the b) meaning of *coney* has evolved from the a) meaning, and this merely because the a) meaning happens to be attested in literature earlier than the other. In Farmer's and Henley's slang dictionary *cony* is not recorded in the sense of *cunnus*, but s.v. *cunt* one finds as "derivatives, the result of an obvious play upon words (old): cunny-catcher, cunny-borrow ferret, cunny-hunter, cunny-skin."

I have happened to notice a few misprints. Vol. I, p. 32, l. 11: 1857 should be 1587; Vol. II, p. 287, note 16: *sory*, read *story*. Miss Ellis Fermor spells "Baptiste Fulgosi, the Genoese", but "Andrea Cambinus, the Florentine" (pp. 26-7); such forms are neither Latin nor Italian; p. 30, Mexia's *Silva de varia lection* should be *Silva de varia lección*; p. 56, the full stop at the end of the first line of the Latin quotation should be deleted; p. 93, note on l. 23, ἀπεκείρατο χαιτήν should be ἀπεκείρατο χαιτήν. In Vol. III the same principle for the numeration of lines does not seem to have been followed for p. 66, lines 320-30, and p. 97, lines 350-60; on p. 85, line 123 should be renumbered 122. These are trifling errors in an otherwise excellent edition.

Notes and News.

Examen Engels M.O. B. 1931.

Onderwerpen voor het letterkundig opstel :

1. Discuss the question of the authorship of the poems in MS. Cotton Nero A. X.
2. *Pearl* viewed as the poetic record of a crisis in the poet's inner life.
3. Chaucer's attitude to his fellowmen was one of detachment. Discuss.
4. Analyse and discuss Chaucer's *House of Fame*.
5. Discuss the derivation of the popular religious drama from the liturgical drama.
6. The figure of Mary Magdalene in the medieval drama.
7. The place of Sidney's *Arcadia* in Elizabethan prose fiction.
8. *The Defence of Poesie* as a specimen of Renaissance criticism.
9. Was Pope a great poet?
10. Analyse and discuss the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.
11. The element of melancholy in the poetry of the eighteenth century.
12. Gray's development as a romantic poet.
13. Blake's attitude to Christianity.
14. Symbolism in the *Songs of Innocence* and the *Songs of Experience*.
15. Jane Austen's eye for the foolish and the ridiculous.
16. Character and character-development in Jane Austen's *Emma*.
17. Was Byron a poseur?
18. Byron's personality as revealed in the successive cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.
19. Keats's indebtedness to earlier poets.
20. Discuss the characteristics common to Keats's great odes.
21. Reminiscences of the novel of terror in the work of the Brontë sisters.
22. Compare *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights* from the point of view of plot-construction.
23. George Eliot was most successful with rustic characters. Discuss.
24. The development of the character of Silas Marner.
25. Rossetti, a love-mystic.
26. The literary merits of *A Last Confession*.
27. Browning as a preacher of strenuous endeavour.
28. The philosophy of Browning's *Christmas Eve* and *Easter Day*.

Reviews.

Gotisch Handboek door A. G. VAN HAMEL. 2e druk. (Oudgermaansche Handboeken onder redactie van J. van Dam, A. G. van Hamel, J. M. N. Kapteyn en J. de Vries. 3e deel.) XIX + 283 pp. Haarlem, Tjeenk Willink & Zoon, 1931. F. 9.—.

De eerste druk van dit werk is uitvoerig besproken in de zesde jaargang van *E. S.* (1924, pp. 28 ff.). Het feit dat binnen acht jaar een herdruk nodig was, bewijst dat er voldoende vraag naar geweest is om de uitgave van een in het Nederlands geschreven handboek van deze aard te rechtvaardigen. In de tweede druk komen geen ingrijpende veranderingen voor; de inhoud is, blijkens het voorbericht, op de hoogte van de tijd gebracht, en enkele onderdelen zijn wat uitvoeriger behandeld.

De schrijver heeft deze herdruk opgedragen aan de nagedachtenis van Professor R. C. Boer, die indertijd de stoot gegeven heeft tot de uitgave van de serie *Oudgermaansche Handboeken* waartoe dit werk behoort. Sedert de verschijning van deel 1, Boer's *Oergermaansch Handboek*, heeft de samenstelling van de redactie verschillende wijzigingen ondergaan. In één opzicht is zij echter zichzelf gebleven: tans zomin als dertien jaar geleden schijnt zij

behoefte te gevoelen aan de medewerking van een Anglist. Dit verschijnsel is trouwens typerend voor de toestand in de Nederlandse Germanistiek. Blijkens een aankondiging in het *Museum* van November j.l. is, onder dezelfde redaktie als de *Oudgermaansche Handboeken*, een nieuwe serie begonnen: *Nederlandsche bijdragen op het gebied van Germaansche philologie en linguïstiek*, als deel 1 waarvan een Leidse dissertatie over de Germaanse klankverschuiving is uitgekomen. Ook hierbij voelt men blijkbaar geen behoefte aan een Anglist. De redaktie van het *Museum*, Maandblad voor Philologie en Geschiedenis, telt evenmin onder haar leden een vertegenwoordiger van het Engels, wat waarschijnlijk voor een deel de stiefmoederlike wijze verklaart waarop het Engels in dit algemeen krities orgaan verzorgd wordt. — De enige uitzondering op de regel vormt de redaktie van *Neophilologus*.

Wij weten natuurlijk dat onder de redakteuren van de *Oudgermaansche Handboeken* kenners van het Oud-Engels worden gevonden; wijlen Professor Boer had, ook buiten de grenzen van ons land, zelfs een uitstekende naam op dit gebied, als op zovele andere. Een Oud-Engelse spraakkunst van zijn hand zou dan ook door de Nederlandse Anglisten met vreugde zijn begroet, en de naam van de Nederlandse Germanistiek hoog hebben gehouden. Het heeft niet zo mogen zijn. De bewerking van het deel over Angelsaksies van deze serie *Nederlandse handboeken* is opgedragen aan een..... Schot. Dezer dagen is het in een Nederlandse *vertaling* van de pers gekomen.

Wij menen dat in ons Nederlands Anglisties tijdschrift een woord van scherp protest op zijn plaats is tegen deze belediging van de Nederlandse Anglistiek. Vanzelf rijzen hierbij verschillende vragen, die wij niet zullen stellen aangezien wij ze niet kunnen beantwoorden. Ook blijkt uit het Voorbericht van het *Angelsaksisch Handboek* dat de opdracht aan een buitenlander niet van de tegenwoordige redakteuren is uitgegaan. En hun voorgangers kan niemand meer ter verantwoording roepen. Niettemin blijft de verschijning van dit werk een droevig feit in de geschiedenis van de Nederlandse Anglistiek in het bijzonder, en van de Nederlandse Germanistiek in het algemeen. Wij kunnen slechts hopen dat zo weinig mogelijk van onze buitenlandse lezers er kennis van zullen nemen.

Den Haag.

R. W. ZANDVOORT.

Aus mittellenglischen Medizintexten. Die Prosarezepte des Stockholmer Miszellankodex X. 90. Von Dr. GOTTFRIED MÜLLER. Leipzig, Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1929. 216 pp. M. 15. (Kölner anglistische Arbeiten, 10 Band).

"When you get tired of reading "the best hundred books", you may take this up for half an hour. It will be a change." This remark, made by Jerome in the Preface to his *Idle Thoughts*, might also be made with regard to this collection of recipes. Dr. Müller's book is as different from most other Middle English texts as the *Læcebo*c is from the rest of Old English literature. It might be described as a popular compendium of mediæval pharmaceutical lore. Many of the recipes are short, and only take up one to three lines in print, but others which describe the preparation of remedies containing a great number of ingredients, fill half a page or more. In many recipes as many as twenty ingredients are mentioned. For the brewing of a 'meruellows drink'

(p. 126 f.) 65 herbs and other ingredients are necessary, and the preparation of a precious oynement for alle maner off woundis, which oynement schall ben drunkyn wyth wyn or ellys with ale, requires 72 herbs. Generally a medicine, ointment, powder, or plaster is recommended for a specified ailment, but in the case of a considerable number of illnesses and complaints the mediæval patient (or his physician) could choose from several remedies. If a satisfactory diagnosis could not be made, a universal remedy could be resorted to, and A good watyr for iche sekenesse (p. 34), or the recipe For many dyuerse disesys in þe body (p. 52), or the one given on p. 124 f. For alle maner achys in man or woman, or A good powdyr for all sekenesse in mannys body (p. 128) might be tried.

The collection of recipes is so comprehensive, that it cannot often have left its owner in the lurch, for it gave him advice and solace not only when he was suffering from one of the numerous ailments the flesh is heir to, but also in other cases. If he was troubled with an euyl breth (not to quote more offensive superscriptions!), he could take his choice from four remedies. There was no need for any one who had access to the book, to be in despair about warts or freckles. If a man wanted to know whether his wife was going to present him with a son or with a daughter, the medicine book suggested to him the means of finding out. The headings To sleen lees; probata est (anoynte þe... with þis oynement, p. 77), and For lys' ('onoynte a lysure þer-with, and gyrde þe þer-wy3th naked nyght and daye', p. 84), speak for themselves.

Besides the recipes there are also a few charms, three for staunching blood, one against fevers, one against sores, gout and festering wounds, and one against tooth-ache.

As regards the substances required to compound the various remedies, a twentieth-century medical man would probably be rather sceptical about the efficacy of most of them. Even an outsider might doubt whether a man troubled with an old wound would derive much benefit from the tallow of a hare and the dung of a gander fried together (p. 77; But for a woman tak donge of a goos and gres of an hare). In fact, in several recipes the dung of animals (capons, doves, goats, hens, horses, oxen, pigs) is mentioned.¹ If any one wanted to prepare the ointment good for all maner of achys and dysesys, where þat ewir þe ache be, mentioned on p. 124, he had first of all to procure half a peck of wormys clepyd angeltwatchis (earthworms). In two recipes the fat of red snails is recommended as a good ointment for sore eyes, and oil distilled from the fat of black snails, gathered in the month of May, in þe mornygys, in þe dewe, is a highly-prized and high-priced ingredient, worthe meche mony (p. 67), of another ointment.

The recipes have been printed from a MS. in the Royal Library at Stockholm, dating, with the exception of a small portion, from the beginning of the fifteenth century. It is written in four different hands, and contains a number of treatises dealing with medical subjects, partly in prose, partly in rhyme, and seven collections varying considerably in length, of recipes in prose. Dr.

¹ When I was a child, people in the western part of the province of Groningen seldom had a doctor in, when any of their children were down with the measles. They knew a sovereign remedy. The recipe was as follows: Gather a handful of dry sheep's dung from a meadow, tie it up in a piece of linen or calico, place this in a pint of boiling milk, let the milk boil gently for a quarter of an hour, remove the improvised bag, sweeten the milk, and administer it as hot as the patient can drink it.

Müller has only printed these prose recipes. In the numerous, and often elaborate, footnotes, which are evidently the result of much patient research, the editor explains obscure words and terms, gives parallels from other mediæval texts, and often traces back the use of medicines or of certain ingredients to earlier sources. The various questions connected with the ultimate sources of the recipes are summed up in the last section of the Introduction. The notes frequently bring out the debt mediæval medical science, such as it was, owed to the Arabs.

Originality must not be looked for in a compilation like the one under review. It was not intended to be used by a professional physician, who, if he wanted information on a given point, could consult his Latin handbooks. The compilation may have been made for some one who dabbled in medicine¹), or, possibly, for a monastery. The various items were entered in a haphazard way, without any order or system. The compiler took his materials wherever he found them. The bulk of the contents was probably taken from earlier similar compilations in English. This seems to follow from the circumstance that every one of the four parts, written respectively by the four different scribes, is characterized by a certain lack of uniformity as regards dialect. Further there are scribal errors here and there such as only a copyist could make.

As has been stated, the MS. belongs to the fifteenth century. This date has been fixed by Dr. Müller on palaeographic grounds. Certain phonological peculiarities, discussed by Dr. Müller (p. 16 ff.), point in the same direction. After considering various criteria Dr. Müller suggests that the original compilation was made in the East Midlands, possibly somewhere near the boundary between Norfolk and Suffolk. The copyists all of them spoke a dialect different from that of their exemplar, and each of them introduced into the text he was copying forms that belonged to his own dialect.

As might be expected, after what has been said, the spelling of the text is far from uniform; it may, indeed, be characterized as highly irregular. Dr. Müller has collected a considerable number of spellings under several headings. About a few of these spellings I should like to make some remarks.

On p. 14 f. Dr. Müller gives a list of words²) in which *th* is found instead of *t*: *abowthe*, *anoynte*... *be-thwen*, *bothme*... *thweyes*, etc. In most of them this *th* is final. On p. 15 Dr. Müller adopts Dibelius's and Flasdieck's explanation that this *th* is the graphic representation of a strongly aspirated *t*. Now aspiration is only usual, if *t* is followed, without a break, by a stressed vowel, or *r* or *w* in a stressed syllable (*tea*, *not at all*, *try*, *twist*, *between*). Before a break, either in the middle or at the end of a sentence, aspiration is possible, but it requires an effort on the part of the speaker, and therefore rarely occurs in normal speech; in other cases it is impossible. In the following examples, taken from p. 66 of the text, a present-day Englishman does not,

¹) Dabblers in medicine were (and are?) found among all classes. From the *Paston Letters* we know that some members of the Paston family made plasters and ointments. Even King Henry VIII went in for making medicines. Appendix IX to *Vicary's Anatomy* is entitled 'Ten Recipes by Henry VIII and his Physicians'. Six of these recipes are stated to have been 'devised' by the king namely three for plasters, one for a cataplasm, one for a decoction, and one for a water.

²) There are two lists; the second (β) is meant. The first (α) contains words like *dyth*, *myth*, etc., in which *th* stands for *ght*. Dr. Müller explains this *th* as an after-effect of the old *gh*t spelling, which seems likely enough.

in fact in most cases could not, aspirate the *t*, and it is unthinkable that a fifteenth-century Englishman did: þe neythyr *joynthe* (nor) þe houyr (= the nether joint nor the over); Take... an hanfull of herbe *beneth* (= Bennet); þeys *musthe* be gadered... and put all þis in an erdyn *potthe* with... nethys-*fethe* (=neats' feet)... and *setthe* þis in *hotthe* horsys-donge; þe felthe may renne *owth*; but.....; as ofte þou *anoynthe* þe hed..... with *hothe* water; þan *leyth* (=lay it) to þe templys. It need hardly be observed that the *e*'s at the end of most of the italicized words were 'mute' in the fifteenth century. In connection with the above remarks I reject the explanation adopted by Dr. Müller, and I venture to suggest that this remarkable *th* spelling may be due to Anglo-Norman influence.

Anglo-Norman scribes found it difficult to represent the English *þ* sound. This sound possibly still occurred in their dialect at the time of the Conquest, and for some time after (*feith*, *plenteth*), but it soon disappeared. In pronouncing English words the Anglo-Normans then substituted *t* for *þ*; this appears from rhymes in twelfth-century texts, as *Fantosme's Chron.* 1564 ff., *north* : *alcort* : *mort* : *tort*; *Vie St. Edmund*, 216 f. *north* : *port*. In writing they generally represented *þ* by *th*, but sometimes by *t*. Gaimar, for instance, has *Nortfolc*, *Sutfolc* in line 1144, *Sutraie* and *Sutsexe* in l. 1702, and *Hunfert* in l. 1777. Compare also *Livre de Reis de Engleterre* 152.28, *Walteoph* (Waltheof). Such *t* spellings also occur in Middle English MSS. written by scribes accustomed to Anglo-Norman spelling methods, for instance in MS. Laud 108, in which spellings like *beot*, *haut*, *cleopit*, *quat*, *wit* are found¹⁾. This use of *t* instead of *th* led to *th* being employed for *t*. Such inverted spellings are already met with in Gaimar; he spells *Taneth* in lines 2458, 2462 and 5164 (but *Tanet* in 2224 and 2561 D), *Thuede* (Tweed) in 5092, and *Thuiforde* (Twynford) in 2968. The name Cnut is spelt *Cnuth* 22 times in lines 4183-4797. The spelling *uthlage(s)* occurs in *Vie St. Edmund* 334 and 1903, and Langtoft I. 394. Compare also *Bridthol*, *Brudthol*, 'bridge toll' in *Lib. Cust.* 310, 312, 318, and *Theoukesbires* in *Livre de Reis de Engleterre* 152.28.

At an early date — as early as the twelfth century — the 'inverted' *th* spelling for *t* was introduced into French words. In this connection it should be remembered that in Anglo-Norman final *d* was unvoiced. Here follow a number of examples: *Oxford Psalter* II. 11, *oth*, 'with'; same spelling in *Cott. Psalter* XXXIV. 19; XXXVI. 12; LIV. 19; etc. (frequently); *Oxf. Ps.*, IX. 4 and 8; LXXXVIII. 36, *throne*; same spelling in *Apocalypse*, (Romania XXV), Copenh. MS., and Toulouse MS., 193, etc.; *Miracles de la Sainte Vierge* XII. 280 *vith*, 'saw'; *Ibid.* XII. 281, *espirith*; *Ibid.* XIII. 190 *oth*, 'had'; *Ibid.* XXIX. 68 *outh*, 'had'; *Ibid.* LI. 36 *feignoth*, 'hesitated'; Tanqueray, *Lettr. anglo-franç.* No. 90, *nuth*, 'night'; *Divisiones Mundi* 361 *cothes*, 'cubits' (: *tretutes*; cf. *Ibid.* 386 and 565 *cotes*); *Liber Albus* 471, *assouth*, 'absolved'; *Year Books* VI. 69, *assouth*; *Letter Books Monastery of Christ Church, Canterbury* I. 102, *southz*, 'shillings'; *Ibid.* II. 208, *threzor*; Langtoft II. 12 and 274, *rethorner*; I. 472 and II. 118, *rethorne*; II. 88, *rethornoms*; I. 332, *rethorna*, I. 336 and 440, *rethorné*; *John of Gaunt's Register* § 1707, *marketh*; Langtoft I. 410, 420 *thour*. Further instances are given by Busch, *Laut- und*

¹⁾ Dr. Müller, p. 15, puts this use of *t* in this case down to Latin scribal habits. This does not explain *vith* 'with', *Life of Jesus* 822, and the numerous *wit*, *wyt* spellings in the Bodleian MS. of *King Horn*.

Formenlehre der Anglonorm. Sprache, p. 40, and by Burghardt, *Einfluss des Englischen auf das Anglonorm.*, p. 102, Anm.

In Anglo-Norman the words *fois* and *sous* are often spelt *foitz* and *s(o)utz*. Instead of *tz* we not infrequently find *th(e)* in these words. The earliest instances I can adduce are: *fethe*, occurring in a letter dated 1283-5, in Tanquerey, *Lettres anglo-franç.*, p. 49 (*fethe* also in *Ipomedon* 3021 B, and 3022 B), and *desuthdites*, found in a document dated 1285, Rymer II. 306. Examples of *foith(e)*, *foyth(e)* are found in *Liber Albus* 183; 185; 188, etc. (frequently); *Year Bks. Edw. III* 11 and 12, pp. 361, 413, 505, etc. (frequently); *Letter Bks. Mon. of Christ Ch., Canterb.* I. 66 (twice), 70, 126 (twice), etc. (frequently; there are 3 vols.); *Cron. de Londres* 43, 69; *Knighton's Chron.* II. 21, 230, 302, 308. Further: *autrefoythe* in *Liber Albus* 285; *autrefoith* in *Letter Bks. Mon. Christ. Ch. Canterbury* I. 186, and *John of Gaunt's Reg.* § 1318; *tout(z)-foith(es)* in *Lib. Alb.* 183, 197, 400. — Examples of *(de)s(o)uth(e)* are found in *Brandan* 672; Tanquerey, l.c. Nos. 52, 54, 120, 160; *Lib. Alb.* 225, 271, 280, etc. (frequently); *Liber Cust.* 380; *Royal and Hist. Letters* CLIII; *Year Bks. Edw. III* 13 and 14, p. 51; Langtoft I. 168, note 18; *Knighton's Chron.* II. 300, 304, (twice), 305. Further: *Lib. Alb.* 45, 317, 418 *southevicounte (-tz)*; *Lib. Cust.* 387 *suthmis*, 'subjects'; *Cron. de Londres* 84, *southeconstable*. Busch, l.c., p. 44, gives several instances of *foith(e)*, but none of *(de)s(o)uth(e)*.

Although Anglo-Norman had probably ceased to be a spoken language in England by the end of the fourteenth century, French of a sort continued to be written a good deal, not only for legal, but also for epistolary purposes. The spelling of this French was largely based upon Anglo-Norman orthography, and continued to influence English spelling. The modern *ea*, *eo* and *ie* spellings (*deal*, *people*, *thief*), which are of Anglo-Norman origin,¹⁾ and are rare in 14th century texts, only became usual in the fifteenth century, and it is perhaps not too bold to assume that when English people in the fifteenth century sometimes wrote *th* instead of *t*, they either directly or indirectly imitated a peculiarity of Anglo-Norman orthography.

p. 15. "Die Verwendung von *z* als Dehnungszeichen nach *i (y)* und *ou* kennzeichnet den vierten Schreiber". As *ou* was regularly used in Middle English as a symbol for a long vowel or a diphthong, *z* can hardly have been placed after it to indicate length. It seems better to call *ou_z* (in *withou_zt*), like *au_z*, an inverted spelling, and to leave it at that.

p. 17. "Für das Verstummen des Hauches bei *wh-* im Hochtton fehlten bisher mittelenglische Belege." Dr. Müller evidently takes it for granted that *wh* in Middle English means [hw], i.e. *h* + *w*. This assumption makes it difficult to account phonetically for the 'disappearance' of the *h*. That at one time *wh* stood for *h* + *w* is very likely; but in Southern and Midland English the *h* had probably been assimilated to ('absorbed by') the voiceless *w*, so that *wh* indicated the sound that is even now regularly heard in Northern English, and sometimes also in Southern English, for instance in an emphatic *Where?* *When?* *What*, therefore, probably took place, was that voiceless *wh* became voiced; *h* did not become 'mute', simply because there was no *h*.

p. 25. The *o* in *chonged*, 'changed', need not be due to a scribal error. In

¹⁾ Two of them, *ea* and *eo*, the Anglo-Normans took over from the English after the Conquest. English scribes gave up using them towards 1300; see my article in *Neophil.* V, especially 145 ff.

the *Aycnbite* Anglo-Norman (and Middle English) *aum*, *aun* are frequently spelt *om*, *on*: *bronches*, *chombre*, *chomberier*, *penonce*, *porueyonce*, *remenont*, *sc londre*, *sergond*, etc., and also *chonge*, *chongi*, *chongeþ*, *chonginde* (See Glossary). Such spellings are found elsewhere too. In *Octavian* (Sarrazin's edition) we find l. 785 *chaunge*, 793 *chounge*, 790 *chonge* — an interesting series! I have also noted: *Fall and Passion* (Furnivall, *Early Eng. P.*) 26, *chonge*; *Stanzaic Life of Christ* 10620, *chonge*; *Anturs of Arther X*, *chonget* (pret.); *Paston Letters* No. 396, *chonge*; *Cely Papers* Nos. 54 and 57, *exchonge*; *Stanzaic Life of Chr.* 3632, *stronge*, 'strange'; *Book of Curtasye* 80, *strongere*, 'stranger'; *Paston L.* No. 68 (by a Devonshire man), *lonchyd*. The *o* in these words no doubt means [ɔ:]¹). The *ou* in *chounge*, *Oct.* 793, may originally have been a phonetic spelling, and may have symbolized the stage intermediate between [au] and [ɔ:]. The same *ou* is found in *St. Editha* 4158, *dounced*; *Anturs of Arther XXV* *dounger*; *Cely P.* No. 113, *recom-mound*. — It is curious that in *Bokenam's Legends* *ou* is sometimes found instead of *o*, but only before *ng*, as 3.714 ff. *long* : *vndir-foung* : *strong* : *soung* (noun); 9.686 *stroung*; 9.880 f. *stroung* : *long*; 11.211 f. *wroung* : *long*.

The nature of the work under review amply justifies the great amount of time and labour the Editor has bestowed upon it. The book is interesting because of its vocabulary; it contains many words that are not often met with owing to their being regularly employed only by certain groups of people. The lexicographer will find all these words 'ready for use', as the Editor has prepared an excellent index. The student of social history will welcome this publication, which, like every text of this class, affords evidence of the oneness of mediæval civilization in Western Europe.

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Le Mouvement Esthétique et "Décadent" en Angleterre (1879-1900).
Par A. J. FARMER. (Bibliothèque de la Revue de Littérature Comparée).
IX + 413 p. Paris, Champion 1931. 50 fr.

Cette étude nous donne plus que ne promet son titre. C'est une histoire presque complète des progrès de la liberté artistique dans les lettres anglaises à l'époque victorienne. Des analyses d'œuvres de Walter Pater, de George Moore, d'Oscar Wilde s'y succèdent sans heurts, reliées par ce fil historique; la notation des influences françaises, à chaque étape du mouvement d'émancipation, justifie la publication du travail dans une Collection de "littérature comparée"; mais ce point de vue n'usurpe pas la première place, n'empêche pas l'harmonieuse unité de l'ensemble qui est une combinaison agréable de critique littéraire, d'histoire interne, d'histoire comparative et pour tout dire un vrai livre.

L'expression "Mouvement *décadent*", consacrée par l'usage, traduit assez mal les aspirations multiples qui se sont rencontrées à l'époque étudiée par l'auteur. Arthur Symons a tâché de l'expliquer dans *The Decadent Movement in Literature* (*Harper's Magazine*, 1893) cité par l'auteur vers la fin de

¹) The following four spellings occurring in Anglo-Norman texts are worth noting: *Tanqueray*, l.c. No. 1 *rondues* (date 1265); *Id. Ibid.*, No. 38 *grons*, 'grand' (date 1283); *Letter Bks. Monastery Christ Ch. Canterb.*, III, 50 *blanche*, *tondis* (twice, date 1396).

l'ouvrage: "La littérature la plus représentative aujourd'hui présente toutes les caractéristiques qui marquent la fin des grandes époques et que nous découvrons dans la décadence grecque et latine; une intense conscience de soi, une curiosité inlassable dans ses recherches, une subtilité excessive dans ses raffinements, une perversité morale, spirituelle" (293). Aujourd'hui, vu à distance, le mouvement nous paraît moins subversif que ne le croyait Symons. La "perversité morale" bien que réelle en certains cas, ne fut qu'un incident parmi le long effort pour établir l'indépendance de l'art, désormais acquise.

Très justement, Monsieur Farmer, dans son chapitre *Des Origines*, fait remonter à Keats les débuts de cette évolution. "Avant Gautier, avant Flaubert, Keats fait de la sensation le centre même de la vie de l'artiste" (5), "la doctrine de "l'art pour l'art" est déjà impliquée dans la vie et l'œuvre du poète anglais" (7). L'auteur observe que Keats n'a pourtant pas, ouvertement, proclamé "l'indépendance de l'artiste vis à vis des conventions morales" (6). L'auteur aurait pu ajouter que Keats, à la fin de sa vie, dévia de son intransigeance esthétique et que sa *Révision d'Hyperion*, qui distingue entre le poète et le rêveur (*dreamer*), semble exiger du poète autre chose que de l'art.

Parmi les pionniers M. Farmer range naturellement D. G. Rossetti. Il envisage la diversité de son œuvre depuis le mysticisme de *La Maison de Vie* jusqu'aux "peintures voluptueuses dont *Astarte Syriaca* est le type" (18), mais il oublie, nous semble-t-il, un de ses aspects, qui fera fortune plus tard, le modernisme réaliste de certaines ballades (*Lazy laughing languid Jenny — Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea*). Swinburne vient en bonne place dans ce développement avec ses *Poèmes et Ballades*, ses remarques sur Blake, ses *Notes on Poems and Reviews* (1866) montrant la folie d'exiger que tout livre puisse être lu par une mère à sa fille. M. Farmer note que Swinburne "reprend la thèse soutenue mainte fois par Baudelaire et Gautier" (25). On pourrait pousser plus loin encore la méthode comparative, évoquer Edgar Poe dont l'essai *The Poetic Principle* ne fut pas sans influence sur Baudelaire.

Le rôle de Walter Pater, père de l'Esthétisme, est bien mis en relief, en ce qu'il eut de dramatique. Effrayé du sens qu'on donnait à la *Conclusion* de son livre sur la *Renaissance* en 1873, cédant aux objections de son entourage, Pater supprima la *Conclusion* dans l'édition de 1877. Mais il eut beau, dans *Marius the Epicurean*, affirmer la nécessité d'une discipline morale et même incliner son héros vers le christianisme, la jeune génération ne voulut retenir que ce qu'il y avait d'amoral dans l'hédonisme esthétique de Pater.

M. Farmer insiste sur l'admiration que Pater avait pour Flaubert. Mais Pater nous paraît bien original dans sa conception de l'art comme un moyen d'arracher à l'éternel écoulement quelques moments d'élection. Il y a là quelque chose de profond qui fait penser au "Temps retrouvé" de Marcel Proust. Voyez le passage de *Marius* cité par M. Farmer, p. 50, ou ces lignes de la *Conclusion*: "Tandis que tout fuit sous nos pas, nous ne pouvons mieux faire que de chercher à nous rattacher à toute passion exquise, à toute contribution à la connaissance qui semble, en élargissant l'horizon, libérer pour un instant l'âme — à tout frémissement des sens: teintes étranges, couleurs étranges, parfums curieux, œuvres de la main d'un artiste, visage d'un ami." (40). Comme le dit M. Farmer, "il y a moins loin qu'on ne le croit de Pater à Wilde" (70).

Mais avant de passer à Wilde, l'auteur s'attarde à George Moore. Cet irlandais bohème qui goûta longuement à Paris la vie des music-halls, des ateliers, des cafés littéraires tels que "la Nouvelle Athènes", est saturé

d'influences françaises; il s'inspire dans ses images poétiques des *Correspondances* de Baudelaire, traduit *Pot-Bouille* et imite Zola dans *A Mummer's Wife* (1885), puis *A Rebours* de Huysmans (1884) dans *A Mere Accident* (1887). Ses *Confessions d'un Jeune Homme* (1888) parues simultanément en anglais et en français dans la *Revue Indépendante*, avec des anglicismes que M. Farmer a relevés (101, n.) rendent bien les tendances de Moore et celles du moment.

Critique superficiel, mais plein de franchise, Moore déclare n'aimer ni Hugo, ni Leconte de Lisle, ni les Goncourt, ni Meredith, mais il adore *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Huysmans; M. Farmer pourrait ajouter Balzac, que Moore trouve égal à Shakespeare, et Pater, parmi les Anglais. Moore attaque avec une charmante "rosserie" la respectabilité anglaise, représentée selon lui par la *Circulating Library*, la villa suburbaine, et les clubs. Il fait, en revanche, l'éloge de la vie de taverne qui a produit Villon et Marlowe, tandis que "les fauteuils en cuir des clubs n'ont engendré que Monsieur Gosse".¹⁾ En résumé Moore, bien que son œuvre soit un peu disparate et fragmentaire, a vécu en pur artiste et maintenu le drapeau de "l'art pour l'art". Son style nous paraît souvent excellent, plus franc, plus personnel que celui de Wilde.

A Wilde, M. Farmer a donné tous ses soins. Les trois chapitres qu'il lui consacre sont comme le noyau du livre. L'auteur l'estime à la fois comme écrivain et comme propagandiste.

Je ne sais si l'écrivain sortira grandi de cette étude dont la partie la plus neuve consiste précisément dans les preuves du manque d'originalité de Wilde. L'auteur a dépisté ses modèles avec une rare subtilité. Ce sont: Milton dans le sonnet *On the Massacre of the Christians in Bulgaria*; çà et là Shelley, Keats, Hood; souvent Swinburne (bien que les allitérations citées p. 145 ne prouvent pas grand' chose); les tableaux de Whistler dont Wilde transpose en vers les "harmonies en noir et or", "en noir et blanc" etc., de sorte que le peintre lui reprochera de s'appropriier ses idées; puis Gautier et Huysmans. Dans le conte *The Happy Prince*, M. Farmer décèle un écho de *Ce que disent les Hirondelles*, poème d'*Emaux et Camées* (153); dans *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, il découvre parmi d'autres influences, *A Rebours* d'Huysmans et *William Wilson* de Poe. Dans *Salomé*, pièce écrite en français mais revue par Stuart Merrill, Retté, Pierre Louys, l'auteur voit un croisement d'*Hérodiade* de Flaubert et d'*A Rebours*, avec des traces de la *Princesse Maleine* de Maeterlinck, et ceci nous paraît évident:

LE JEUNE SYRIEN. Comme la princesse Salomé est belle ce soir !

LE PAGE D'HERODIAS. Regardez la lune, elle a l'air très étrange. On dirait une femme qui sort d'un tombeau. Elle ressemble à une femme morte. On dirait qu'elle cherche des morts.

LE JEUNE SYRIEN. Elle a l'air très étrange. Elle ressemble à une petite princesse qui porte un voile jaune et a des pieds d'argent. Elle ressemble à une princesse qui a des pieds comme des petites colombes blanches. On dirait qu'elle danse.

LE PAGE D'HERODIAS. Elle est comme une femme morte. Elle va très lentement.

Nous sommes un peu moins convaincu par un rapprochement que M. Farmer établit entre le poème *The Sphinx* et un passage de *A Rebours*. Wilde prétend avoir écrit le poème en 1874 mais M. Farmer, à cause du rapprochement, croit

¹⁾ Ceci n'est point cité par M. Farmer.

que le *Sphinx* est postérieur au roman d'Huysmans (1884).

Voici les premiers vers du *Sphinx* :

In a dim corner of my room, for longer than my fancy thinks,
A beautiful and silent sphinx has watched me through the shifting gloom...
Dawn follows dawn and nights grow old, and all the while this curious cat
Lies crouching on the Chinese mat, with eyes of satin rimmed with gold.

Ceci d'après M. Farmer aurait été suggéré par le passage d'A Rebours où Des Esseintes fit apporter chez lui "un petit sphinx en marbre noir, couché dans la pose classique, les pattes allongées, la tête rigide et droite, et une chimère en terre polychrome". Il plaça chacune de ces bêtes à un bout de la chambre, éteignit les lampes, laissant les braises rougeoyer dans l'âtre et éclairer vaguement la pièce. "C'est exactement, dit M. Farmer, la situation du début du poème que nous étudions" (245). Mais c'est aussi la situation, et ce sont presque les rimes intérieures du *Corbeau* de Poe. Le "petit Sphinx en marbre noir" ne ressemble pas entièrement à celui de Wilde avec ses "yeux de satin bordés d'or."

Enfin dans les comédies de Wilde, telles que *Lady Windermere's Fan*, M. Farmer reconnaît "le ton de la comédie boulevardière de Paris et toutes les recettes de Scribe et de Sardou," ce qui ne l'empêche d'ajouter que Wilde a su faire de tout cela une synthèse spirituelle et bien à lui.

Le résultat de tant de soigneuses analyses, c'est que Wilde eut infiniment d'habileté, point de génie. L'auteur le reconnaît. Des lors n'est il pas exagéré de parler ici d' "un romantisme exaspéré où l'inquiétude et la révolte se mêlent à la volupté d'une sensibilité d'artiste qui s'exalte dans l'ivresse de l'affranchissement"? (73). L'auteur admet qu'il y a "trop d'art dans la simplicité apparente du *De Profundis* et que Wilde a conscience des effets nouveaux qu'il tire de sa propre infortune" (245). Après cela, nous accorderons que "en dehors des drames de Maeterlinck, le théâtre symboliste ne présente rien de mieux que *Salomé*" et (en atténuant les superlatifs) que "*la Ballad of Reading Gaol* est une œuvre puissante, magnifique, toute vibrante de pitié, d'humanité, et qui restera parmi les plus beaux poèmes de la littérature anglaise" (246).

Revenons à l'action de Wilde dans le Mouvement décadent. L'auteur nous le montre d'abord dans la période de *dandysme*, ou "s'efforçant d'être quelqu'un plutôt que de faire quelque chose" et voulant prouver que "la vie elle-même est un art", il prélude à la Décadence par des excentricités de costume. Arthur Symons annonce dans le Supplément littéraire du *Times* (25 juin 1931) une biographie de Wilde qui apportera peut-être de nouveaux détails sur cette période. A ce propos, l'auteur de ces lignes se rappelle très bien avoir vu, étant enfant, Wilde à Laroche (Ardennes belges), en 1879, en même temps que Jacques Perk¹⁾. Wilde était vêtu tout de blanc avec un chapeau blanc et une canne entièrement en ivoire et non seulement "à pommeau d'ivoire" comme celle que M. Farmer lui attribue (p. 129) à partir de son voyage à Paris vers 1882.

Le vrai rôle de Wilde commence un peu plus tard. D'après M. Farmer il eut plus d'influence sur les jeunes auteurs des *nineties* (1890) que ceux-ci ne consentent à l'admettre. "Ce qui peut choquer, dit l'auteur, c'est que Symons n'ait pas cru devoir faire allusion (dans son manifeste de 1893 déjà

1) *Un souvenir d'enfance sur Jacques Perk*, dans *De Witte Mier*, octobre 1925.

cité) à celui qui mieux que tout autre avait illustré dans sa personne et dans ses écrits, les aspirations de la Décadence" (296). En effet Symons a représenté Wilde comme un "poseur", un "artiste en attitudes" plutôt que comme un artiste pur. Mais d'après M. Farmer, Symons n'aurait fait que "marcher sur les traces de ce prédécesseur".

Les œuvres les plus significatives de Wilde au point de vue du "Mouvement" sont *The Decay of Lying* (1889), *The Critic as Artist* (dans *Intentions*, 1891), et surtout *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891).

Le premier de ces essais est une protestation contre le réalisme: "L'art trouve en lui et non au dehors, sa propre perfection. Il ne faut pas le juger d'après des principes de ressemblance extérieure. Il est un voile plutôt qu'un miroir. Il possède des fleurs que nulle forêt ne connaît, des oiseaux que nul bois n'abrite etc....." Ces paroles seraient prophétiques de l'art actuel si Wilde, en son écart de la nature, ne tendait surtout à l'*artificiel*. M. Farmer cite à ce propos (162) les mots de Des Esseintes: "La nature a fait son temps... A n'en point douter cette sempiternelle radoteuse a maintenant usé la débonnaire admiration des vrais artistes et le moment est venu où il s'agit de la remplacer, autant que faire se pourra, par l'artifice".

Dans *The Critic as Artist*, Wilde défend la thèse de "l'art pour l'art": "Si l'artiste avait quelque chose à dire, probablement il le dirait et le résultat serait ennuyeux. C'est précisément parce qu'il n'a pas de "nouveau message", qu'il peut faire une belle œuvre. Il tire son inspiration de la forme, et de la forme seulement." (B. 165).

L'auteur du présent article croit encore entendre la voix flûtée de l'Esthète pontifiant sur ce thème, en 1893, dans ses deux salons de Tite Street: "What's the use of art? — no use?" Wilde était à cette époque bien épaissi; vêtu d'une solennelle redingote, il avait le teint rouge, la paupière lourde, le menton lourd, plus rien de la beauté apollinienne que lui prête M. Farmer (p. 249).

C'est le *Portrait of Dorian Gray* qui exprime d'une façon définitive les aspirations de la "Décadence". Et l'on retrouve la leçon de Walter Pater dans les paroles de Lord Henry qui enseigne au jeune homme à ne rien ignorer de ses sens, à utiliser l'intelligence pour accroître le plaisir de la sensation, à se concentrer sur les moments d'une existence qui n'est elle même qu'un moment." (185).

On lira avec un intérêt particulier l'interprétation que M. Farmer propose du dénouement. Ce dénouement nous a toujours un peu gêné. Nous aimons le début du roman, ce ton frondeur et ce charmant épicurisme. Mais le portrait de Dorian qui se détériore à mesure que Dorian s'enfonce dans le vice, qui se tache de sang quand Dorian tue, ce portrait qu'il ne peut détruire qu'en mourant lui-même et en devenant tout à fait hideux comme le portrait, rappelle trop les apologues édifiants par quoi l'on terrorise les simples. Est-il étonnant que des journaux chrétiens s'y soient trompés et saluent dans ce livre une œuvre morale?

M. Farmer, avec raison, nous met en garde contre cette interprétation: "En réalité ce n'est pas une existence coupable qu'expie Dorian Gray mais une existence manquée;" il a été faible, "il s'est laissé envahir par des scrupules de conscience" (193). Ceci est confirmé par une lettre de Wilde au *Daily Chronicle* (27 juin 1890) où il déclare que "tout renoncement, comme tout excès, amène un châtement." Mais dans le roman, l'intention n'est pas si claire. On se demande si la faiblesse de Dorian n'est pas celle de Wilde, si son hédonisme n'est pas hésitant, *half-hearted*, s'il n'est pas lui-même intimidé,

hanté par le symbole du portrait. "Alors qu'il croit parodier des effets de mystère et de terreur", nous dit M. Farmer à propos de *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime*: "il lui arrive souvent de prendre, sans le savoir, son badinage au sérieux et de s'exprimer avec un accent (trop intense pour n'être pas sincère) qui diffère du ton dégagé qu'il avait jusque là" (p. 150). M. Farmer va même plus loin en parlant des traces d'éducation religieuse qui percent dans certains contes: "Il semble que le dilettante immoraliste ait toujours eu cette hantise du péché qui se perçoit dans le *Portrait de Dorian Gray*" (215).

Ce qui fait du cas Wilde un cas typique, ce ne sont pas seulement les bruyants succès de sa carrière mais c'est la catastrophe qui les arrête brusquement et retentit sur les progrès de la jeune littérature décadente.

Les derniers chapitres du livre étudient précisément l'époque tumultueuse des *Nineties*, l'activité du *Rhymer's Club*, des revues le *Yellow Book* et le *Savoy*. C'est alors que les membres du "Club des Rimeurs" trouvent un éditeur providentiel en John Lane. M. Farmer analyse de près les *Silhouettes* de Symons et l'audacieux *Stella Maris* paru un peu plus tard. Il signale des influences de Baudelaire, de Verlaine, de Huysmans, mais croit que Symons "innove véritablement" (p. 279) en donnant à ses poèmes un décor urbain, en cultivant la "Muse du Trottoir". Nous avons rappelé déjà la priorité de Rossetti. A nos yeux les vers de Symons "datent" déjà et intéressent l'histoire des mœurs littéraires plutôt que l'histoire de la poésie. Comme critique, il est supérieur. Il fréquente après Moore, après Wilde, les milieux littéraires de Paris, mais en prend une connaissance bien plus pénétrante. Il publie en 1893 son étude sur le Mouvement décadent.

L'année suivante paraît le *Yellow Book* avec son éditeur dévoué John Lane, son habile directeur Henry Harland; poèmes de Symons, de Dowson, de Davidson, nouvelles réalistes de Crackanthorpe. N'oublions pas Max Beer-bohm qui célèbre le culte de l'artificiel dans sa *Defence of Cosmetics*, ni surtout le génial illustrateur Beardsley.

A vrai dire il n'y avait rien dans ce groupe qui ne fût en germe, par exemple, dans les *Poèmes et Ballades* de Swinburne. Plus de morbidité réelle peut-être chez Beardsley, qui meurt de tuberculose à vingt-six ans; chez Dowson, qui se détruit par la boisson et les drogues; chez Davidson, qui se suicide en 1909.

Ces jeunes n'en furent pas moins utiles, après les ancêtres, en élargissant la brèche faite par ceux-ci, en confirmant leurs audaces, en empêchant la prescription, pour la liberté toujours menacée par les retours offensifs du "Philistinisme": pamphlet de Buchanan, en 1871, contre Swinburne et Rossetti (*The Fleshly School of Poetry*); condamnation de Vizetelly, éditeur de Zola (1888); scandale des romans de Hardy en 1891 et 95, scandale des pièces de Shaw (1892); attaques spirituelles de Hitchens contre Wilde dans *The Green Carnation*, 1893; caricatures de Punch etc.

Le *Yellow Book* périt victime d'une de ces crises d'indignation bourgeoise plus violente que les autres, véritable "tournant" de cette histoire, savoir la réaction déclenchée par le procès et la condamnation de Wilde en 1894. Bien que les collaborateurs du *Yellow Book* n'eussent aucune attache directe avec Wilde, bien qu'aucun d'eux n'élevât la voix en sa faveur, que Symons fût à peine juste pour lui, que Wilde détestât Beardsley et ses illustrations de *Salomé*, le public les enveloppa dans un même discrédit moral. John Lane effrayé transforma sa revue. Elle ne publiera plus selon M. Farmer "que des œuvres conformes aux idées de William Watson et de Mrs. Humphrey Ward

...; elle vivra jusqu'en avril 1897 et sa vieillesse exemplaire fera oublier sa jeunesse déréglée." (383).

Courageusement, Symons essaie de lancer un nouveau périodique, le *Savoy*. Malgré sa précaution d'annoncer que cette revue n'était "ni réaliste, ni romantique, ni décadente" et se bornait à cultiver la meilleure littérature, le *Savoy* ne "prit" pas, ne dura pas un an (1896).

L'esprit du temps était ailleurs. Les meilleurs écrivains, les Shaw, les Galsworthy, se détournèrent de "l'art pour l'art" et devenaient des critiques de la société. Kipling continuait ses leçons d'énergie et triomphait avec le Jubilé de la Reine en 1897.

Un nouveau livre de Symons, *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*, paru en 1899, annoncé d'abord dans les derniers numéros du *Savoy* sous le titre *The Decadent Movement in Literature*, est une vraie palinodie, bien qu'il ne concerne que la France. "Il a plu à quelques jeunes gens, dans tous les pays, dit Symons, de se donner le nom de *décadents* avec le frisson de la vertu mal satisfaite déguisée sous le masque du vice. L'interlude à demi sincère de la *décadence* détourna l'attention des critiques pendant que quelque chose de plus sérieux se préparait. Ce quelque chose de plus sérieux s'est cristallisé pour le moment sous la forme du symbolisme, par où l'art revient au seul et unique chemin qui conduit, à travers les belles choses, à la beauté éternelle" (357).

Est-ce à dire qu'il ne reste rien de la *décadence*? M. Farmer démontre le contraire. "Ce qui parut une fin fut un point de départ. Il semble que depuis les *Nineties* la littérature anglaise rende un autre son" (387). Les *décadents* auraient achevé l'éducation du public en proclamant les droits de l'artiste vis à vis de la morale.

Il est certain que les libertés actuelles de la littérature dépassent celles de 1890. Peut-être M. Farmer, en dressant le "bilan de la *Décadence*" accorde-t-il un peu trop au crédit des *Nineties*, et, pour d'autres tendances oublie-t-il certains précurseurs. Par exemple il invoque le *Yellow Book*, Crackanthorpe et Dowson pour expliquer que la littérature d'aujourd'hui préfère "à l'étude des vicissitudes d'une existence, où se complaisaient les Victoriens, l'évocation rapide d'un *moment* dramatique, pittoresque et isolé" en sorte que "c'est autour d'une crise, passionnelle ou autre, que se situent les récits" (381).

N'est-ce pas la définition même de l'art d'un grand Victorien, l'amateur par excellence de crises d'âmes et de moments dramatiques, le poète chez qui tout drame aboutit au monologue, l'auteur de *Men and Women* et de *Dramatis Personae*?

Bruxelles.

PAUL DE REUL.

Ce qu'il faut connaître de l'âme anglaise. Par L. CAZAMIAN. 160 pp. Paris, Boivin, 1927. 8 fr.

The English — Are they Human? By G. J. RENIER. 288 pp. London, Williams & Norgate, 1931. 7s. 6d. net.

Since the war a considerable number of books on England and the English have been published in France and Germany, the best-known among which is perhaps Dibelius' *England*. As a study of English institutions this is an

extremely valuable work; though its chapter on the national character lacks detachment, and the author's conclusions are not entirely unaffected by political animus.¹) A more sympathetic treatment of the subject is provided by Cazamian in an excellent little volume, the title of which was probably not of his own choosing. The nationality of the author is not, of course, a guarantee for a better understanding of the English mentality than could be expected of a German observer; perhaps rather the reverse. Latin and Teutonic ways of thinking and feeling differ too much for either race to enter easily into those of the other. It is at once reassuring to find this admitted by Cazamian at the outset: 'En vérité, nous ne les comprenons pas; leur âme nous est plus distante que celle des autres peuples.' It will hardly be as distant to his French readers — and to the wider circle of readers outside France which the book deserves — after a careful study of his thoughtful pages.

The author of *The English — Are they Human?* disowns all intention of writing an objective study of the English, stating that he aims 'at nothing higher than at giving an account of [his] personal vision of the interesting phenomenon which is called the English nation'. On the wrapper he is described as 'a Dutchman, who knew no English when he came to England seventeen years ago'. We have failed to discover anything specifically Dutch in the author's view of the English, or of the humanity to which he denies them any claim. His main thesis is that 'there is more difference between the English and closely related people like the Dutch or the Norwegians, than between a Scandinavian and an Italian'. To prove it, he has recourse to the studies and theories of Freud and Malinowski, and with their help makes the English out to be victims of psychological repression and a ritualistic conception of life.

Mr. Renier's book makes lively reading, and his views are, on the whole, worthy of consideration. He is evidently a shrewd observer; whether his mental constitution is particularly suited to understand the idiosyncrasy of the English, is another question. After seventeen years in England, they continue to baffle him, and he more than once confesses to feeling an outsider. In some ways, he inevitably reminds one of the French hero of W. L. George's *The Making of an Englishman*.

A comparison of Renier and Cazamian seems to show that the scholarly and unimpassioned study of the soul of a nation leads to better results than the isolation and emphasizing of a few salient traits by the light of a particular theory. It also shows the advantage, in studies of this kind, of a clearly defined national type of mind on the part of the observer. No one can write an objective study of the English — the student's own nationality will always predetermine his outlook. But where the writer's personal equation is not an unknown quantity, we at least know what allowances to make. Dibelius' work is as unmistakably German as Cazamian's is French; Renier's point of view — we say it without disparagement — is just his own. And few are qualified to judge a foreign nation in their own right.

The Hague.

R. W. ZANDVOORT.

¹) In justice to the deceased author, we refer to the opinion of his Scotch reviewer Falconer, who ascribes the success of the book in England to its soundness and fairness of judgment. (*Neophilologus*, Jan. 1926, p. 154.)

Brief Mention.

De Vertellingen van de Pelgrims naar Kantelberg. Door GEOFFREY CHAUCER. Vertaald door A. J. BARNOUW. XXXIX + 149 pp. Haarlem, Tjeenk Willink & Zoon, 1930. Geb. f 5.90.

This book ought to be in the library of every Dutch lover of English literature. It had long been known that Professor Barnouw was engaged upon a translation of the *Canterbury Tales*; we remember him entertaining a meeting of English students at Amsterdam University in 1916 with his rendering of the *Nun's Priest's Tale*. Translations of separate tales have been published in volumes IX, XII, XVI and XVIII of *Onze Eeuw*. The tales of Group A have now been re-published in book-form, together with an excellent introduction on Chaucer's life and works. They make delightful reading, alike for those whose knowledge of Chaucer's English should have become a little rusty, and for those who can read the original with ease. The work is sure to rank as one of the classics of translation.

Our sole complaint is that the fact that this volume only contains part of the tales is not clearly stated on the title-page. The reader has to consult the table of contents in order to become aware of it. Let us hope that this first instalment will command such a sale that the remainder of the work will soon be added. — R. W. Z.

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